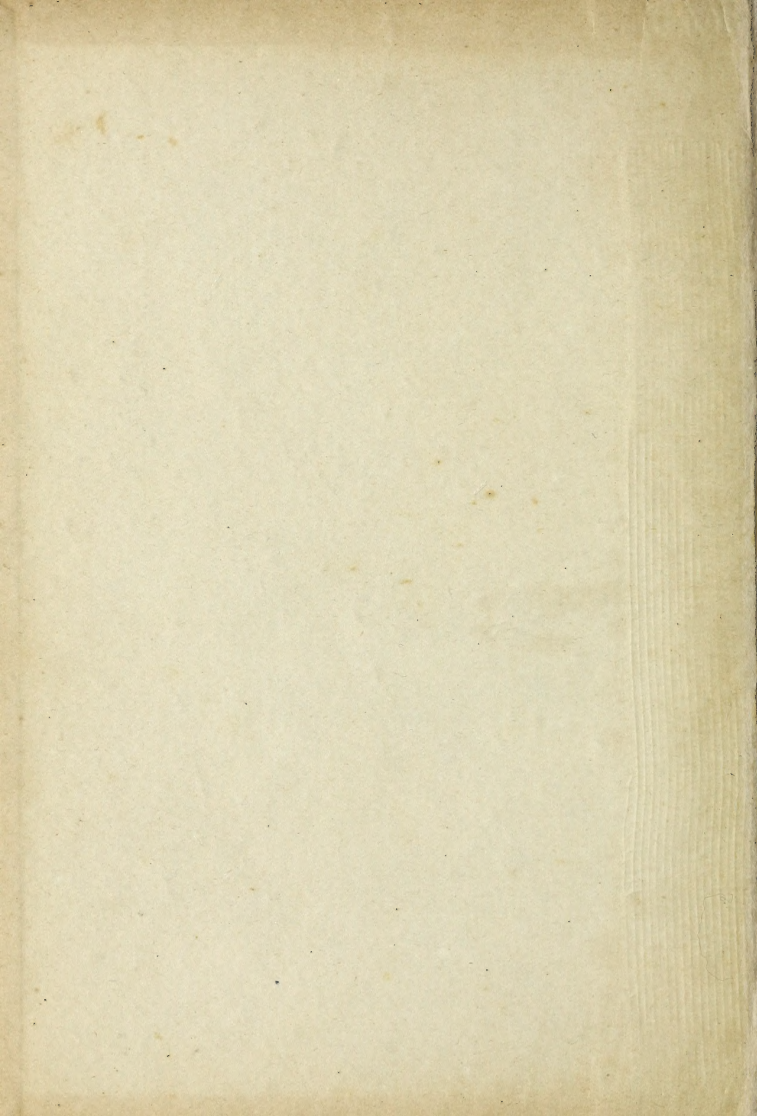


HYMNS OF THE
CHRISTIAN
LIFE


Nos. 1 and 2

ALLIANCE PRESS COMPANY
692 Eighth Avenue, New York



WEAVER
BOOK STORE
49 E. King, Lancaster, Pa.

1860 BOOK DEPT.



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HYMNS

OF THE

CHRISTIAN LIFE

New and Standard Songs

FOR THE

SANCTUARY, SUNDAY SCHOOLS, PRAYER MEETINGS,
MISSION WORK AND REVIVAL SERVICES

EDITED BY

CAPT. R. KELSO CARTER ^{AND} REV. A. B. SIMPSON

"He hath put a new song in my mouth, even praise
unto our God!" *Ps. xl. 3.*
"I will sing unto the Lord as long as I live: I will sing
praise to my God while I have my being." *Ps. civ. 33.*

NEW YORK

CHRISTIAN ALLIANCE PUBLISHING CO.

692 EIGHTH AVENUE

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PRICE LIST ON LAST PAGE

PREFACE.

THE musical taste of our day is in a state of transition. Beyond controversy the people *will* have new tunes and hymns that move in a more spirited time than those which our fathers sang. But this fact should not send us to an extreme, and cause us to relegate all the old hymns to the dusty past. Experience has proven a thousand times that the safest path lies in the middle of the road, avoiding either edge; and this is surely the best course to pursue in the selection of our sacred music. Between the Scotch Psalter and the Salvation Army Song Book there is a wide stretch of territory in which the careful explorer will find much that is good, and possessing that rare quality, endurance.

Bearing in mind these facts, the preparation of HYMNS OF THE CHRISTIAN LIFE has been conducted with the greatest care in the selection of material; almost every well-known composer has been drawn upon; and no expense has been spared to secure the largest number of the best hymns that can be crowded into the unusually large space allowed. The music has been thoroughly tested; the words critically examined; and the whole reviewed many times.

Special attention is called to the arrangement under classified topics, an advantage not to be found (with one exception), in any modern American hymn book outside the church hymnals. This classification is of immense value to all pastors, evangelists, and leaders of meetings generally, enabling them at once to turn to a large number of hymns on a given subject.

The topics of *Invitation*, and *Salvation* will be found unusually rich for Gospel Work. Many choice solos have been introduced, for special use.

With the belief that a book has been at last prepared that is fully suited for a modern church hymnal, and at the same time adapted to the needs of the prayer meeting, and general gospel work, we present HYMNS OF THE CHRISTIAN LIFE for the service of our common Lord and Saviour, praying His blessing upon it, for His name's sake.

THE PUBLISHERS.

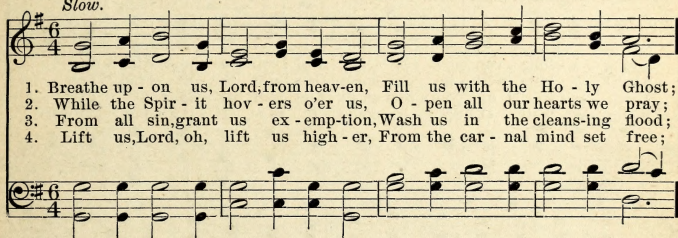
HYMNS OF THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

1. Breathe Upon Us.

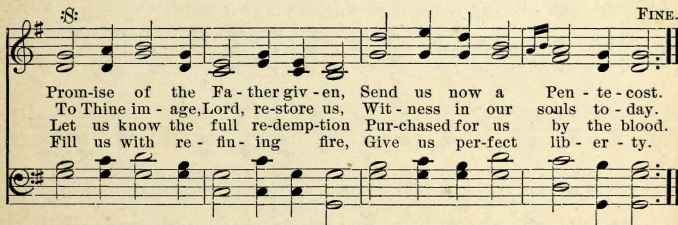
R. K. C.

R. KELSO CARTER.

Slow.

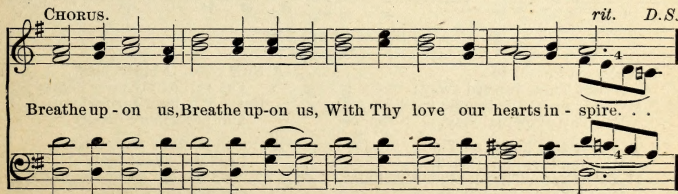


1. Breathe up - on us, Lord, from heav-en, Fill us with the Ho - ly Ghost;
 2. While the Spir - it hov - ers o'er us, O - pen all our hearts we pray;
 3. From all sin, grant us ex - emp-tion, Wash us in the cleans-ing flood;
 4. Lift us, Lord, oh, lift us high - er, From the car - nal mind set free;



FINE.
 Prom - ise of the Fa - ther giv - en, Send us now a Pen - te - cost.
 To Thine im - age, Lord, re - store us, Wit - ness in our souls to - day.
 Let us know the full re - demp - tion Pur - chased for us by the blood.
 Fill us with re - flu - ing fire, Give us per - fect lib - er - ty.

D.S. Breathe up-on us, Breathe up - on us, Lord, bap - tize us now with fire.



CHORUS. rit. D.S.
 Breathe up - on us, Breathe up-on us, With Thy love our hearts in - spire. . .

2. Thy Holy Spirit, Lord, Alone.

HENRIETTA E. BLAIR.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK, by per.

1. Thy Ho - ly Spir - it, Lord, a - lone Can turn our hearts from sin; His
 2. Thy Ho - ly Spir - it, Lord, a - lone Can deep - er love in - spire; His
 3. Thy Ho - ly Spir - it, Lord, can bring The gifts we seek in prayer; His
 4. Thy Ho - ly Spir - it, Lord, can give The grace we need this hour; And

power a - lone can sanc - ti - fy And keep us pure with - in.
 power a - lone with - in our souls Can light the sa - cred fire.
 voice can words of com - fort speak And still each wave of care.
 while we wait, O Spir - it, come In sanc - ti - fy - ing power.

CHORUS.

O Spir - it of Faith and Love, Come in our midst, we pray, And
 4th v.—O Spir - it of Love, de - scend, Come in our midst, we pray, And

pur - i - fy each wait - ing heart; Bap - tize us with pow'r to - day.
 like a rush - ing, might - y wind Sweep o - ver our souls to - day.

Copyright, 1885, by Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

3.

O Blessed Paraclete.

Tune, Boylston, p. 7.

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>1 O blessed Paraclete
 Assert Thine inward sway;
 My body make the temple meet,
 For Thy perpetual stay.</p> <p>2 Too long this house of Thine
 By alien loves possessed,
 Has shut from Thee its inner shrine,
 Kept Thee a slighted guest.</p> | <p>3 Now rend, O Spirit blest,
 The veil of my poor heart;
 Enter Thy long forbidden rest,
 And nevermore depart.</p> <p>4 Oh, to be filled with Thee!
 I ask not aught beside;
 For all unholy guests must flee,
 If Thou in me abide.</p> |
|---|---|

A. J. GORDON, by per.

Holy Spirit, Come.

ALEX. M. CARTER.

JNO. R. SWENEY. By per.

1. Pre-cious Je - sus, Sav-iour dear, Set me free from slav-ish
 2. May Thy blood, for sin once spilt, Cleanse me from my crim-son
 3. Bless-ed Lord, oh, bless-ed Lamb, Now I come just as I
 4. May Thy sanc - ti - fy - ing power Aid me in life's dark-est

fear, Fill me with Thy per - fect love, Fit me
 guilt, May its nev - er ceas - ing flow, Wash and
 am, This my prayer, my on - ly plea, That Thy
 hour, Free me from the guilt of sin, Wash and

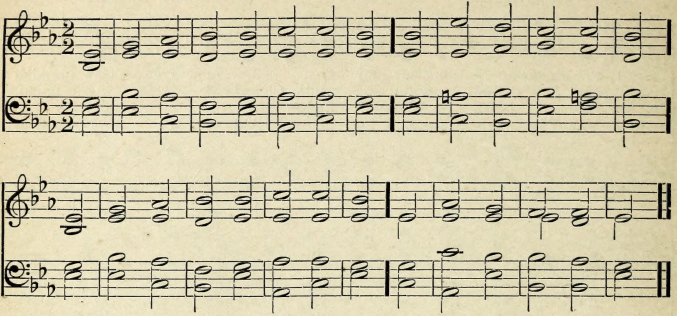
CHORUS.
 for a home a - bove. Ho - ly Spir - it, come, O
 keep me white as snow.
 blood was shed for me.
 keep me pure with - in.

Ho - ly Spir - it, come, O
 come, Give me vic - - to - ry, . . Wash me
 come, Give, O give me vic - to - ry, . .

in . . the cleansing blood, Sanc - ti - fy . . and per - fect me.

Wash me in the cleans-ing blood, (5) Sanc-ti-fy and per-fect me.

Tallis. C. M.



5. The Peace of God. C. M.

- 1 The world knows not the perfect peace
The Lord gives to His own;
He causeth every sob to cease,
He husheth every moan.
- 2 The world can never take away,
Nor mar its blissful rest;
It shineth as the perfect day;
For those who trust, are blest.
- 3 The peace of God, it knows no jar,
No discord, no distress;
It stills the clamor of soul-war,
And stays its bitterness.
- 4 It lays the passions of the heart
And every vague alarm;
It quiets with its magic art
Forebodings, fears of harm.
- 5 O blessed peace, O holy calm,
The hush of thy repose
Is soothing as the healing balm
Which Gilead's forest knows.
- 6 Descend, O silver-winged dove,
Descend with heavenly flight,
Diffuse abroad thy perfect love,
And fill the world with light.

F. W. FARR.

6. Low at the Cross.

Tune, The Solid Rock. Key G.

- 1 Low at the foot of Calvary's cross,
A waiting, seeking soul I kneel;
Counting all earthly gain but loss,
And longing for Thy Spirit's seal;
Come, Lord, and with Thy touch divine,
Fire with Thy love this heart of mine.

- 2 I would Thy life reflect below,
And daily in Thine image shine;
For this the Holy Ghost bestow,
Baptize me with a love like Thine;
Exchange my weakness for Thy might,
And flood my soul with heavenly light.
- 3 Come, Holy Ghost, my heart inspire,
For this my all to Thee I give;
My only joy, my heart's desire,
Henceforth for souls alone to live;
Now, let me prove Thy love divine,
And realize its fulness mine.

7. Bathurst.

Tune, Pentecost. p. 10.

- 1 Eternal Spirit, by whose power
Are burst the bands of death,
On our cold hearts Thy blessings shower,
And stir them with Thy breath.
- 2 'Tis Thine to point the heavenly way,
Each rising fear control,
And with a warm, enlivening ray
To melt the icy soul.
- 3 'Tis Thine to cheer us when distressed,
To raise us when we fall,
To calm the doubting, troubled breast,
And aid when sinners call.
- 4 'Tis Thine to bring God's sacred word,
And write it on our heart;
There its reviving truth record,
And there its peace impart.
- 5 Almighty Spirit, visit thus
Our hearts, and guide our ways;
Pour down Thy quickening grace on us,
And tune our lips to praise.

BATHURST.

Boylston.

S. M.

LOWELL MASON.



8. Lord, God, the Holy Ghost.

1 Lord, God, the Holy Ghost!
In this accepted hour,
As on the day of Pentecost,
Descend in all Thy power.

2 We meet with one accord
In our appointed place,
And wait the promise of our Lord,—
The Spirit of all grace.

3 Like mighty, rushing wind
Upon the waves beneath,
Move with one impulse every mind;
One soul, one feeling breathe.

4 The young, the old, inspire
With wisdom from above;
And give us hearts and tongues of fire,
To pray, and praise, and love.

5 Spirit of light! explore,
And chase our gloom away,
With luster shining more and more,
Unto the perfect day.

J. MONTGOMERY.

5 Oh, leave us not to mourn below,
Or long for Thy return to pine;
Now, Lord, the Comforter bestow,
And fix in us the Guest divine.

C. WESLEY.

10. Come, Holy Spirit, come.

1 Come, Holy Spirit, come,
With energy divine,
And on this poor, benighted soul
With beams of mercy shine.

2 From the celestial hills
Light, life, and joy dispense;
And may I daily, hourly, feel
Thy quickening influence.

3 Oh, melt this frozen heart,
This stubborn will subdue;
Each evil passion overcome,
And form me all anew.

4 The profit will be mine,
But Thine shall be the praise;
Cheerful to Thee will I devote
The remnant of my days.

B. BEDDOME.

9. Come, Holy Spirit.

Tune, Rockingham, p. 13.

1 Come, Holy Spirit, raise our songs
To reach the wonders of that day,
When, with Thy fiery, cloven tongues
Thou didst such glorious scenes display.

2 Lord, we believe to us and ours,
The apostolic promise given;
We wait the pentecostal powers,
The Holy Ghost sent down from heaven.

3 Assembled here with one accord,
Calmly we wait the promised grace,
The purchase of our dying Lord;
Come, Holy Ghost, and fill the place.

4 If every one that asks, may find,
If still Thou dost on sinners fall,
Come as a mighty, rushing wind;
Great grace be now upon us all.

11. I Worship Thee.

1 I worship Thee, O Holy Ghost,
I love to worship Thee;
My risen Lord for aye were lost
But for Thy company.

2 I worship Thee, O Holy Ghost,
I love to worship Thee;
I grieved Thee long, alas! Thou know'st
It grieves me bitterly.

3 I worship Thee, O Holy Ghost,
I love to worship Thee;
Thy patient love, at what a cost
At last it conquered me!

4 I worship Thee, O Holy Ghost,
I love to worship Thee;
With Thee each day is Pentecost,
Each night Nativity.

W. F. WARREN.

Meribah. C. M. P.

LOWELL MASON.



12. The Holy Spirit.

Tune, Meribah.

1 Come, Holy Spirit! from the height
Of heaven send down Thy blessed light;
Come, Father of the pure!
Giver of gifts, and light of hearts,
Come with that unction which imparts
Such comforts, as endure.

2 The soul's refreshment and her guest,
Shelter in heat, in labor, rest,
Sweet solace in our woe!
Come, blissful Light; oh, come and fill,
In all Thy faithful, heart and will,
And make our fervor glow.

3 Where Thou art Lord, there is no ill,
For evil's self Thy flame can kill;
Oh, let that flame now burn! [stains,
Lord, heal our wounds and cleanse our
Fountain of grace! and with Thy rains
O Holy Ghost return.

FREDERICK FABER.

13. O Spirit of the Living God.

Tune, Rockingham, p 13.

1 O Spirit of the living God,
In all Thy plentitude of grace,
Where'er the foot of man hath trod,
Descend on our apostate race.

2 Give tongues of fire and hearts of love,
To preach the reconciling word;
Give power and unction from above,
Where'er the joyful sound is heard.

3 Be darkness, at Thy coming, light;
Confusion, order in Thy path; [might;
Souls without strength, inspire with
Bid mercy triumph over wrath.

4 Baptize the nations; far and nigh
The triumphs of the cross record;
The name of Jesus glorify,
Till every kindred call Him Lord.

J. MONTGOMERY.

14.

Holy Spirit.

Tune, Azmon, p 16.

1 Spirit Divine! attend our prayers,
And make our hearts Thy home;
Descend with all Thy gracious powers,
Oh, come, great Spirit, come!

2 Come as the light, to us reveal
Our emptiness and woe;
And lead us in those paths of life
Where all the righteous go.

3 Come as the fire, and purge our hearts,
Like sacrificial flame;
Let our whole soul an offering be
To our Redeemer's name.

4 Come as the dew, and sweetly biess
This consecrated hour;
May barrenness rejoice to own
Thy fertilizing power.

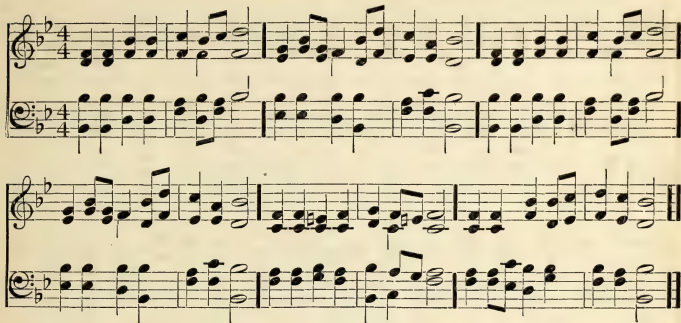
5 Come as the dove, and spread Thy
wings,
The wings of peaceful love;
And let Thy church on earth become
Blest as the church above.

6 Come as the wind, with rushing sound
And pentecostal grace;
That all of woman born may see
The glory of Thy face.

A. REED.

Rosefield. 7. 61.

REV. HENRI ABRAHAM CÆSAR MALAN.



15.

Gracious Spirit.

Tune Rosefield.

1 Gracious Spirit, dwell with me,
I myself would gracious be;
And, with words that help and heal,
Would Thy life in mine reveal;
And with actions bold and meek,
Would for Christ my Saviour speak.

2 Truthful Spirit, dwell with me —
I myself would truthful be;
And, with wisdom kind and clear,
Let Thy life in mine appear;
And, with actions brotherly,
Speak my Lord's sincerity.

3 Tender Spirit, dwell with me —
I myself would tender be;
Shut my heart up like a flower,
In temptation's darksome hour;
Open it when shines the sun,
And His love by fragrance own.

4 Silent Spirit, dwell with me —
I myself would quiet be,
Quiet as the growing blade,
Which through earth its way hath made
Silently like morning light,
Putting mists and chills to flight.

5 Mighty Spirit, dwell with me —
I myself would mighty be:
Mighty so as to prevail,
Where unaided man must fail;
Ever, by a mighty hope,
Pressing on and bearing up.

6 Holy Spirit, dwell with me —
I myself would holy be:
Separate from sin, I would
Choose and cherish all things good,
And, whatever I can be,
Give to Him who gave me Thee.

T. T. LYNCH.

16.

Quicken, Lord.

Tune, Rosefield.

1 Quicken, Lord, Thy church and me;
Send the promised Spirit down;
Holy One, Eternal Three,
All Thy former mercies crown:
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Send another Pentecost.

2 Let the living fire descend,
Cloven tongues on every head,
Tongues which all may comprehend —
Speak Thy life into the dead!
Suddenly the power of grace
Send from heaven, and fill this place.

3 Send the rushing mighty wind,
Give the utterance Divine;
Let us know the Spirit's mind;
Let us speak in words of Thine:
Send a pure baptismal shower —
Tongues of fire, and words of power.

4 As of old, so be it now,
Now the glorious scene repeat;
See Thy humbled people bow,
Waiting lowly at Thy feet,
Crying all with one accord —
Send the promised Spirit, Lord!

B. GOUGH.

17.

Pentecost. C. M.

R. K. C.

R. KELSO CARTER.

1. Spir - it of burn - ing! Quick de - scend, Like might - y rush - ing
 2. Con - sume, O Lord! my tin and dross, With ho - ly love in -
 3. The Spir - it comes, the fire now falls, In my en - rap - tured
 4. With ho - ly zeal, in won - drous light, The path my Mas - ter

wind; Thy strength un - to my weak - ness lend, My all in Christ to find.
 spire; Nail my af - fec - tions to the cross, And set me all on fire.
 soul; The voice of Je - sus sweet - ly calls, While end - less glo - ries roll.
 trod, I walk by faith and not by sight, Kept by the Son of God.

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18.

Holy Spirit, Faithful Guide. 7s D.

MARCUS M. WELLS.

MARCUS M. WELLS.

FINE.

1. { Ho - ly Spir - it, faith - ful guide, Ev - er near the Christian's side }
 { Gent - ly lead us, by the hand, Pil - grims in a des - ert land; }

D.C. Whis - per soft - ly, "Wand'rer, come! Fol - low me, I'll guide thee home."

D.C.

Wea - ry souls for - e'er re - joice, While they hear that sweet - est voice

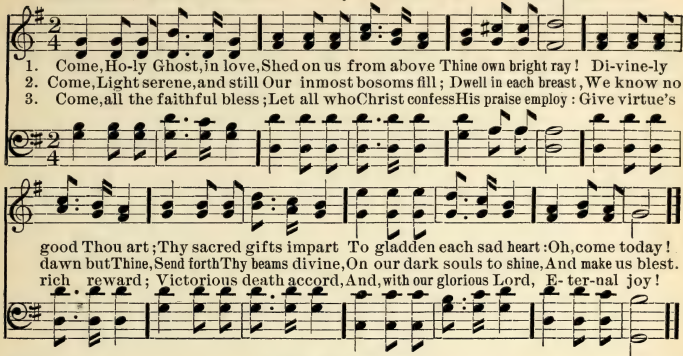
2 Ever present, truest Friend,
 Ever near, Thine aid to lend,
 Leave us not to doubt and fear,
 Groping on in darkness here;
 When the storms are raging sore
 Hearts grow faint, and hopes give o'er,
 Whisper softly, "Wand'rer come!
 Follow me, I'll guide thee home."

3 When our days of toil shall cease,
 Waiting still for sweet release,
 Nothing left but heaven and prayer,
 Trusting that our names are there,
 Wading deep the dismal flood,
 Pleading naught but Jesus' blood,
 Whisper softly, "Wand'rer come!
 Follow me, I'll guide thee home."

New Haven. 6, 4.

ROBERT II., KING OF FRANCE. Tr. by R. PALMER.

THOMAS HASTINGS.



1. Come, Ho-ly Ghost, in love, Shed on us from above Thine own bright ray! Di-vine-ly
 2. Come, Light serene, and still Our inmost bosoms fill; Dwell in each breast, We know no
 3. Come, all the faithful bless; Let all who Christ confess His praise employ: Give virtue's

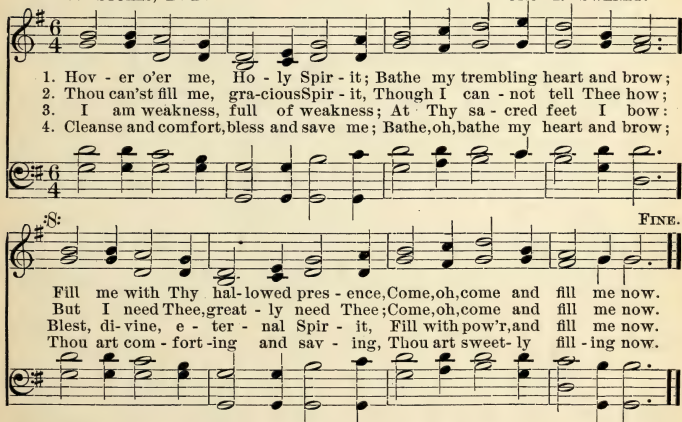
good Thou art; Thy sacred gifts impart To gladden each sad heart: Oh, come today!
 dawn but Thine, Send forth Thy beams divine, On our dark souls to shine, And make us blest.
 rich reward; Victorious death accord, And, with our glorious Lord, E-ter-nal joy!

20.

Fill Me Now.

E. H. STOKES, D. D.

JNO. R. SWENEY.



1. Hov - er o'er me, Ho - ly Spir - it; Bathe my trembling heart and brow;
 2. Thou can'st fill me, gra-cious Spir - it, Though I can - not tell Thee how;
 3. I am weakness, full of weakness; At Thy sa - cred feet I bow;
 4. Cleanse and comfort, bless and save me; Bathe, oh, bathe my heart and brow;

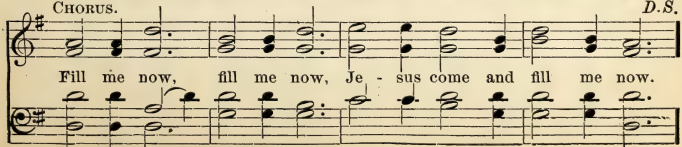
FINE.

Fill me with Thy hal-lowed pres - ence, Come, oh, come and fill me now.
 But I need Thee, great - ly need Thee; Come, oh, come and fill me now.
 Blest, di - vine, e - ter - nal Spir - it, Fill with pow'r, and fill me now.
 Thou art com - fort-ing and sav - ing, Thou art sweet-ly fill-ing now.

D.S. Fill me with Thy hal-lowed pres - ence, Come, oh, come and fill me now.

CHORUS.

D.S.



Fill me now, fill me now, Je - sus come and fill me now.

21.

Come Seven-fold Holy Spirit.

A. B. S.

REV. A. B. SIMPSON.

1. Come, blessed, ho - ly, heavenly Dove, Spirit of light, and life, and love, Re -
 2. Spir - it of life! the dead a-wake, The slumb'ring sin-ner's fet-ters break, And
 3. Ce - les-tial Dove of peace and rest, Hide us beneath Thy brooding breast, Thine

vive our souls we pray! Come with the power of Pen - te - cost, Come
 set the cap-tive free! Speak with the gos-pel's an-cient power, And
 o - ver-shad-owing wing! Bid all our doubts and cares to cease, And

as the seven-fold Ho - ly Ghost, And fill our hearts to - day.
 let us all this sa - cred hour, Thy great sal - va - tion see.
 keep our hearts in per - fect peace, And ev - er - last - ing spring.

CHORUS.

Come with the power of Pen - te-cost, Come as the seven-fold Ho - ly Ghost, Come

save us to the ut - ter-most, And fill our hearts to - day.

Pleyel's Hymn. 7s.

IGNACE PLEYEL.



22. Gracious Spirit, Love Divine.

Tune, Pleyel's Hymn.

- 1 Gracious Spirit, love divine,
Let Thy light within me shine!
All my guilty fears remove;
Fill me with Thy heavenly love,
- 2 Speak Thy pardoning grace to me;
Set the burdened sinner free;
Lead me to the Lamb of God;
Wash me in His precious blood.
- 3 Life and peace to me impart;
Seal salvation on my heart;
Breathe Thyself into my breast,
Earnest of immortal rest.
- 4 Let me never from Thee stray;
Keep me in the narrow way;
Fill my soul with joy divine;
Keep me, Lord, forever Thine.

J. STOCKER.

23. Holy Ghost, with Light Divine.

Tune, Pleyel's Hymn.

- 1 Holy Ghost, with light divine,
Shine upon this heart of mine;
Chase the shades of night away,
Turn my darkness into day.
- 2 Holy Ghost, with power divine,
Cleanse this guilty heart of mine;
Long hath sin, without control,
Held dominion o'er my soul.
- 3 Holy Ghost, with joy divine,
Cheer this saddened heart of mine;
Bid my many woes depart,
Heal my wounded, bleeding heart.
- 4 Holy Spirit, all divine,
Dwell within this heart of mine;
Cast down every idol-throne,
Reign supreme — and reign alone.

A. REED.

Rockingham. L. M.

LOWELL MASON.

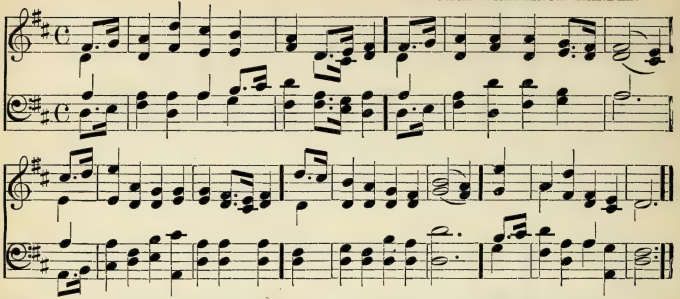
*Music on opposite page.*

- 4 Spirit of Holiness! we pray,
Take every stain of sin away,
And all our being fill;
Baptize us with Thy perfect love,
And let our lives and actions prove
Thy good and perfect will.
- 5 Spirit of Power! with heavenly fire,
Our souls endue, our tongues inspire,
Stretch forth Thy Mighty Hand;
Thy Pentecostal gifts restore,
The wonders of Thy Power once more,
Display in every land.

- 6 Spirit of Love! upon us shed,
The oil that fell on Aaron's head,
And bathed his holy feet:
O let our hearts like censers glow
And love like burning incense flow
In fragrant odors sweet.
- 7 Spirit of Hope, our vision clear,
For lo! the Bridegroom draweth near,
His star is in the east;
Show us its faintest rising beam,
Wake us with morning's earliest gleam,
And robe us for the feast.

Christmas. C. M.

GEORGE FREDERICK HANDEL.



24. He Comes! He Comes!

Tune, Christmas.

1 He comes! He comes! that mighty
New being to impart; [Breath,
His uncreated freshness fills
Each consecrated heart.

2 Earth quakes before the rushing blast,
Heaven echoes back the sound;
And mightily the tempest wheels
The upper room around.

3 One moment and the Spirit hangs
O'er us with dread desire;
Then breaks upon the heads of all,
In cloven tongues of fire.

4 Most gracious Spirit, Comforter,
Sweet must Thy presence be;
If loss of Jesus can be gain,
So long as we have Thee.

FREDERICK FABER, *alt.*

25. O Holy Ghost!

Tune, Christmas.

1 O Holy Ghost! Thyself true God!
Who through eternal days
From Father and from Son hast flowed
In uncreated ways!

2 An undivided nature shared
With Father and with Son;
A Person by Thyself, with Them
Thy simple essence One.

3 A deep, wide flowing ocean, Thou,
Of uncreated Love;
I tremble as within my soul
I feel Thy waters move.

4 Thou art a sea without a shore;
Awful, immense Thou art;
A sea which can contract itself
Within my narrow heart.

5 Thou art a God of fire, that doth
Create while He consumes!
A God of light, whose rays on earth
Darken where He illumines.

6 O Spirit, beautiful and dread!
My heart is fit to break
With love of all Thy tenderness,
For us poor sinners' sake.

FREDERICK FABER.

26. Come, Holy Spirit, Come.

Tune, Boylston, page 7.

1 Come, Holy Spirit, come,
Let Thy bright beams arise;
Dispel all sorrow from our minds,
All darkness from our eyes.

2 Cheer our desponding hearts,
Thou heavenly Paraclete;
Give us to lie, with humble hope,
At our Redeemer's feet.

3 Revive our drooping faith,
Our doubts and fears remove,
And kindle in our breasts the flame
Of never-dying love.

4 Convince us of our sin,
Then lead to Jesu's blood,
And to our wond'ring view reveal
The secret love of God.

J. HART.

Music on opposite page.

4 Is not Thy grace as mighty now
As when Elijah felt its power;
When glory beamed from Moses' brow,
Or Job endured the trying hour?

5 Remember, Lord, the ancient days;
Renew Thy work; Thy grace restore;
And while to Thee our hearts we raise,
On us Thy Holy Spirit pour.

O for that Flame.

Tune, SESSIONS.

BATHURST.

1. Oh, for that flame of liv - ing fire, Which shone so bright in saints of old;
 2. Where is that Spir - it, Lord, which dwelt In Abrah'm's breast, and sealed him Thine?
 3. That Spir - it, which from age to age Proclaimed Thy love, and taught Thy ways?

Which bade their souls to heaven aspire, Calm in dis - tress, in dan - ger bold.
 Which made Paul's heart with sorrow melt, And glow with en - er - gy di - vine?
 Bright - ened I - sai - ah's viv - id page, And breathed in Dav - id's hallowed lays?

4th and 5th verses on opposite page.

Oh, Have We Grieved Thee?

FREDERICK FABER.

R. KELSO CARTER.

1. Oh, have we grieved Thee, gracious Spirit? Wayward, wanton, cold are we; And
 2. Dear Paraclete! how hast Thou waited While our hearts were slowly turned! How
 3. Now in our hearts, O bless - ed Spir - it, We would take Thee for our Lord; In
 4. O Com - fort - er! tho' now we can - not Love Thee as Thou lov - est us; If

still our sins, and ma - ny wanderings, Nev - er yet have wea - ried Thee.
 oft - en hath Thy love been slight - ed, While for us it grieved and burned!
 per - fect love now make us faith - ful, To Thy least and light - est word.
 in our hearts Thy flame be kin - dled, They shall not be al - ways thus.

FINE.

cleans - ing fires with - in us kin - dle, Bless - ed Spir - it, Dove Di - vine!

CHORUS.

Holy Ghost! come down upon Thy children, Give us grace, and make us Thine; Thy

D.S.

Azmon. c. m.

CARL GOTTHELF GLASER.



29. Enthroned on High.

- 1 Enthroned on high, almighty Lord,
The Holy Ghost send down;
Fulfill in us Thy faithful word,
And all Thy mercies crown.
- 2 Though on our heads no tongues of fire
Their wondrous powers impart,
Grant, Saviour, what we more desire,—
Thy Spirit in our heart.
- 3 Spirit of life, and light, and love,
Thy heavenly influence give;
Quicken our souls, our guilt remove,
That we in Christ may live.
- 4 To our benighted minds reveal
The glories of his grace,
And bring us where no clouds conceal
The brightness of His face.
- 5 His love within us shed abroad,
Life's ever springing well;
Till God in us, and we in God,
In love eternal dwell.

THOMAS HAWEIS.

30. Jesus, Thine All-victorious.

- 1 Jesus, Thine all-victorious love
Shed in my heart abroad;
Then shall my feet no longer rove,
Rooted and fixed in God.
- 2 Oh, that in me the sacred fire
Might now begin to glow,
Burn up the dross of base desire
And make the mountains flow!
- 3 Oh, that it now from heaven might fall,
And all my sins consume!
Come, Holy Ghost, for Thee I call;
Spirit of burning, come!
- 4 Refining fire, go through my heart,
Illuminate my soul;
Scatter Thy life through every part,
And sanctify the whole.
- 5 My steadfast soul from falling free,
Shall then no longer move;
While Christ is all the world to me,
And all my heart is love.

CHAS. WESLEY.

31. Jesus, My Life.

- 1 Jesus, my life, Thyself apply,
Thy Holy Spirit breathe;
My vile affections crucify;
Conform me to Thy death.
- 2 Conqueror of hell and earth and sin,
Still with the rebel strive;
Enter my soul, and work within,
And kill, and make alive.
- 3 More of Thy life, and more I have,
As the old Adam dies;
Bury me, Saviour, in Thy grave,
That I with Thee may rise.
- 4 Reign in me, Lord; Thy foes control
Who would not own Thy sway;
Diffuse Thine image through my soul;
Shine to Thy perfect day.
- 5 Scatter the last remains of sin,
And seal me Thine abode;
Oh, make me glorious all within,
A temple built by God!

CHAS WESLEY.

32. Holy Father.

Tune, Breathe Upon Us, p. 3.

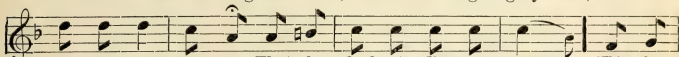
- 1 Holy Father, Thou hast spoken
Words beyond our grasp of thought,
Words of grace and power unbroken,
With mysterious glory fraught.
- 2 Take us, Lord, oh, take us truly,
Mind and soul, and heart and will;
Empty us and cleanse us thoroughly,
Then with all Thy fullness fill.
- 3 Lord, we ask it, hardly knowing
What this wondrous gift may be;
Yet fulfill to overflowing,—
Thy great meaning let us see.
- 4 Make us in Thy royal palace,
Vessels worthy for the King;
From Thy fullness fill our chalice
From Thy never-failing spring.
- 5 Father, by this blessed filling,
Dwell Thyself in us we pray!
We are waiting, Thou art willing!
Fill us with Thyself to-day!

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL

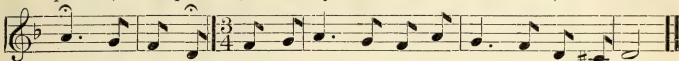
Pentecostal Power.



1. 'Tis the ver - y same pow - er, The ver - y same power, 'T is the
 2. While with one ac - cord assembled, All in an up - per room, Came the
 3. With clov-en tongues of fire, And a rush-ing mighty wind, Came the



ver - y same pow - er, That they had at Pen - te - cost; 'T is the
 pow - er, the pow - er, That they had at Pen - te - cost; 'T is the
 pow - er, the pow - er, That they had at Pen - te - cost; 'T is the



pow'r the pow - er; 'T is the pow'r that Je - sus promised should come down.

4 'T was while they were all praying,
 And believing it would come,
 Came the power, etc.

7 The martyrs had this power,
 As they triumphed in the flames;
 'T was the power, etc.

5 Some thought they were fanatic,
 Or were drunken with new wine;
 'T was the power, etc.

8 Our fathers had this power,
 And we may have it too;
 'T is the power, etc.

6 Three thousand were converted,
 And were added to the church,
 By the power, etc.

9 'T is the very same power,
 For I feel it in my soul;
 'T is the power, etc.

34.

Come, Holy Spirit. c. m.

I. WATTS.

Tune, ST. MARTIN'S.



1. Come, Ho - ly Spir - it, Heaven - ly Dove, With all Thy quick'ning powers;
 2. Look how we grov - el here be - low, Fond of these earth - ly toys;
 3. In vain we tune our for - mal songs, In vain we strive to rise;



Kin - dle a flame of sa - cred love In these cold hearts of ours.
 Our souls, how heav - i - ly they go, To reach e - ter - nal joys.
 Ho - san - nas lan - guish on our tongues, And our de vo - tion dies.



4 Father, and shall we ever live
 At this poor dying rate,
 Our love so faint, so cold to Thee,
 And Thine to us so great?

5 Come, Holy Spirit, Heavenly Dove,
 With all Thy quick'ning powers;
 Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love,
 And that shall kindle ours.

35. Now I Feel the Sacred Fire.

Arr. by R. KELSO CARTER.

FINE.

1. { Now I feel the sa-cred fire, Kindling, flam-ing, glow - ing, }
 { High-er still and ris-ing higher, All my soul o'er-flow-ing; }
 2. { Now I am from bond-age freed, Ev-ery bond is riv-en; }
 { Je-sus makes me free in-deed, Just as free as heav-en; }

D.C.— 1. *I was dead, but now I live, Glo-ry! glo-ry! glo-ry!*
 2. *I was bound, but now I'm free, Glo-ry! glo-ry! glo-ry!*

D.C.

Life im-mor-tal I re-ceive,— Oh, the won-drous sto-ry!
 'Tis a glo-rious lib-er-ty— Oh, the won-drous sto-ry!

- 3 Let the testimony roll,
 Roll through every nation;
 Witnessing from soul to soul,
 This immense salvation;
 Now I know it's full and free,
 Oh, the wondrous story!
 For I feel it saving me,
 Glory! glory! glory!
 4 Glory be to God on high,
 Glory be to Jesus!
 He hath brought salvation nigh,
 From all sin He frees us;

Let the golden harps of God
 Ring the wondrous story;
 Let the pilgrim shout aloud,
 Glory! glory! glory!

- 5 Let the trump of jubilee,
 The glad tidings thunder;
 Jesus sets the captives free,
 Bursts their bonds asunder;
 Fetters break and dungeons fall,
 Oh, the wondrous story!
 This salvation's free to all,
 Glory! glory! glory!

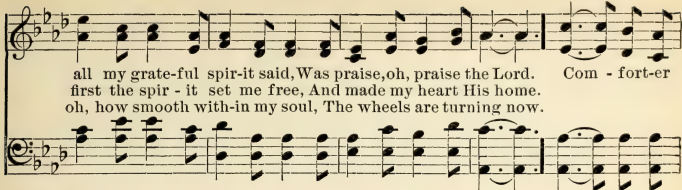
36. The Oil of Gladness.

MANIE PAYNE FERGUSON.

R. KELSO CARTER.

1. The oil of glad-ness on my head, By Je-sus' hand was poured; And
 2. I hard-ly tho't that it could be, So changed had all be-come, When
 3. The crown of God's a-noint-ing oil, He placed up-on my brow, And

CHORUS.



all my grate-ful spir-it said, Was praise, oh, praise the Lord. Com - fort-er
first the spir - it set me free, And made my heart His home.
oh, how smooth with-in my soul, The wheels are turning now.



bless-ed now in me re - side. Ho - ly A-noint-ing, ev-ermore a - bid.

4 In blissful harmony they move,
Beneath the Master's skill;
The spring of every action, love,
And Jesus' perfect will.

5 Stay Thou forever in my breast,
I cannot part with Thee,
I've chosen Thee Thou heavenly guest,
And Thou hast chosen me.

2 Holy Spirit, Love divine!
Glow within this heart of mine;
Kindle every high desire;
Perish self in Thy pure fire!

3 Holy Spirit, Power divine;
Fill and nerve this will of mine;
By Thee may I strongly live,
Bravely bear, and nobly strive.

4 Holy Spirit, Right divine!
King within my conscience reign;
Be my law, and I shall be
Firmly bound, forever free.

SAMUEL LONGFELLOW.

37. Fading is this World.

Tune, Hendon, p. 257.

1 Fading is this world to me,
Fleeting are its pride and fame;
Clinging closer, Lord, to Thee,
Richer, sweeter grows Thy name.

2 Longing that great rest to feel,
Flowing from Thyself within;
Quickening Spirit, come and heal,
Save from fear and shame and sin.

3 Kneeling, waiting at Thy feet,
Willing now with all to part;
Feeling all things else but dross,
Thou dost cleanse and fill my heart.

4 Rising to new life with Thee,
Walking now in sweet release,
Knowing Thou dost dwell in me,
Jesus, Saviour, I have peace.

38. His Grace Entreated.

Tune, Hendon, p. oo.

1 Holy Spirit, Truth divine!
Dawn upon this soul of mine;
Word of God, and inward Light!
Wake my spirit, clear my sight.

39. The Gracious Comforter.

Tune, Seymour, p. 221.

1 Granted is the Saviour's prayer,
Sent the gracious Comforter;
Promise of our parting Lord,
Jesus, to His Heaven restored.

2 Christ, who now gone up on high,
Captive leads captivity;
While His foes from Him receive
Grace, that God with man may live.

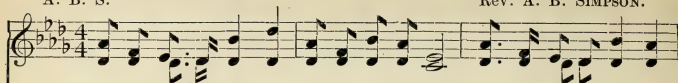
3 Come, divine and peaceful Guest,
Enter our devoted breast:
Holy Ghost, our hearts inspire,
Kindle there the gospel fire.

4 Crown the agonizing strife,
Principle and Lord of life:
Life divine in us renew,
Thou the Gift and Giver too!

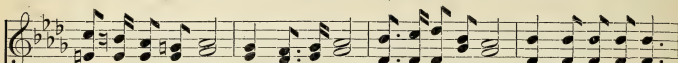
CHARLES WESLEY

A. B. S.

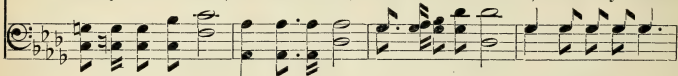
Rev. A. B. SIMPSON.



1. Faint-ing in the des-ert, Is-rael's thousands stand At the rock of Ka-desh.
2. Bless-ed Rock of A-ges, Thou art op-en still, Blessed Ho-ly Spi-rit
3. Oh, for trust more simple, Ful-ly to be-lieve, Oh, for hearts more childlike

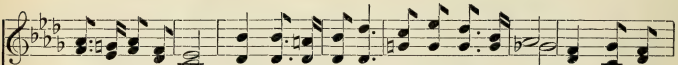


Hark! the Lord's command, Speak to the Rock, Bid the waters flow, Strike not its bosom
All our be-ing fill; Still Thou dost say, Wherefore struggle so? Call to the spirit,
Free-ly to re-ceive; E'en as a babe, On its mother's breast, So on Thy bosom

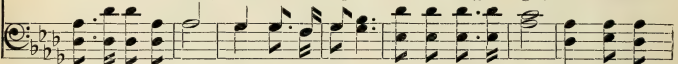


REFRAIN.

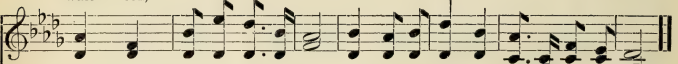
Opened long a-go, Speak to the Rock 'Till the wa-ters flow. Speak to the Rock,
Whisper soft and low, Speak to the Rock Bid the wa-ters flow.
Let my spirit rest, Filled with Thy life, With Thy blessing blest.



Bid the waters flow, Doubt not the Spirit, Giv-en long a - go; Take what He



wait - eth,



waiteth, waiteth, Freely to be-stow, Drink 'till its fulness All Thy be-ing know.



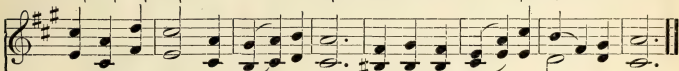
Joy of My Soul.

W. C.

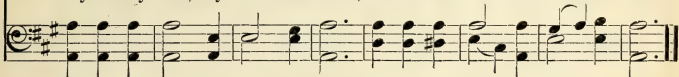
WARREN COLLINS, by per.



1. Joy of my soul, Thou Sav - iour dear, It is so sweet when Thou art near;
2. Keep Thou the vig-il of my heart, Lest from my soul, Thy grace de-part;
3. Oh! may no earth-ly shad-ow fall, A-round my heart, Lord, keep it all;
4. Be Thou my life, for I am weak; No earthly help, but Thee I seek;



In Thy blest love all fear I hide, Most gracious Lord, in me a - bide.
 Oh! may Thy love fill ev - ry need, For of Thy boun - ty I would feed.
 Be Thou the light of heavenly fire; Thy Spir-it, Lord, I so de - sire.
 Joy of my soul, my Sav - iour dear, Life is so sweet when Thou art near.



42.

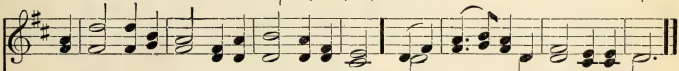
Meditation.

JOSEPH SWAIN.

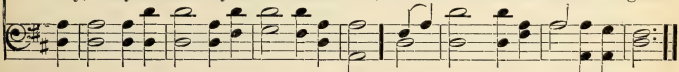
FREEMAN LEWIS.



1. O Thou, in whose presence my soul takes delight, On whom in affliction I call,
2. Where dost Thou, dear Shepherd, resort with Thy sheep, To feed them in pastures of love;
3. Oh, why should I wan - der, an a - lien from Thee, Or cry in the desert for bread?
4. Yedaughters of Zi - on, de - clare, have you seen The Star that on Israel shone?



My comfort by day and my song in the night, My hope, my sal - va - tion, my all!
 Say, why in the valley of death should I weep, Or a - lone in this wilderness rove?
 Thy foes will rejoice when my sorrows they see, And smile at the tears I have shed.
 Say, if in your tents my Be - loved has been, And where with His flocks He is gone?



- 5 He looks! and ten thousands of angels rejoice,
- 6 Dear Shepherd! I hear, and will follow Thy call;

And myriads wait for His word; [voice, I know the sweet sound of Thy voice;
 He speaks! and eternity, filled with His Restore and defend me, for Thou art my
 Re-echoes the praise of the Lord. (21) And in Thee I will ever rejoice. [all,

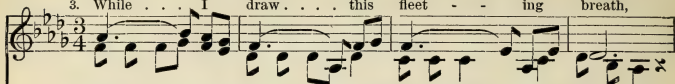
Rock of Ages.

A PRAYER AND WORSHIP.

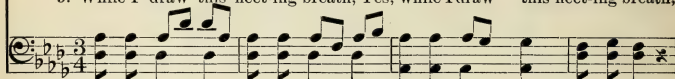
Soprano prominent.

E. O. EXCELL, by per.

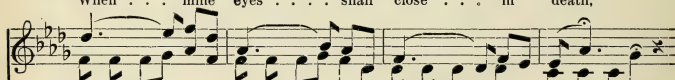
1. Rock . . . of A - - ges, cleft . . . for me,
 2. Could . . . my tears . . . for - ev - er flow,
 3. While . . . I draw . . . this fleet - - ing breath,



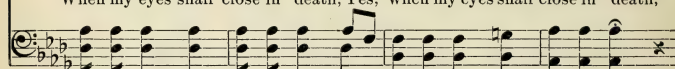
1. Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Blest Rock of A - ges, cleft for me,
 2. Could my tears for - ev - er flow, Oh, could my tears for - ev - er flow,
 3. While I draw this fleet-ing breath, Yes, while I draw this fleet-ing breath,



- Let . . . me hide . . . my - self . . . in Thee;
 Could . . . my zeal . . . no lan - guor know,
 When . . . mine eyes . . . shall close . . . in death,



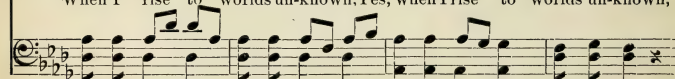
- Let me hide my - self in Thee, Oh, let me hide my - self in Thee;
 Could my zeal no languor know, Oh, could my zeal no languor know,
 When my eyes shall close in death, Yes, when my eyes shall close in death,



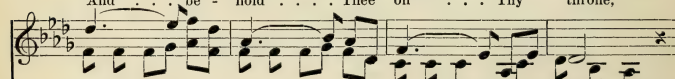
- Let . . . the wa - - ter and . . . the blood,
 These . . . for sin . . . could not . . . a - - tone;
 When . . . I rise . . . to worlds . . . un - known,



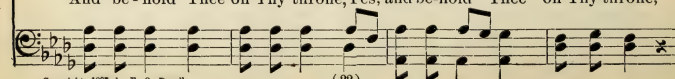
- Let the wa - ter and the blood, Oh; let the wa - ter and the blood,
 These for sin could not a - tone, No, these for sin could not a - tone;
 When I rise to worlds un-known, Yes, when I rise to worlds un-known,



- From . . . Thy wound - ed side . . . which flow'd,
 Thou . . . must, save and Thou a - lone,
 And . . . be - hold . . . Thee on . . . Thy throne,



- From Thy wounded side which flow'd, Yes, from Thy wounded side which flow'd,
 Thou must save and Thou a - lone, Yes, thou must save and Thou a - lone,
 And be-hold Thee on Thy throne, Yes, and be-hold Thee on Thy throne,



PRAYER AND WORSHIP.]

Be of sin the dou - - ble cure,
In my hand no price I bring,
Rock of A - ges cleft for me,

Be of sin the double cure, Yes, be of sin the double cure,
In my hand no price I bring, Lord, in my hand no price I bring,
Rock of A - ges cleft for me, Blest Rock of A - ges cleft for me,

Save from wrath and make me pure.
Sim - - - - ply to Thy cross I cling.
Let me hide my - self in Thee.

Save from wrath and make me pure, Yes, save from wrath and make me pure.
Sim-ply to Thy cross I cling, Lord, simply to Thy cross I cling.
Let me hide my - self in Thee, Oh, let me hide my - self in thee.

Repeat pp.

Rock of Ages. 6 lines, 7s.

A. TOPLADY.

SECOND TUNE.

Tune, TOPLADY.

FINE.

D.C.

44.

Sun of My Soul.

[PRAYER AND WORSHIP]

J. KEBLE, 1827.

German. Arr. by W. H. MONK.

1. Sun of my soul, Thou Sav - iour dear, It is not night if Thou be near;
 2. When the soft dews of kind - ly sleep My wearied eye - lids gent - ly steep,
 3. A - bide with me from morn till eve, For without Thee I can - not live;
 4. If some poor wandering child of Thine, Has spurned to-day the voice di - vine—

Oh, may no earth-born cloud a - rise, To hide Thee from Thy ser - vant's eyes.
 Be my last thought, how sweet to rest For - ev - er on my Sav - iour's breast
 A - bide with me when night is nigh, For without Thee I dare not die.
 Now, Lord, the gra - cious work be - gin; Let Him no more lie down in sin.

5 Watch by the sick; enrich the poor
 With blessings from Thy boundless store;
 Be every mourner's sleep to-night
 Like infant's slumbers, pure and light.

6 Come near and bless us when we wake,
 Ere through the world our way we take,
 Till in the ocean of Thy love
 We lose ourselves in heaven above.

45.

Jesus, Saviour, Pilot Me.

J. E. GOULD.

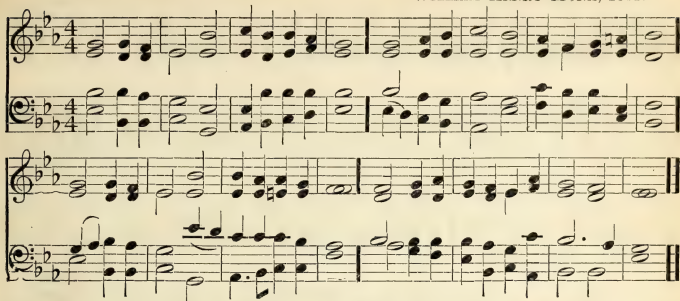
FINE

1. Je - sus, Sav - iour, pi - lot me, O - ver life's tempestuous sea;
 D. c. Chart and com - pass came from Thee; Je - sus, Sav - iour, pi - lot me.
 2. As a moth - er stills her child, Thou canst hush the o - cean wild;
 D. c. Wondrous Sovereign of the sea, Je - sus, Sav - iour, pi - lot me.
 3. When at last I near the shore, And the fear - ful breakers roar,
 D. c. May I hear Thee say to me, "Fear not, I will pi - lot thee!"

Un-known waves be - fore me roll, Hid-ing rocks and treacherous shoal;
 Boisterous waves o - bey Thy will When Thou say'st to them, "Be still!"
 'T wixt me and the peace-ful rest, Then while lean - ing on Thy breast,

Eventide. 10.

WILLIAM HENRY MONK, 1861.



46. The Night Cometh.

1 Abide with me! fast falls the eventide;
The darkness deepens, Lord, with me abide;
When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, oh, abide with me!

2 Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day,
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away;
Change and decay in all around I see;
Oh, Thou who changest not, abide with me!

3 I need Thy presence every passing hour;
What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's power?
Who like Thyself my guide and stay can be?
Through cloud and sunshine, oh, abide with me!

4 I fear no foe, with Thee at hand to bless;
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness;
Where is death's sting? where, grave, thy victory?
I triumph still, if Thou abide with me!

5 Hold Thou the cross before my closing eyes!
Shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies!
Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee;
In life and death, O Lord, abide with me!

HENRY FRANCIS LYTE. 1847.

47. Near the Throne.

Tune, Near the Cross, Key of G.

1 Jesus, keep me near the throne
There Thy glory seeing;
Resurrection, life and power
Fill my raptured being.

CHORUS.

Near the throne, near the throne
Will I keep forever,
From my loving Saviour's side
Nothing me shall sever.

2 Near the throne a trusting soul
Jesus' power upholds me,

There His arm protects me while
Gracious love enfolds me.

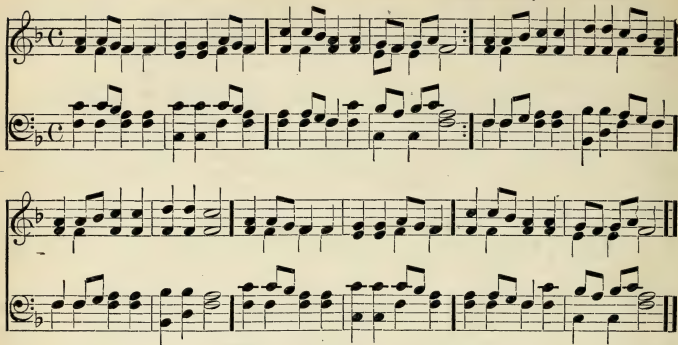
3 Near the throne, O risen Lord,
Flash its brightness o'er me;
Help me live from hour to hour
With its light before me.

4 Near the throne I'll watch and pray
The world and Satan scorning,
Till the Lord shall take me home
To meet Him in the morning.

Rev. F. W. FARR.

Greenville. 8. 7. 4.

JEAN JACQUES ROSSEAU.



48. Lord, Dismiss Us.

1 Lord, dismiss us with Thy blessing,
 Fill our hearts with joy and peace;
 Let us each, Thy love possessing,
 Triumph in redeeming grace;
 Oh, refresh us,
 Traveling through the wilderness.

2 Thanks we give and adoration,
 For Thy gospel's joyful sound;
 May the fruits of Thy salvation
 In our hearts and lives abound;
 May Thy presence
 With us evermore be found.

3 So, when e'er the signal's given
 Us from earth to call away,
 Borne on angel's wings to heaven,
 Glad the summons to obey;
 May we ever
 Reign with Christ in endless day.
 WALTER SHIRLEY.

49. For a Blessing On The World.

1 Come, Thou soul-transforming Spirit,
 Bless the sower and the seed;
 Let each heart Thy grace inherit;
 Raise the weak, the hungry feed;
 From the gospel
 Now supply Thy people's need.

2 Oh, may all enjoy the blessing,
 Which Thy word's designed to give;
 Let us all Thy love possessing,

Joyfully the truth receive;
 And forever
 To Thy praise and glory life.

JONATHAN EVANS.

50. Sweet Hour of Prayer.

Key of D.

1 Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of
 prayer,

That calls me from a world of care,
 And bids me, at my Father's throne,
 Make all my wants and wishes known!
 In seasons of distress and grief,
 My soul has often found relief,
 And oft escaped the tempter's snare,
 By thy return, sweet hour of prayer.

2 Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of
 prayer,

Thy wings shall my petition bear
 To Him, whose truth and faithfulness,
 Engage the waiting soul to bless;
 And since he bids me seek His face,
 Believe His word, and Trust His grace,
 I'll cast on Him my every care,
 And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer.

3 Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of
 prayer,

May I thy consolation share,
 Till, from Mount Pisgah's lofty height,
 I view my home and take my flight;
 This robe of flesh I'll drop, and rise
 To seize the everlasting prize;
 And shout while passing through the air,
 Farewell, farewell, sweet hour of prayer!

WILLIAM W. WALFORD.

51.

Shine On.

By ADRIAN E. MILLER.

Shine on, shine on, shine on Thou great and glo-rious sun, Shine on shine on, shine on, - Thou

1. great E-ter-nal One; Oh, let the Prince of Peace come in, And take a-way our
2. great Immortal One; Oh, let Thy life flow in my soul, And cleanse, and make my
3. great Victorious One; Ho-san-na to the cru-ci-fied; Oh, let Thyself hence-

ev-ery sin; E-ter-nal glo-ry we shall win, And ev-er dwell with Him.
bod-y whole, Per-fect me as the years shall roll, And let me reach the goal.
forth a-bide, And keep me, neath the flowing tide, The fountain o-pen wide.

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52.

R. K. C.

Save Me Lord.

Very slow and sustained.

(MALE QUARTET.)

R. KELSO CARTER.

- Oh, God! my Lord, save, save me now, Lord! 1. I am weak Lord,
2. None but Thou Lord,
3. I am sink-ing,
4. Lost I come to

and heav-y la-den, Oh! my dear Lord! save me, oh, save me now.
can o-ver-come, Lord,
save or I per-ish;
Je-sus my Sav-iour;

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53.

Depth of Mercy. 7.

CHARLES WESLEY.

R. KELSO CARTER.

1. Depth of mer-cy! can there be Mer-cy still re-served for me?
 2. I have long with-stood His grace, Long provoked Him to His face,
 3. Now in-cline me to re-pent, Let me now my sins la-ment;

Can my God His wrath or-bear, Me, the chief of sin-ners spare?
 Would not heark-en to His calls, Grieved Him by a thou-sand falls.
 Now my foul re-volt, de-plore, Weep, be-lieve, and sin no more.

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4 Kindled His relentings are,
 Me, He now delights to spare;
 Cries, "How shall I give thee up,"
 Lets the lifted thunder drop.

5 There for me the Saviour stands,
 Shows His wounds and spreads His hands;
 God is love! I know, I feel;
 Jesus weeps, and loves me still.

54.

My Jesus I Love Thee.

A. J. GORDON, by per.

1. My Je-sus, I love Thee, I know Thou art mine, . . . My gra-
 For Thee all the pleasures of sin I . . . re-sign; (D.S.) If ev-
 2. I love Thee because Thou hast first lov-ed me, . . . I love
 And purchased my par-don when nailed to . . . the tree; (D.S.) If ev-

1 FINE. CHORUS. D.S.

cious Redeem-er, My Saviour art Thou, . . . } Oh, Jesus, Saviour mine.
 er I loved Thee, my Je-sus, . . . 't is now.
 Thee for wearing the thorns on Thy brow, . . . }
 er I loved Thee, my Je-sus, . . . 't is now.

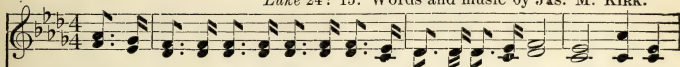
3 I will love Thee in life, I will love Thee in death,
And praise Thee as long as Thou lendeth me breath;
And say when the death-dew lies cold on my brow,
If ever I loved Thee, my Jesus, 't is now. CHO.

4. In mansions of glory and endless delight;
I'll ever adore Thee in heaven so bright;
I'll sing with the glittering crown on my brow,
If ever I loved Thee, my Jesus, 't is now. CHO.

55.

Saviour Draw Near Us.

Luke 24: 15. Words and music by JAS. M. KIRK.



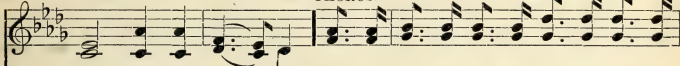
1. When we journey by the way-side and our hearts are filled with gloom, Saviour draw
2. When we've trusted in the promise and the answer's long de-layed, Saviour draw
3. When we're striving for the vict'ry o'er some long-besetting sin, Saviour draw
4. When the way grows ve-ry narrow and we see no light a-head, Saviour draw



near us; And our ma-n-y prayers seem buried in the dark and si-lent tomb,
near us; And the tempter's dart sas-sail us just to make our hearts a-fraid,
near us; And the bat-tle rag-es wild-ly and 't is all un-rest with-in,
near us; And we long to know the reason why in darkness we are led,



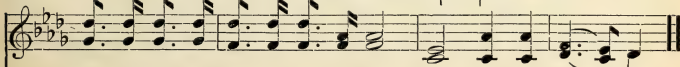
CHORUS.



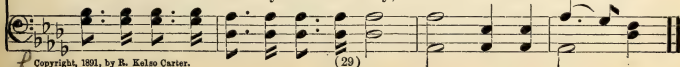
Sav-iour draw near us. Lord re-veal Thyself as liv-ing nev-er-



more to die, Crowned and reigning victor over earth and sky; Tell us Thou art watching



o'er us and will al-ways hear our cry, When we draw near Thee.



56.

Coronation. C. M.

Rev. E. PERRONET, 1780.

OLIVER HOLDEN, 1793.

1. All hail the pow'r of Je - sus' name! Let an - gels pros-trate fall;
 2. Ye cho - sen seed of Is - rael's race, Ye ran-som'd from the fall,
 3. Sin - ners, whose love can ne'er for - get The worm-wood and the gall,
 4. Let ev - 'ry kin - dred ev - 'ry tribe, On this ter - res - trial ball,

Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all;
 Hail Him who saves you by His grace, And crown Him Lord of all;
 Go, spread your tro-phies at His feet, And crown Him Lord of all;
 To Him all maj - es - ty as-cribe, And crown Him Lord of all;

Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all.
 Hail Him who saves you by His grace, And crown Him Lord of all.
 Go, spread your tro-phies at His feet, And crown Him Lord of all.
 To Him all maj - es - ty as-cribe, And crown Him Lord of all.

57.

Crown Him Lord of All. C. M.

All hail the pow'r of Je - sus' name! Let an - gels pros-trate fall;
 Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem,

And crown Him, crown Him, crown Him, crown Him Lord of all!

58.

Lead, Kindly Light.

JOHN H. NEWMAN.

JOHN BACCHUS DYKES.

1. Lead, kindly Light, amid th' encircling gloom,
 2. I was not ev-er thus, nor pray'd that thou
 3. So long Thy pow'r hath bless'd me, sure it still

Lead thou me on!
 Shouldst lead me on;
 Will lead me on,

The night is dark, and I am far from home,
 I loved to choose and see my path; but now
 O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and tor-rent, till

Lead thou me
 Lead thou me
 The night is

on! Keep thou my feet; I do not ask to see
 on! I loved the gar- ish day, and, spite of fears,
 gone! And with the morn those an- gel fac- es smile

The dis- tant scene; one step e- nough for me.
 Pride ruled my will. Re- mem- ber not past years!
 Which I have loved long since, and lost a- while!

59.

Jesus Is God. C. M.

Tune, Coronation, p. 29.

1 Jesus is God! the glorious bands
 Of golden angels sing
 Songs of adoring praise to Him,
 Their Maker and their King.

2 He was true God in Bethlehem's crib,
 On Calvary's cross true God,
 He who in heaven eternal reigned,
 In time on earth abode.

3 Jesus is God! oh, could I now
 But compass land and sea,
 To teach and tell this single truth,
 How happy I should be!

4 Oh, had I but an angel's voice,
 I would proclaim so loud,—
 Jesus, the good, the beautiful,
 Is everlasting God.

60. Holy, Holy! Lord God Almighty.

REGINALD HEBER, D. D.

Rev. JOHN B. DYKES.

1. Ho ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly! Lord God Al - might-y! Ear - ly in the
 2. Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly! all the saints adore Thee, Cast-ing down their
 3. Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly! tho' the darkness hide Thee, Tho' the eye of
 4. Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly! Lord God Al - might-y! All Thy works shall

morn - ing our song shall rise to Thee; Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly!
 golden crowns around the glass-y sea; Cher - u - bim and Ser - aphim
 sin-ful man Thy glo - ry may not see, On - ly Thou art Ho - ly,
 praise Thy name in earth, and sky, and sea; Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly!

Mer-ci-ful and Might-y! God in Three Per-sons, Blessed Trin-i-ty!
 fall-ing down before Thee, Which wert and art, and ev-er-more shalt be.
 there is none beside Thee, Per - fect in pow'r in love, and pu-ri - ty.
 Mer - ci-ful and Might-y! God in Three Per-sons, Blessed Trin-i-ty! A - MEN.

61. Jesus My All.*

R. K. C.

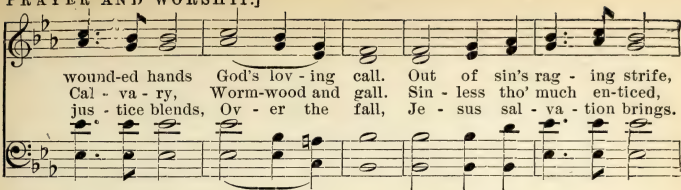
"Him that filleth all in all." EPH. i: 23.

R. KELSO CARTER, 1879.

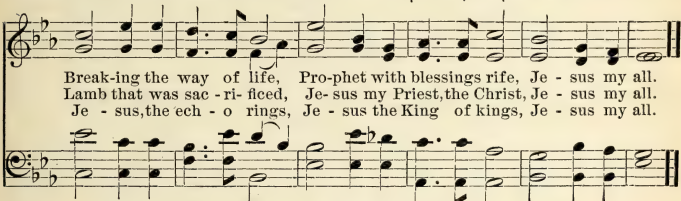
1. Je - sus my Pro - phet stands, Je - sus my all, Bear - ing in
 2. Je - sus my Priest for me, Je - sus my all, Drained up - on
 3. Je - sus my King as - cends, Je - sus my all, Mer - cy with

* Air of National Hymn, "Land of the Free." Pub. by Jno. Dougherty, Chester, Pa.

Words copyright, 1891, by R. K. Carter.



wound-ed hands God's lov - ing call. Out of sin's rag - ing strife,
Cal - va - ry, Worm-wood and gall. Sin - less tho' much en-ticed,
jus - tice blends, Ov - er the fall, Je - sus sal - va - tion brings.

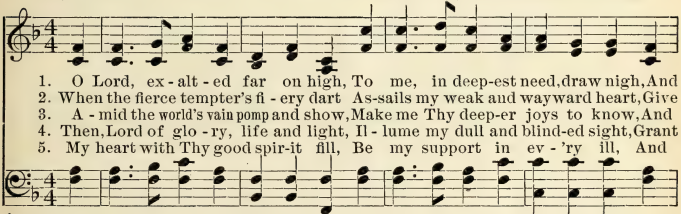


Break-ing the way of life, Pro-phet with blessings rife, Je - sus my all.
Lamb that was sac - ri - ficed, Je - sus my Priest, the Christ, Je - sus my all.
Je - sus, the ech - o rings, Je - sus the King of kings, Je - sus my all.

62. Lord, Undertake For Me.

F. B. H.

Alt. and arr. R. KELSO CARTER.

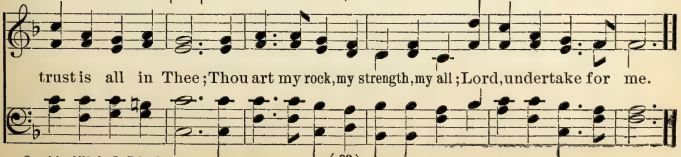


1. O Lord, ex - alt - ed far on high, To me, in deep - est need, draw nigh, And
2. When the fierce tempter's fi - ery dart As - sails my weak and wayward heart, Give
3. A - mid the world's vain pomp and show, Make me Thy deep - er joys to know, And
4. Then, Lord of glo - ry, life and light, Il - lume my dull and blind - ed sight, Grant
5. My heart with Thy good spir - it fill, Be my support in ev - 'ry ill, And



hear my sup - pli - cat - ing cry; Lord, undertake for me! On Thee . . . I call, . . . My
faith to keep the better part; Lord, undertake for me!
following Thee, all else forego; Lord, undertake for me!
me to hear Thy voice aright; Lord, undertake for me!
per - fect all Thy ho - ly will; Lord, undertake for me!

On Thee I call,



trust is all in Thee; Thou art my rock, my strength, my all; Lord, undertake for me.

63.

Saviour, Hide Me.

A. L. SKILTON.

E. GRACE UPDEGRAFF.

1. Sav - iour hide me Close be - side Thee, When the storms are rag - ing
 2. Thro' the mys - t'ry Of life's his - t'ry, Lead me, Sav-iour, safe a -
 3. When in sor - row Let me bor - row Sun - shine from the world of
 4. In death's hour Give me pow - er To re - sist the swell - ing

wild; Keep me near Thee, Let me hear Thee When Thou speakest to Thy child.
 above; Up the mountain To the fount - ain Of Thy ev - er - last - ing love.
 light; In my sad - ness Give me glad - ness To o'ercome the mor - al night.
 tide; How - ev - er o'er me, Go be - fore me, Lead me safe on Canaan's side.

CHORUS.

Doubt - ing nev - er, trust - ing ev - er, Sav - iour, I will fol - low

rit.
 Thee; Till I see death's lift - ed cur - tain, Let me hide my - self in Thee.

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64.

Remember Me. C. M.

R. K. C. (Old Chorus.)

Arr. by R. KELSO CARTER.

1. Je - sus, for me Thy blood was spilt Up - on th' ac - curs - ed tree;
 2. A - mid sin's dark and rush - ing flood, I desperate cling to Thee;
 3. Re - mem - ber all my help - less - ness, And my in - firm - i - ty;

Words by per Jno. J. Hood. Melody by per. Oliver Ditson Company.

Re - deem and cleanse my soul from guilt, O Lord, re - mem-ber me!
 My on - ly hope is Je - sus' blood, My Lord, re - mem-ber me!
 Be Thou my per - fect right-eous-ness, O Lord, re - mem-ber me!

Re - mem-ber, Lord, Thy dy - ing groans, And then re - mem-ber me!

CHORUS. D.S.

O Je - sus, my Sav-iour, I look to Thee;

- 4 Deliver me from all my sin,
 And give full liberty;
 Renew and cleanse, without, within,
 Dear Lord, remember me!
- 5 Soul, spirit, body, blameless keep,
 Thy coming, Lord, to see;
 Destroy the sting of death's last sleep,
 And, Lord, remember me!

65. Hide Me in the Cleft.

Mrs. HARRIET E. JONES.

FRANK M. DAVIS.

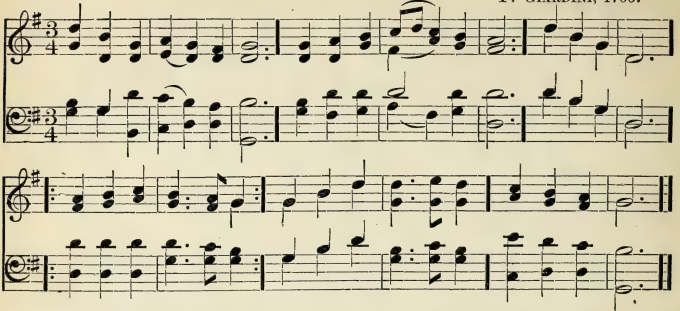
1. Hide me, O my bless-ed Sav-iour, While up - on life's troubled sea; Sorrow's
 2. Hide me, O my bless-ed Sav-iour, O - ver shad-ow day by day; Keep me
 3. When the clouds shall gather near me, When of dearest friends bereft, Then my
 4. Hide me, O my bless-ed Sav-iour, Till the storms of life are past; Hide me

CHORUS.
 waves shall not o'erwhelm me, If I sweet-ly rest in Thee. Hide me, hide me, Saviour,
 from the rocks and breakers, Waiting all a-long the way.
 lov - ing Saviour hide me, Sweetly hide me in the cleft.
 till I reach the harbor Where Thy ransomed rest at last.

hide me, Hide me sweetly in the cleft; In Thy bleeding side, O hide me, Hide me, hide me in the cleft.

Italian Hymn. 6s, 4s.

F. GIARDINI, 1760.



66. Come, Thou Almighty King.

1 Come, Thou almighty King,
Help us Thy name to sing,
Help us to praise:
Father all-glorious,
O'er all victorious,
Come, and reign over us,
Ancient of days!

2 Come, Thou incarnate Word!
Gird on Thy mighty sword;
Our prayer attend:
Come, and Thy people bless,
And give Thy word success;
Spirit of holiness!
On us descend.

3 Come, holy Comforter!
Thy sacred witness bear,
In this glad hour;
Thou, who almighty art,
Now rule in every heart,
And ne'er from us depart,
Spirit of power.

4 To the great One in Three,
The highest praises be,
Hence, evermore!
His sovereign majesty
May we in glory see,
And to eternity
Love and adore.

MARTIN MADIN, 1757.

2 Let manna to our souls be given,
The Bread of Life sent down from
CHO. Blessed be the name, etc. [heaven.

3 Be present at our table, Lord,
Be here as everywhere adored,
Thy creatures bless, and grant that we
May feast in Paradise with Thee.
Used by JOHN WESLEY.

4 Praise shall our grateful lips employ
While life and plenty we enjoy,
Till, worthy, we adore Thy name,
While banqueting with Christ the Lamb.
JOHN CENNICK.

5 We thank Thee, Lord, for daily bread,
Which from Thy bounteous hand is given,
Oh, may our souls thro' grace be fed
On Christ, the Bread of life from Heaven.

6 Father, Thy mercy hath supplied
Our wants from Thine unbounded store;
Oh, may our souls thro' Christ that died,
Be fed, and never hunger more.
H. L. HASTINGS.

Tune, "His Yoke is Easy."

6 We praise Thee, O Lord, for this our
Thou hear'st our daily cry, [food;
And every day, in Thine own way,
Thou dost our wants supply. [light.
CHO. His yoke is easy, His burden is
R. K. CARTER.

Tune, "Trust and Obey," p. 218.

7 As we sit round the board,
By the grace of the Lord,
All our needs are supplied every day;
In His word we confide,
And the Lord doth provide
If we only will trust and obey.
CHO. Trust and obey, etc.

R. K. CARTER.

67. Grace at Table.

Tune, "Blessed Be the Name," p. 267.

1 We thank Thee, Lord, for this our food,
REF. Blessed be the name of the Lord.
But more because of Jesus' blood,
REF. Blessed be the name of the Lord.
CHO. Blessed be the name, etc.

68. Forever With the Lord.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

Chorus by R. KELSO CARTER.

1. "For-ev - er with the Lord!" A - men, so let it be; Life
 2. Here in the bod - y pent, Ab - sent from Him I roam; Yet
 3. "For-ev - er with the Lord," Fa - ther, if 't is Thy will, The

from the dead is in that word, 'Tis im - mor - tal - i - ty.
 night - ly pitch my mov - ing tent A day's march near - er home.
 prom - ise of that faith - ful word, E'en here in me ful - fil.

CHORUS.

I'll be there, I'll be there, I'll be there, When the

faith - ful re - ceive their re - ward, A harp, a crown, a
 I'll be there,

man - sion fair, For - ev - er with the Lord.

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4 So when my latest breath
 Shall rend the veil in twain,
 By death I shall escape from death,
 And life eternal gain.

5 Knowing as I am known,
 How shall I love that word,
 And oft repeat around the throne,
 "Forever with the Lord."

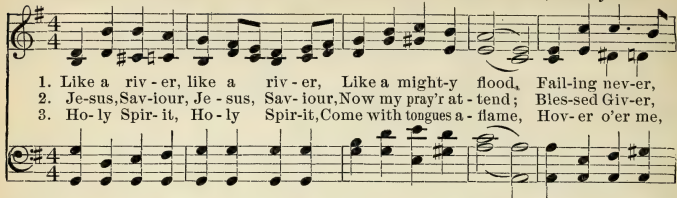
69.

Perfect Peace.

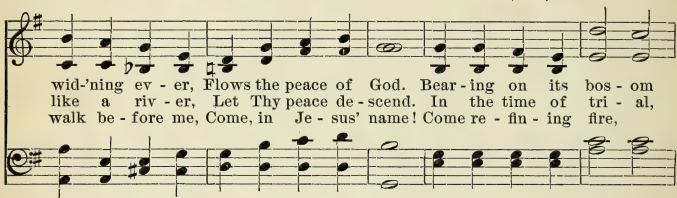
R. KELSO CARTER.

"Peace I leave with you."

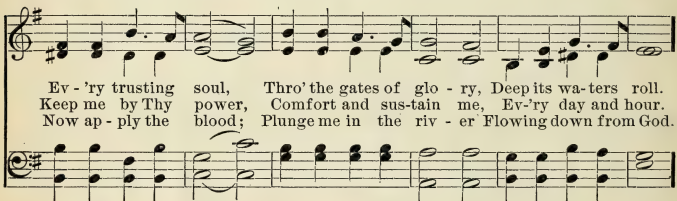
RUSSIAN AIR, arr. by R. K. C.



1. Like a riv - er, like a riv - er, Like a might-y flood, Fail-ing nev-er,
 2. Je-sus, Sav-iour, Je - sus, Sav-iour, Now my pray'r at - tend; Bles-sed Giv-er,
 3. Ho-ly Spir-it, Ho-ly Spir-it, Come with tongues a - flame, Hov-er o'er me,

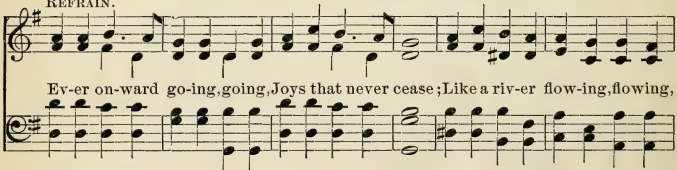


wid-n'ing ev - er, Flows the peace of God. Bear-ing on its bos - om
 like a riv - er, Let Thy peace de - scend. In the time of tri - al,
 walk be - fore me, Come, in Je - sus' name! Come re - fin - ing fire,

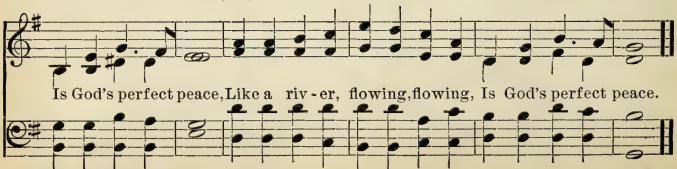


Ev - 'ry trusting soul, Thro' the gates of glo - ry, Deep its wa-ters roll.
 Keep me by Thy power, Comfort and sus-tain me, Ev-'ry day and hour.
 Now ap - ply the blood; Plunge me in the riv - er Flowing down from God.

REFRAIN.



Ev-er on-ward go-ing, going, Joys that never cease; Like a riv-er flow-ing, flowing,



Is God's perfect peace, Like a riv - er, flowing, flowing, Is God's perfect peace.

1. Guide me, O Thou great Je - ho - vah, Pil - grim through this
 2. O - pen now the crys - tal fount - ain, Whence the heal - ing
 3. When I tread the verge of Jor - dan, Bid my anx - ious
 bar - ren land: I am weak but Thou art might - y; Hold me
 streams do flow; Let the fier - y, cloud - y pil - lar, Lead me
 fears sub - side; Bear me through the swell - ing cur - rent, Land me
 with Thy pow'r - ful hand: Bread of hea - ven, Bread of hea - ven,
 all my jour - ney thro'; Strong De - liv'r - er, Strong De - liv'r - er,
 safe on Canaan's side; Songs of prais - es, Songs of prais - es,
 Feed me till I want no more, Feed me till I want no more.
 Be Thou still my strength and shield, Be Thou still my strength and shield.
 I will ev - er give to Thee, I will ev - er give to Thee.

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71. Morning Prayer. C. M.

Tune, Azmon, p. 16.

- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>1 Here in this bright, refreshing dawn,
 With all my powers awake,
 I come to Thee, who made the morn,
 And ev'ry wish I take.</p> <p>2 In this bright hour I give to Thee
 My consecrated will;
 And pray Thee, Lord, to manage me,
 And keep me from all ill.</p> | <p>3 Whatever may my way betide,
 If Thou, my Lord, art near,
 And with me all the way abide,
 No evil will I fear.</p> <p>4 Thus resting, Lord, my soul on Thee,
 O Saviour, Jesus, come;—
 Abide! O Lord, abide with me,
 And make my heart Thy home.</p> |
|--|---|

Waiting on the Lord.

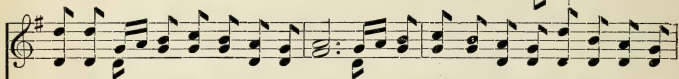
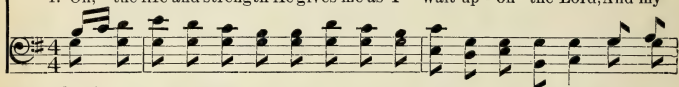
[PRAYER AND WORSHIP.]

A. B. S.

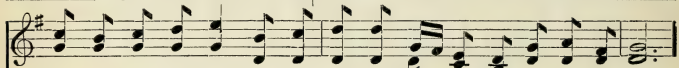
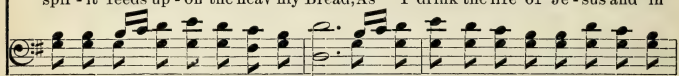
Rev. A. B. SIMPSON.



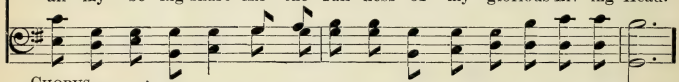
1. I am wait-ing in com-mun-ion at the bless-ed mer-cy-seat, I am
2. Oh, the per-fect peace He gives me as I wait up-on the Lord, And my
3. Oh, the heights of joy He gives me as I wait up-on the Lord, And the
4. Oh, the life and strength He gives me as I wait up-on the Lord, And my



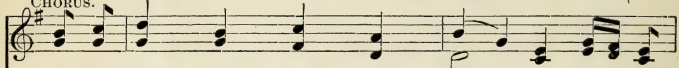
wait-ing, sweetly wait-ing on the Lord; I am drink-ing of His full-ness, I am
spir-it sinks in-to His blessed will, While He qui-ets all the throbbings of my
fullness of His Spir-it floods my soul; All the gales of heaven are blowing, all the
spir-it feeds up-on the heav'nly Bread, As I drink the life of Je-sus and in



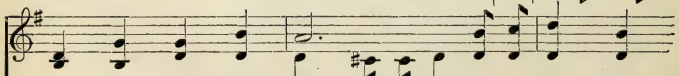
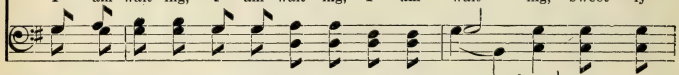
sit-ting at His feet, I am heark'ning to the whispers of His love.
fev-ered heart and brain And up-on His bless-ed bo-som holds me still.
springs of joy are full, And the tides of glo-ry o'er my be-ing roll.
all my be-ing share All the full-ness of my glorious Liv-ing Head.



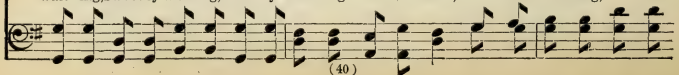
CHORUS.

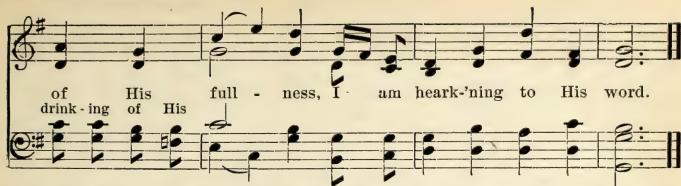


I am wait-ing, wait-ing, wait-ing, sweet-ly
I am wait-ing, I am wait-ing, I am wait-ing, sweet-ly



wait-ing on the Lord; I am drink-ing
wait-ing, sweet-ly wait-ing, sweet-ly wait-ing on the Lord; I am drink-ing, I am





of drink-ing His full - ness, I am heark'-ning to His word.

5 Oh, the service that He gives me as I wait upon the Lord, [love,
Ministries of faith and prayer for them I And the visions of His glory o'er me
As I bring Thy Spirit's burdens while the Saviour lends His ear [above.
And presents them at the mercy-seat I can almost see the dawning of the glad
Millennial Day, [ern skies.
And the Morning Star ascend the east-

73. Revive Us Again.

WM. PATON MACKAY.

J. J. HUSBAND.

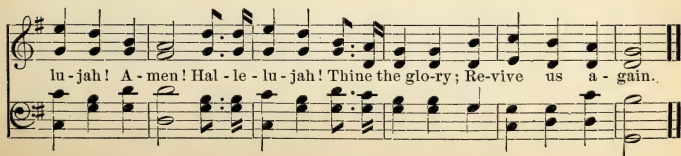


1. We praise Thee, O God! for the Son of Thy love, For Je - sus who
2. We praise Thee, O God! for Thy spir - it of light, Who has shown us our
3. All glo - ry and praise to the Lamb that was slain, Who has borne all our
4. All glo - ry and praise to the God of all grace, Who has bought us, and
5. Re - vive us a - gain; fill each heart with Thy love; May each soul be re -

REFRAIN.



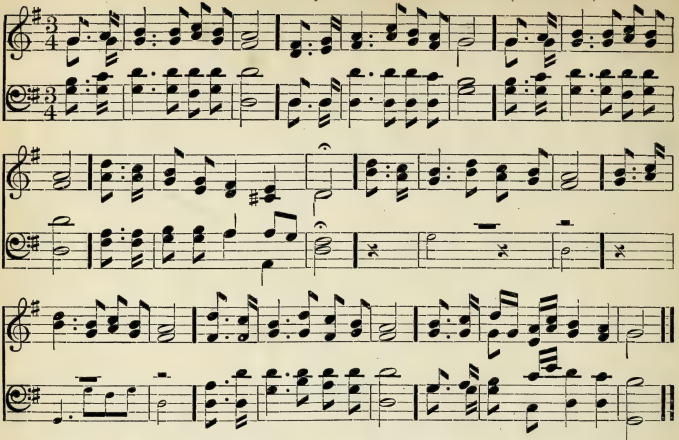
died and is now gone a - bove. Hal - le - lu - jah! Thine the glo - ry; Hal - le -
Sav-iour and scat-tered our night.
sins, and has cleansed ev'-ry stain.
sought us, and guid-ed our ways.
kin-dled with fire from a - bove.



lu - jah! A - men! Hal - le - lu - jah! Thine the glo - ry; Re - vive us a - gain.

7s, 6 lines.

[PRAYER AND WORSHIP.
LOWELL MASON, 1824.



74. Safely Thro' Another Week.

- 1 Safely through another week,
God has brought us on our way;
Let us now a blessing seek,
Waiting in His courts to-day;
Day of all the week the best,
Emblem of eternal rest.
- 2 Mercies multiplied each hour,
Thro' the week our praise demand;
Guarded by Almighty power,
Fed and guided by His hand;
Though ungrateful we have been,—
Often made returns of sin.
- 3 While we pray for pardoning grace,
Thro' the dear Redeemer's name,
Show Thy reconciled face,
Shine away our sin and shame;
From our worldly cares set free,
May we rest this day in Thee.
- 4 Here we come Thy name to praise;
May we feel Thy presence near:
May Thy glory meet our eyes,
While we in Thy house appear:
Here afford us, Lord, a taste
Of our everlasting feast.
- 5 May Thy gospel's joyful sound
Conquer sinners, comfort saints;
Make the fruits of grace abound,
Bring relief for all complaints:
Thus may all our Sabbaths prove,
Till we join th' Church above.

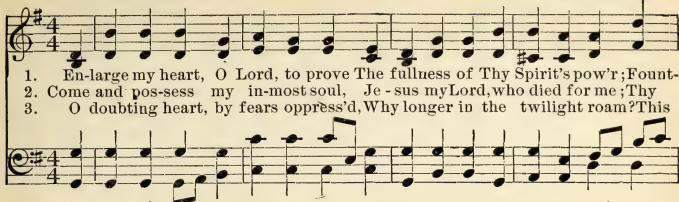
JOHN NEWTON, 1779.

75. Behold the Throne of Grace.

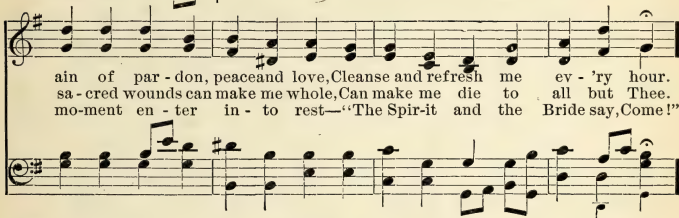
Tune, Laban, p. 24.

- 1 Behold the throne of grace
The promise calls me near;
There Jesus shows a smiling face,
And waits to answer prayer.
- 2 That rich atoning blood,
Which sprinkled round I see;
Provides from those who come to God
An all-prevailing plea.
- 3 My soul, ask what thou wilt,
Thou canst not be too bold;
Since His own blood for Thee He spilt,
What else can He withhold?
- 4 Beyond thy utmost wants
His love and power can bless;
To praying souls He always grants
More than they can express.
- 5 Thine image, Lord, bestow,
Thy presence and Thy love;
I ask to serve Thee here below,
And reign with Thee above.
- 6 Teach me to live by faith,
Conform my will to Thine;
Let me victorious be in death,
And then in glory shine!

NEWTON.



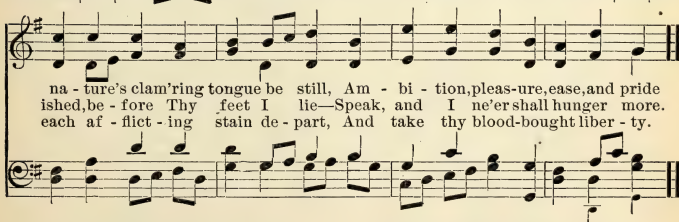
1. En-large my heart, O Lord, to prove The fullness of Thy Spirit's pow'r; Fount-
2. Come and pos-sess my in-most soul, Je-sus my Lord, who died for me; Thy
3. O doubting heart, by fears oppress'd, Why longer in the twilight roam? This



ain of par-don, peace and love, Cleanse and refresh me ev-'ry hour.
 sa-cred wounds can make me whole, Can make me die to all but Thee.
 mo-ment en-ter in-to rest—"The Spir-it and the Bride say, Come!"



Oh, teach me all Thy per-fect will, And let me have no will be-side; Bid
 Thou call-est sin-ners such as I, To feast up-on Thy hidden store: Fam-
 Here, lay thy bur-dens on My heart—The heart that pour'd its life for thee; See



na-ture's clam'ring tongue be still, Am-bi-tion, pleas-ure, ease, and pride
 ished, be-fore Thy feet I lie—Speak, and I ne'er shall hunger more.
 each af-flict-ing stain de-part, And take thy blood-bought liber-ty.

4 I hear Thy voice, O Lord of Life!

I trust Thy truth, O Lord of Love!
 Listening, all sounds of earthly strife
 Are lost in music from above.

Listening, I join the rapturous song,
 That swells thro' Heaven's unceasing
 years; [strong,

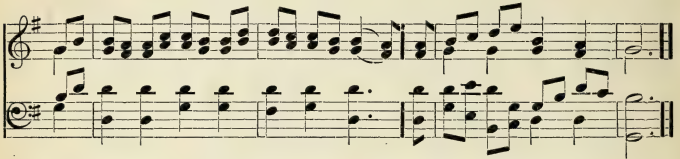
Trusting, my fainting heart grows
 For Thou hast wiped away my tears.

5 The yoke of inbred sin is gone,

My soul exults in sweet release;
 Thou giv'st me faith to wear the crown
 Of perfect love and perfect peace.

Oh, marvel of redeeming grace!
 Oh, miracle of cleansing power!
 Even I with joy shall see Thy face—
 Even I am more than conqueror.

Shirland. S. M. SAMUEL STANLEY, 1800.



77. Jesus, Lover of my Soul.



1 Jesus, lover of my soul,
Let me to Thy bosom fly,
While the nearer waters roll,
While the tempest still is high.
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life is past;
Safe into the haven guide,
Oh, receive my soul at last.

2 Other refuge have I none;
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee;
Leave, oh, leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me;
All my trust on Thee is stayed,
All my help from Thee I bring,
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of Thy wing.

3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want
More than all in Thee I find;
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
Just and holy is Thy name,
I am all unrighteousness;
False and full of sin I am,
Thou art full of truth and grace.

4 Plenteous grace with Thee is found,
Grace to cover all my sin;
Let the healing streams abound,
Make and keep me pure within.

Thou of life the fountain art,
Freely let me take of Thee;
Spring Thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity.

CHARLES WESLEY.

78. One Sweetly Solemn Thought.

Tune, Shirland.

1 One sweetly solemn thought
Comes to me o'er and o'er;
Nearer my home today, am I,
Than e'er I've been before.

2 Nearer my Father's house
Where many mansions be;
Nearer today the great white throne;
Nearer the crystal sea.

3 Nearer the bound of life,
Where burdens are laid down;
Nearer to leave the heavy cross;
Nearer to gain the crown.

4 But lying dark between,
Winding down through the night;
There rolls the deep and unknown stream
That leads at last to light.

5 E'en now perchance my feet
Are slipping on the brink,
And I, today, am nearer home,—
Nearer than now I think.

6 Father, perfect my trust!
Strengthen my power of faith!
Nor let me stand, at last, alone
Upon the shore of death.

PHOEBE CARY.

Mear. C. M.

Welsh Air.
AARON WILLIAMS, 1760.



79. From Every Stormy Wind that Blows. *Tune, p. 24.*

1 From every stormy wind that blows,
From every swelling tide of woes,
There is a calm, a sure retreat:
'T is found beneath the mercy-seat.

2 There is a place where Jesus sheds
The oil of gladness on our heads;
A place than all besides more sweet:
It is the blood-bought mercy-seat.

3 Ah! whither could we flee for aid,
When tempted, desolate, dismayed,
Or how the hosts of hell defeat,
Had suffering saints no mercy-seat?

4 There, there on eagle wings we soar,
And sin and sense molest no more;
And heaven comes down our souls to greet,
While glory crowns the mercy-seat.

BOEHM.

80. Jesus! What Dreadful Agony. *C. P. M.*

Tune, Meribah, p. 8.

1 Jesus! what dreadful agony
Was Thine upon the bitter tree,
With healing virtue rife;
Oh, may I count all things but loss,
All for the glory of the Cross,
The sinner's Tree of Life.

2 Jesus! who came to seek and save,
Absolved the thief and promise gave
Of peace among the blest;

Ah! do Thou give me penitence
Like this, that I when summoned hence,
In Paradise may rest.

3 Jesus! Redeemer, all the price
Of sin, vicarious sacrifice,
Did pay to set me free;
Oh, when I yield my panting breath,
Be Thou beside me, and in death,
Good Lord, remember me.

FREDERICK FABER, *alt.*

81. My God! How Wonderful Thou Art. *C. M.*

Tune, Mear.

1 My God! how wonderful Thou art,
Thy majesty how bright;
How beautiful Thy mercy-seat,
In depths of burning light!

2 Oh, how I fear Thee, living God!
With deepest, tenderest fears;
And worship Thee with trembling hope,
And penitential tears.

3 Yet I may love Thee too, O Lord,
Almighty as Thou art;
For Thou hast stooped to ask of me
The love of my poor heart.

4 Oh, then this worse than worthless heart,
In pity deign to take,
And make it love Thee, for Thyself,
And for Thy glory's sake.

FREDERICK FABER.

Old Hundred. L. M.



82. Old Hundred.

1 From all that dwell below the skies,
Let the Creator's praise arise;
Let the Redeemer's name be sung
In every land, by every tongue.
2 Eternal are Thy mercies, Lord;
Eternal truth attends Thy word;
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,
Till suns shall rise and set no more.

3 Your lofty themes, ye mortals, bring!
In songs of praise divinely sing!
The great salvation loud proclaim,
And shout for joy the Saviour's name.
4 In every land begin the song—
To every land the strains belong:
In cheerful sounds all voices raise,
And fill the world with loudest praise.

83. The Rose of Sharon.

R. K. C.

R. KELSO CARTER.

1. Thou, the Rose of Shar-on, Let Thy prais-es roll! Lil-y of the
2. Lead us by still wa-ters, Hold me by the hand; And up-on the
3. Je-sus, Lord and Mas-ter, Glo-rious Naz-a-rene; Close be-hind Thy
4. Wa-ter can not quench it, Floods can nev-er drown; Sub-stance can-not

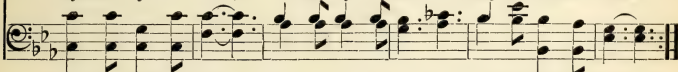
val-ley, Flow-er of my soul! Chief-est of ten thousand,
mount-ains Give me grace to stand; Wind and storm and fire
reap-ers I would hum-bly glean; But Thy grace hath brought me
buy it; Love's a price-less crown. Oh, the won-drous sto-ry,

Copyright, 1886, by R. Kelso Carter.

CHO. *Thou, the Rose of Shar-on,*



Round my heart en-twine: I am my be-lov-ed's My beloved is mine!
 Rag-ing, but my choice Ev-er is to list-en For Thy still, small voice.
 To Thy house a-bove, And Thy banner o'er me, Ev-er-more is Love.
 Mys-ter-y di-vine, I am my be-lov-ed's, My beloved is mine.



Let Thy prais-es roll! Lil-y of the val-ley, Flow-er of my soul.

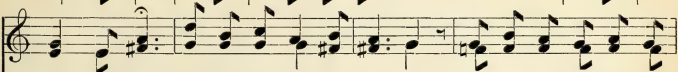
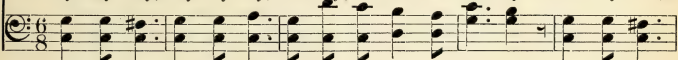
84. Sweet and Low.

R. KELSO CARTER.

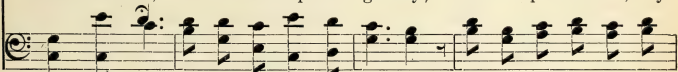
J. BARNBY.



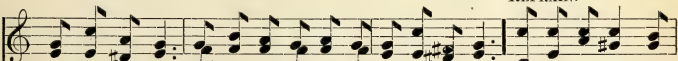
1. Sweet and low, sweet and low, Je-sus my Lord is call-ing: Soft-ly flow,
2. Strong and true, strong and true, Safe in His bo-som hold-ing, Je-sus keeps,
3. Swift as light, swift as light, An-gels are down-ward sweep-ing; Cloth'd in white,
4. Day by day, day by day, Sweet-ly I learn the sto-ry, Mer-cy free,



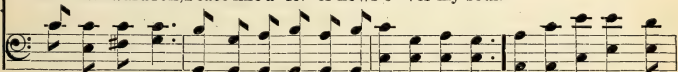
sweet and low, Gen-tly His accents fall-ing; Calm-ing the wild surg-ing
 nev-er sleeps, Sweetly my soul en-fold-ing; Ten-der-ly shielding when
 pure and bright, Love's faithful vig-ils keep-ing; Guarding my path with the
 CHRIST IN ME, This is the hope of glo-ry; Love is per-fect-ed, my



REFRAIN.



wa-ters of strife, Breathing a deep, ho-ly rest in my life. Harken, the Mas-ter
 fierce tempests roar, Bearing me calmly and safe-ly to shore.
 staff and the rod, Feeding my soul on the word of my God.
 fears backward roll, Peace like a riv-er flows o-ver my soul.

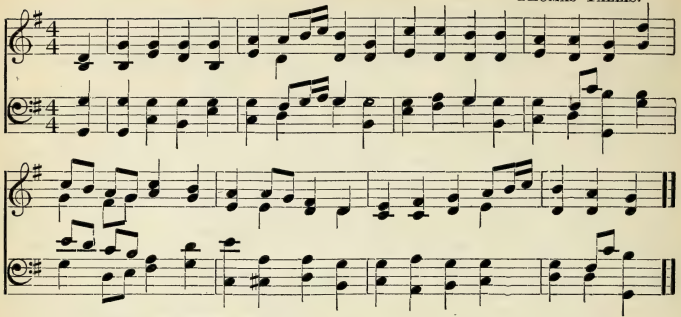


speareth: "Storms o-bey my will, Love thy heart shall fill; Peace, be still!"
 Peace, peace,



Tallis' Evening Hymn. L. M.

THOMAS TALLIS.



85. Thy Servant Heareth. I. Sam. iii. 9. *Tune, Tallis' Evening Hymn.*

1 Lord, hast Thou not one word for me?
To bind my soul more close to Thee,
That every evil I may flee;
One word, O Lord! one word from Thee.

2 One word, to show how weak am I
When in my strength alone I try,
In vain I toil, in vain I sigh;
One word, O Lord! one word from Thee.

3 One word, to show how near Thou art,
For Thou dost dwell within my heart;
And of Thy life I share a part;
One word, O Lord! one word from Thee.

4 One word of power, oh, let me hear,
Above the hearts most anxious fear;
Thy still, small voice, yet deep and clear;
One word, O Lord! one word from Thee.

One word of final triumph, Lord,
Sweet hope Thy promises afford;
To dwell with Thee in sweet accord;
One word, O Lord! one word from Thee.

C. L. HAMLEN.

86. Come, My Soul. 7s.

Tune, "Depth of Mercy, p. 28.

1 Come, my soul, thy suit prepare,
Jesus loves to answer prayer,
He Himself has bid thee pray,
Therefore will not say thee nay.

2 Thou art coming to a King,
Large petitions with thee bring;
For His grace and power are such,
None can ever ask too much.

3 With my burden I begin,
Lord, remove this load of sin;

Let Thy blood, for sinners spilt,
Set my conscience free from guilt.

4 Lord, I come to Thee for rest,
Take possession of my breast;
There Thy blood-bought right maintain,
And without a rival reign.

5 While I am a pilgrim here,
Let Thy love my spirit cheer;
As my Guide, my Guard, my Friend,
Lead me to my journey's end!

NEWTON.

87. Prayer is the Soul's. C. M.

Tune, Pentecost, p. 10.

1 Prayer is the soul's sincere desire,
Uttered, or unexpressed;
The motion of a hidden fire
That trembles in the breast.

2 Prayer is the burden of a sigh,
The falling of a tear,
The upward glancing of an eye,
When none but God is near.

3 Prayer is the simplest form of speech
That infant lips can try;
Prayer the sublimest strains that reach
The Majesty on high.

4 Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,
The Christian's native air;
His watchword at the gates of death;
He enters heaven with prayer.

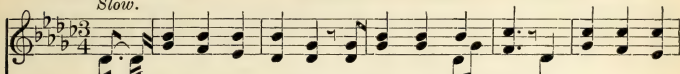
5 The saints in prayer appear as one,
In word, and deed, and mind;
While with the Father and the Son
Sweet fellowship they find.

MONTGOMERY.

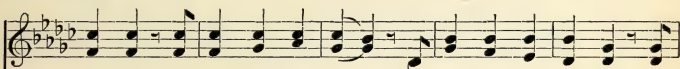
88. The Lord is My Shepherd.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

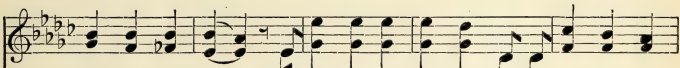
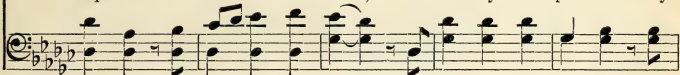
Adapted and arranged by R. KELSO CARTER.

Slow.

1. The Lord is my Shepherd, no want shall I know; I feed in green
2. Thro' the val-ley and shad-ow of death tho' I stray, Since Thou art my
3. In the midst of af - flic-tion my ta - ble is spread; With blessings un-
4. Let good-ness and mer-cy, my boun-ti - ful God, Still fol - low my



pas-tures, safe-fold - ed I rest; He lead - eth my soul where the
 Guardian, no e - vil I fear; Thy rod - shall de - fend me, Thy
 meas-ured my cup run-neth o'er, With perfume and oil Thou a -
 steps till I meet Thee a - bove; I seek by the path which my



still wa - ters flow, Re-stores me when wand'ring, re - deems when op -
 staff be my stay; No harm can be - fall, with my Com-fort - er
 noint - est my head; Oh, what shall I ask of Thy Prov - i - dence
 fore-fath-ers trod, Thro' land of their so - journ, Thy Kingdom of



pressed, Re - stores me when wand'ring, re - deems when op - pressed.
 near, No harm can be - fall, with my com - fort - er near.
 more, Oh, what shall I ask, of Thy Prov - i - dence more.
 love, Thro' land of their so - journ, Thy King - dom of love.

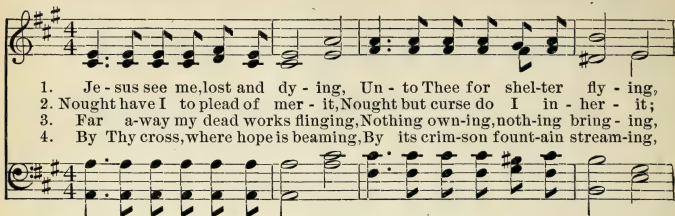


89.

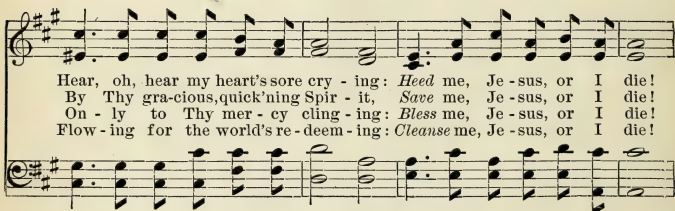
The Penitent's Plea.

Rev. R. M. OFFORD.

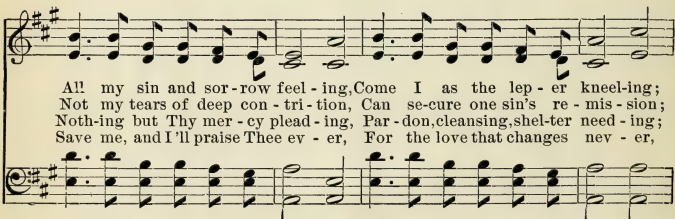
R. KELSO CARTER, 1884.



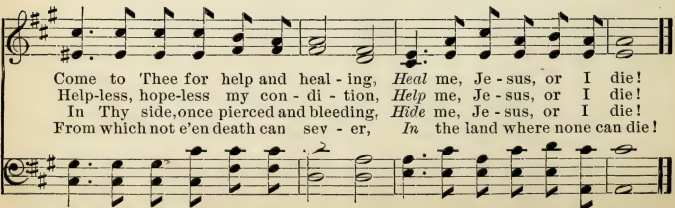
1. Je - sus see me, lost and dy - ing, Un - to Thee for shel - ter fly - ing,
 2. Nought have I to plead of mer - it, Nought but curse do I in - her - it;
 3. Far a - way my dead works flinging, Nothing own - ing, noth - ing bring - ing,
 4. By Thy cross, where hope is beaming, By its crim - son fount - ain stream - ing,



Hear, oh, hear my heart's sore cry - ing: *Heed* me, Je - sus, or I die!
 By Thy gra - cious, quick'ning Spir - it, *Save* me, Je - sus, or I die!
 On - ly to Thy mer - cy cling - ing: *Bless* me, Je - sus, or I die!
 Flow - ing for the world's re - deem - ing: *Cleanse* me, Je - sus, or I die!



All my sin and sor - row feel - ing, Come I as the lep - er kneel - ing;
 Not my tears of deep con - tri - tion, Can se - cure one sin's re - mis - sion;
 Noth - ing but Thy mer - cy plead - ing, Par - don, cleansing, shel - ter need - ing;
 Save me, and I'll praise Thee ev - er, For the love that changes nev - er,

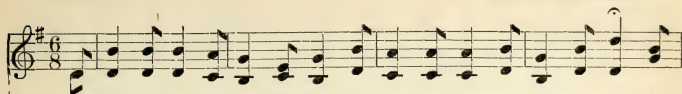


Come to Thee for help and heal - ing, *Heal* me, Je - sus, or I die!
 Help - less, hope - less my con - di - tion, *Help* me, Je - sus, or I die!
 In Thy side, once pierced and bleeding, *Hide* me, Je - sus, or I die!
 From which not e'en death can sev - er, *In* the land where none can die!

I Take, He Undertakes.

A. B. S.

REV. A. B. SIMPSON.



1. I clasp the hand of Love di-vine, I claim the gra-cious prom-ise mine, And
 2. I take sal-va-tion full and free, Thro' Him who gave His life for me, He
 3. I take Him as my ho-li-ness, My spir-it's spot-less heavenly dress, I
 4. I take the promised Ho-ly Ghost, I take the power of Pen-te-cost, To



this e-ter-nal coun-ter-sign, "I take, He un-der-takes."
 un-der-takes my All to be, "I take, He un-der-takes."
 take "The Lord my Right-eous-ness," "I take, He un-der-takes."
 fill me to the ut-ter-most, "I take, He un-der-takes."



CHORUS.



I take Thee, bless-ed Lord, I give my-self to Thee, And



Thou, ac-cord-ing to Thy word, Dost un-der-take for me.

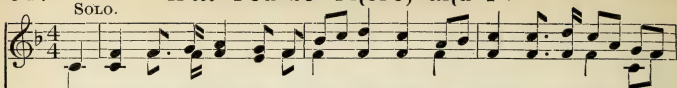


5 I take Him for this mortal frame,
 I take my healing through His name,
 And all His risen life I claim,
 "I take, He undertakes."

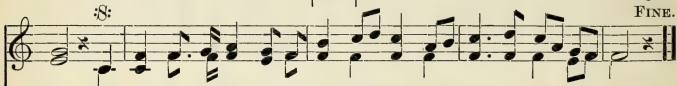
6 I simply take Him at His word,
 I praise Him that my prayer is heard,
 And claim my answer from the Lord.
 "I take, He undertakes."

91. Will You be There, and I?

SOLO.



1. I know there's a bright and a glo - rious land A - way in the hea - vens
 2. In robes of white, o'er streets of gold Be - neath a cloudless
 3. From ev - 'ry king - dom of earth they come, To raise their an - thems



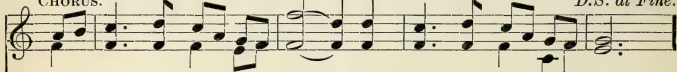
high, Where all the redeem'd shall with Je - sus stand, Will you be there, will I?
 sky, They'll walk in the light of their Father's love, Will you be there, will I?
 high; Their harps will nev - er be there un - strung, Will you be there, will I?



D.S. Where all the redeem'd shall with Jesus dwell; Will you be there, will I?

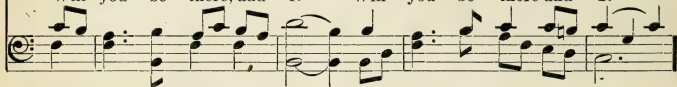
CHORUS.

D.S. al Fine.



Will you be there, and I?

Will you be there and I?

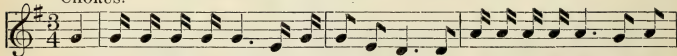


4 If we find the loving Saviour now,
 And follow Him faithfully;
 When He gathers His children in that
 bright home,
 Then you'll be there, and I! Yes! etc.

5 If we are sheltered by the cross,
 And through the blood brought nigh;
 Our utmost gain we'll count but loss,
 Since you'll be there, and I. Since, etc.

92. O Brothers, Seek a Home.

CHORUS.



O brothers, seek a home in the sun-bright clime, O brothers, seek a home in the
 sun-bright clime, O brothers, seek a home in the sun-bright clime, O brothers, seek a home in heav'n.

- 1 ||: We did n't come here to live away. :|| 2 ||: By the grace of God you may live
 O brothers, seek a home in heav'n. away. :||

CHORUS.

O brothers, seek a home in heaven.

CHORUS.

Salvation's River.

R. KELSO CARTER.

S. C. FOSTER.

1. { Down at the cross, on Calv'ry's mountain, Where mercies flow, I plunged in the re-
When nothing in the whole crea-tion Could purchase peace, My Saviour brought His

CHORUS.

deeming fountain, Washed whiter than the snow. } Brothers, won't you hear the sto-ry?
free sal - va - tion, Gave me complete re-lease. }

See the fountain flow! Oh, glory in the highest, glory! Jesus saves me, this I know.

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2 When lost in sin, my all I squandered,
Far from the fold:
My Saviour sought me where I wandered,
Gave me His wealth untold.
All bonds of sin and Satan rending,
Christ made me whole:
I'll ne'er forget that joy transcending,
When Jesus saved my soul.

For cleansing in Thy precious blood
That flowed on Calvary.

CHORUS.

I am coming, Lord,
Coming now to Thee!
Wash me, cleanse me in the blood
That flowed on Calvary.

3 All round my way the sun is shining,
Darkness has fled;
On Jesus' breast I am reclining,
Daily by Him I'm fed.
My Lord has cast His robe around me,
No more I'll roam;
The Shepherd of the sheep has found me,
Jesus has brought me home.

2 Though coming weak and vile,
Thou dost my strength assure;
Thou dost my vileness fully cleanse,
Till spotless all and pure.

3 'Tis Jesus calls me on
To perfect faith and love,
To perfect hope, and peace, and trust,
For earth and heaven above.

94. I Hear Thy Welcome Voice.

1 I hear Thy welcome voice,
That calls me, Lord, to Thee,

4 All hail, atoning blood!
All hail, redeeming grace!
All hail, the gift of Christ our Lord,
Our Strength and Righteousness!

REV. L. HARTSOUGH

95.

Going Down to the Grave.

Slow.

Rev. GEO. ORBIN, by per.

1. Go - ing down to the grave, with no hope in thy heart, That thy
 2. Go - ing down to the grave, in the black - ness of night, No
 3. No God and no hope, where, oh, where is thy stay? Thy
 4. Thine hours of gay pleas - ure e'er long will be o'er, A

God will re - ceive thee all guilt as thou art; Life's sun - shine extinguished with
 star-beam of love from the Fa - ther of light; No Sav - iour's sweet presence and
 Sav - iour long pleading turns not yet a - way; His sad eye will pit - y, His
 dark gulf awaits thee, its mad wa - ters roar; Too late thou wilt call on the

falt - er - ing tread, In dark - ness and doubt go - ing down to the dead.
 prom - ise to save: A stran - ger to God, go - ing down to the grave.
 strong arm can save, Why then in thine own strength go down to the grave.
 Might - y to save, When thy pray'r shall be lost in e - ternity's grave.

CHORUS.

Oh, turn to thy God Who dwell - eth on

high, Come trust - ing His word And thou shalt not die.

Bless His Dear Name.

R. K. C.

R. KELSO CARTER.

1. When Je - sus my transgressions bore, Oh, bless the name of the Lord!
 2. When wand'ring in the des - ert life, Oh, bless the name of the Lord!
 3. The Ho - ly Spir - it burned up sin, Oh, bless the name of the Lord!

Said, "Go in peace and sin no more," Oh, bless the name of the Lord!
 He told of rest from in-ward strife, Oh, bless the name of the Lord!
 And Je - sus came to dwell with-in, Oh, bless the name of the Lord!

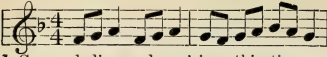
Oh, glo - ry to God for - ev - er - more, I'll bless His dear name al - way;
 al - way;

My won - der - ful, won - der - ful Sav - iour, Oh, how I bless His dear name to - day.

Copyright, 1891, by R. Kelso Carter.

- 4 When sinking 'neath temptation's waves, Oh, bless the name of the Lord!
 Just when I call, my Jesus saves,
 Oh, bless the name of the Lord!
- 5 And now I'm walking in the light,
 Oh, bless the name of the Lord!
 Preserved and blameless in His sight,
 Oh, bless the name of the Lord!

97. Come, Believer.



- 1 Come, believer, hung'ring, thirsting,
Come, a living sacrifice,
God will sanctify you wholly,
Cleanse and fit you for the skies.

CHORUS.

Come to the cross for full salvation,
Now the Comforter receive,
Perfect peace, and full salvation
God the Holy Ghost will give.

- 2 Now, believer, come and welcome,
God's free bounty glorify,
Come in faith and consecration,
All your fleshly hopes deny.

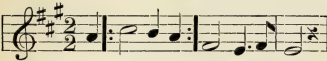
- 3 Lo! the Holy Ghost descending!
Now behold the cleansing blood.
Venture on Him, venture freely,
Plunge beneath the crimson flood.

- 4 Christ the Comforter has promised
To the pardoned child of God,
Oh, believer, come and seek Him,
Let your soul be His abode.

- 5 He will 'stablish, fix and keep you,
Rooted, grounded in His love,
Calm your war'ring heart and seal it,
Seal it for His courts above.

- 6 Into all His truth He'll lead you,
All things teach you as you go,
In the dying hour be with you,
Death's dark river guide you through.

98. Oh, Turn Ye.



- 1 Oh, turn ye, oh, turn ye, for why will ye
die, [nigh?
When God in great mercy is coming so
Since Jesus invites you, the Spirit says,
come! [home.
And angels are waiting to welcome you

- 2 How vain the delusion, that while you
delay, [away;
Your hearts may grow better by staying
Come, wretched, come starving, come just
as you be, [free.
While streams of salvation are flowing so

- 3 And now Christ is ready your souls to
receive, [believe?
Oh, how can you question, if you will

If sin is your burden, why will ye not
come? [come home.

'Tis you He bids welcome; he bids you

- 4 In riches, in pleasures, what can you
obtain [pain,
To soothe your affliction, or banish your
To bear up your spirit when summoned to
die,
Or waft you to mansions of glory on high?

- 5 Why will ye be starving and feeding on
air? [spare;
There's mercy in Jesus, enough and to
If still you are doubting make trial and
see, [free.
And prove that His mercy is boundless and

- 6 Come, give us your hand, and the Sav-
iour your heart, [part;
And trusting in heaven, we never shall
Oh, how can we leave you? why will you
not come? [home.
We'll journey together, and soon be at

99. Come, Thou Fount.



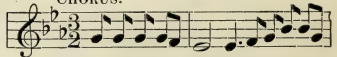
- 1 Come, Thou Fount of every blessing,
Tune my heart to sing Thy grace;
Streams of mercy, never ceasing,
Call for songs of loudest praise.

- 2 Teach me some melodious sonnet,
Sung by flaming tongues above;
Praise the mount — I'm fixed upon it —
Mount of Thy redeeming love!

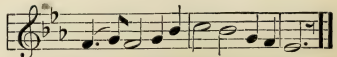
- 3 Here I'll raise my Ebenezer;
Hither by Thy help I'm come;
And I hope, by Thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home.

- 4 Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wandering from the fold of God;
He, to rescue me from danger,
Interposed His precious blood.

CHORUS.



The fountain lies open, The fountain lies



open, Come and bathe your weary soul.

Horton. 7 s.

X. S. VON WARTENSEE, b. 1786.



100. Only Trust Him.

To dwell in that celestial land
Where joys immortal flow.

1 Come, every soul by sin oppressed,
There 's mercy with the Lord,
And He will surely give you rest,
By trusting in His word.

CHORUS.

Only trust Him, only trust Him,
Only trust Him now;
He will save you, He will save you,
He will save you now.

2 For Jesus shed His precious blood
Rich blessings to bestow;
Plunge now into the crimson flood
That washes white as snow.

3 Yes, Jesus is the Truth, the Way,
That leads you into rest;
Believe in Him without delay,
And you are fully blest.

4 Come, then, and join this holy band,
And onto glory go,

101. Come Unto me, All Ye That Labor.

1 Come, said Jesus' sacred voice,
Come, and make my paths your choice;
I will guide you to your home,
Weary pilgrim, hither come!

2 Thou who, houseless, sole, forlorn,
Long hast borne the proud world's scorn,
Long hast roamed the barren waste,
Weary wanderer, hither haste.

3 Ye who, tossed on beds of pain,
Seek for ease but seek in vain;
Ye, by fiercer anguish torn,
In remorse for guilt who mourn.

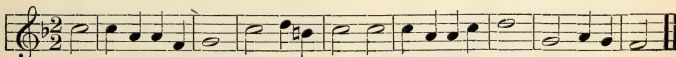
4 Hither come! for here is found
Balm that flows for every wound;
Peace that ever shall endure,
Rest eternal, sacred, sure.

ANNA LETITIA BARBAULD, ab. 1825.

102. To-day the Saviour Calls.

SAMUEL FRANCIS SMITH.

DR. LOWELL MASON.



1 To-day the Saviour calls;
Ye wand'ers, come;
O ye benighted souls,
Why longer roam?

2 To-day the Saviour calls;
Oh, hear Him now;
Within these sacred walls
To Jesus bow.

3 To-day the Saviour calls;
For refuge fly;
The storm of justice falls,
And death is nigh,

4 The Spirit calls to-day:
Yield to His power,
Oh, grieve Him not away,
'T is mercy's hour.

R. K. C.

R. KELSO CARTER.

1. Come to the feast that the Lord hath made, Ye who on Je - sus your
 2. Leave now the husks of a world - ly life, List to the prom - ise with
 3. Stay not a mo - ment, but come to - day, All on the al - tar for -

sins have laid; Trust - ing in Him be ye not a - fraid; The
 bless - ings rife, Come find re - lease from the storm and strife; The
 ev - er lay; Come to the feast, for the Lord doth say That

CHORUS.

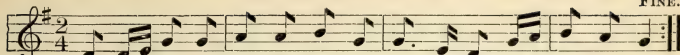
Spirit and the Bride say, come. Come to the feast, and taste the bread from heav'n; The
 Master of the feast says, come!
 whoso - ev - er will may come.

Spir - it and the Bride say come, for you it is given; Come to the feast; Let

him that hear - eth cry, For who - so - ev - er will may drink, and nev - er die.

I Will Sprinkle.

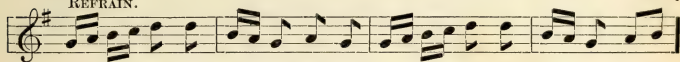
FINE.



1 { Ye who know your sins for - giv - en, And are hap - py in the Lord,
 { Have you read that gra - cious promise, Which is left up - on re - cord?
 D. C. *Sanc-ti - fy and make you ho - ly, I will come and dwell with - in.*

REFRAIN.

D. C.



I will sprinkle you with wa - ter, I will cleanse you from all sin,

2 Tho' you have much peace and comfort,
 Greater things you yet may find;
 Freedom from unholy tempers,
 Freedom from the carnal mind.

4 Spread, oh, the joyful tidings,
 Tell, oh, tell what God has done,
 Till the nations are conformed
 To the image of His Son.

3 Be as holy, and as happy,
 And as useful here below,
 As it is your Father's pleasure;
 Jesus, only Jesus know.

5 Oh, may every soul be filléd
 With the Holy Ghost to-day;
 He is coming, He is coming;
 Oh, prepare, prepare the way.

105.

Shall We Meet.

H. L. HASTINGS.

ELISHA S. RICE.



1. Shall we meet be - yond the riv - er, Where the surg - es cease to roll?
 2. Shall we meet in that blest har - bor, When our storm - y voyage is o'er?



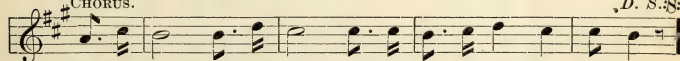
FINE.

Where in all the bright for - ev - er, Sor - row ne'er shall press the soul?
 Shall we meet and cast the anchor By the bright ce - les - tial shore?

D. S. *Shall we meet be - yond the riv - er, Where the surg - es cease to roll?*

CHORUS.

D. S.:8:



Shall we meet, shall we meet, Shall we meet be - yond the riv - er?

3 Shall we meet in yonder city,
 Where the towers of crystal shine?
 Where the walls are all of jasper,
 Built by workmanship divine?

5 Shall we meet there many a loved one,
 That was torn from our embrace?
 Shall we listen to their voices,
 And behold them face to face?

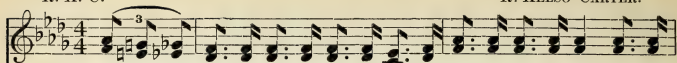
4 Where the music of the ransomed
 Rolls its harmony around,
 And creation swells the chorus
 With its sweet melodious sound.

6 Shall we meet with Christ our Saviour,
 When He comes to claim His own?
 Shall we know His blessed favor,
 And sit down upon His throne?

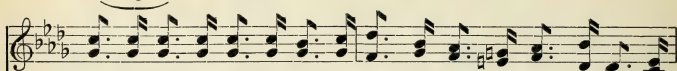
Just the Same Alway.

R. K. C.

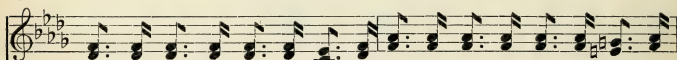
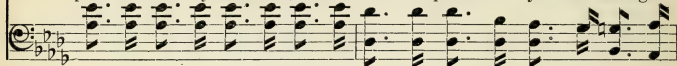
R. KELSO CARTER.



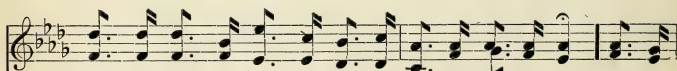
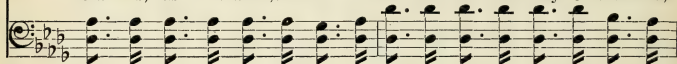
1. Have you not heard the old, old sto-ry Of the shepherds in the night; How the
2. Do you not know that Jesus went a-bout His mis-sion do-ing good, Healing
3. Have you for- got that this same Jesus, Who went up from Ol-i-vet, To pre-



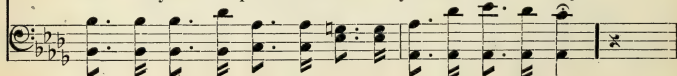
an-gels came from glo-ry, On the wings of love and light; So sweet-ly
all the sick, and cast-ing out The dev - ils with His word: And how He
pare the ma - ny mansions, Must redeem His prom - ise yet? The an - gels



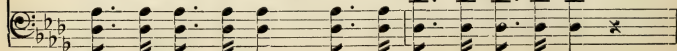
bring-ing glad new tid-ings Of a Ba - by born that day? O broth-er,
gave His per- fect cleansing To the sin - ners in His way? O broth-er,
told us, as He went, Just so He will come back some day? O broth-er,



hark! do you be-lieve it? He is just the same al - way. He is
hark! can you re-ceive it? He is just the same al - way.
hark! do you ex-pect Him? He is just the same al - way.



just the same al - way, He is
just the same al - way, He is just the same al - way,



just the same al - way, Yes-ter-day, to-day, for-
just the same al - way, He is just the same al-way.

ritard.

ev-er; Yes-ter-day, today, forever. Oh, bless the Lord! He is just the same alway.

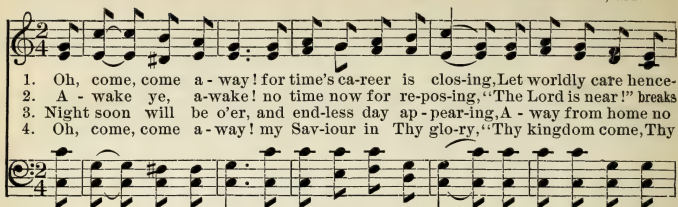
107. I'm Kneeling at the Mercy-seat.

(Use any Common Metre Hymn with this Chorus.)

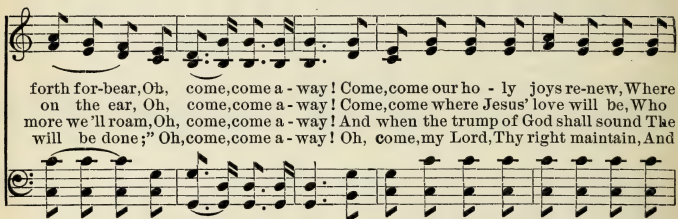
I'm kneel-ing at the mer-cy-seat, I'm kneel-ing at the mer-cy-seat,
I can, I will, I do be-lieve, I can, I will, I do be-lieve,

I'm kneel-ing at the mer-cy-seat, Where Je-sus an-swears prayer.
I can, I will, I do be-lieve That Je-sus saves me now.

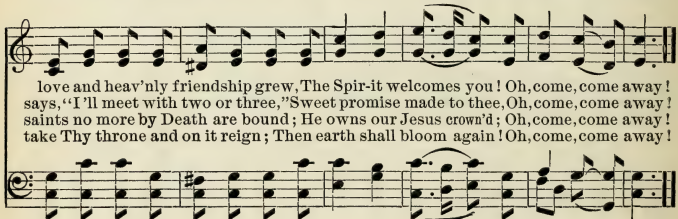
German Air, arr.



1. Oh, come, come a-way! for time's ca-reer is clos-ing, Let worldly care hence-
 2. A - wake ye, a-wake! no time now for re-pos-ing, "The Lord is near!" breaks
 3. Night soon will be o'er, and end-less day ap-pear-ing, A - way from home no
 4. Oh, come, come a-way! my Sav-iour in Thy glo-ry, "Thy kingdom come, Thy

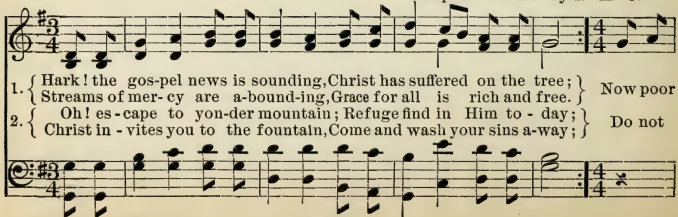


forth for-bear, Oh, come, come a-way! Come, come our ho - ly joys re-new, Where
 on the ear, Oh, come, come a-way! Come, come where Jesus' love will be, Who
 more we'll roam, Oh, come, come a-way! And when the trump of God shall sound The
 will be done;" Oh, come, come a-way! Oh, come, my Lord, Thy right maintain, And

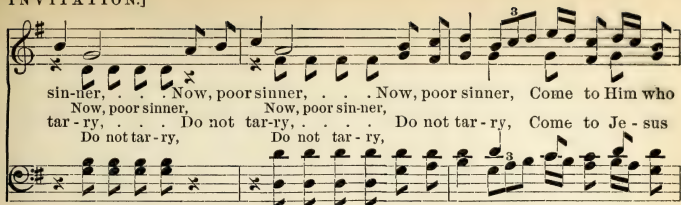


love and heav'nly friendship grew, The Spir-it welcomes you! Oh, come, come away!
 says, "I'll meet with two or three," Sweet promise made to thee, Oh, come, come away!
 saints no more by Death are bound; He owns our Jesus crown'd; Oh, come, come away!
 take Thy throne and on it reign; Then earth shall bloom again! Oh, come, come away!

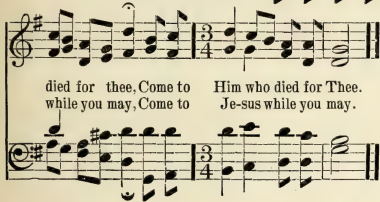
Adapted and arr. by R. K. C.



1. { Hark! the gos-pel news is sounding, Christ has suffered on the tree; } Now poor
 { Streams of mer-cy are a-bound-ing, Grace for all is rich and free. }
 2. { Oh! es-cape to yon-der mountain; Refuge find in Him to-day; } Do not
 { Christ in-vites you to the fountain, Come and wash your sins a-way; }



sin-ner, . . . Now, poor sinner, . . . Now, poor sinner, Come to Him who
 Now, poor sinner, Now, poor sin-ner,
 tar-ry, Do not tar-ry, Do not tar-ry, Do not tar-ry, Come to Je-sus
 Do not tar-ry, Do not tar-ry,



died for thee, Come to Him who died for Thee.
 while you may, Come to Je-sus while you may.

3 Grace is flowing like a river,
 Millions there have been supplied
 Still it flows as fresh as ever
 From the Saviour's wounded side:
 None need perish,
 All may live, for Christ hast died.
 4 Christ alone shall be our portion;
 Soon we hope to meet above;
 Then we'll bathe in the full ocean
 Of the great Redeemer's love;
 All His fullness
 We shall then forever prove.

Lenox. H. M.

LEWIS EDSON.



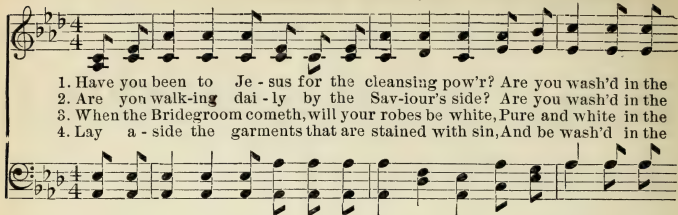
110. Arise, My Soul, Arise.

1 Arise, my soul, arise;
 Shake off thy guilty fears;
 The bleeding Sacrifice
 In my behalf appears:
 Before the throne my Surety stands,
 My name is written on His hands.
 2 He ever lives above,
 For me to intercede;
 His all-redeeming love,
 His precious blood to plead;
 His blood atoned for all our race,
 And sprinkles now the throne of grace.
 3 Five bleeding wounds He bears,
 Received on Calvary;
 They pour effectual prayers,

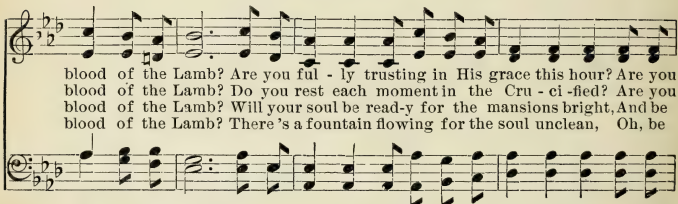
They strongly plead for me:
 "Forgive him, oh, forgive," they cry,
 "Nor let that ransomed sinner die."
 4 The Father hears Him pray,
 His dear anointed One:
 He cannot turn away
 The presence of His Son:
 His Spirit answers to the blood,
 And tells me I am born of God.
 6 My God is reconciled;
 His pardoning voice I hear:
 He owns me for His child;
 I can no longer fear:
 With confidence I now draw nigh,
 And, "Father, Abba, Father," cry.

111. Are You Wash'd in the Blood?

Words and music by Rev. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

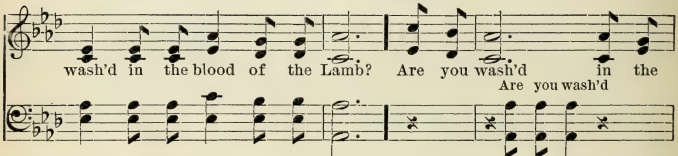


1. Have you been to Je - sus for the cleansing pow'r? Are you wash'd in the
 2. Are you walk-ing dai - ly by the Sav-iour's side? Are you wash'd in the
 3. When the Bridegroom cometh, will your robes be white, Pure and white in the
 4. Lay a - side the garments that are stained with sin, And be wash'd in the

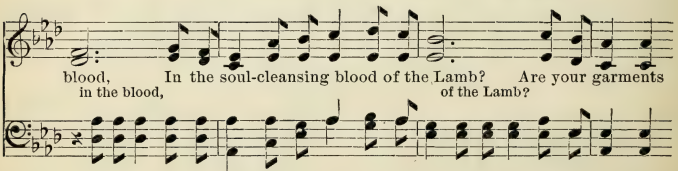


blood of the Lamb? Are you ful - ly trusting in His grace this hour? Are you
 blood of the Lamb? Do you rest each moment in the Cru - ci - fied? Are you
 blood of the Lamb? Will your soul be read-y for the mansions bright, And be
 blood of the Lamb? There's a fountain flowing for the soul unclean, Oh, be

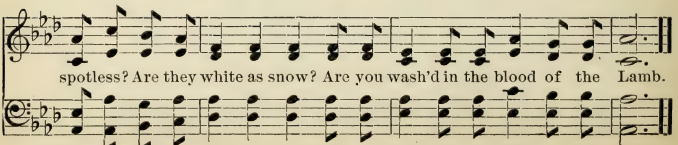
CHORUS,



wash'd in the blood of the Lamb? Are you wash'd in the
 Are you wash'd



blood, In the soul-cleansing blood of the Lamb? Are your garments
 in the blood, of the Lamb?



spotless? Are they white as snow? Are you wash'd in the blood of the Lamb.

112. There's a Great Day Coming.

W. L. T.

W. L. THOMPSON.

1. There's a great day com - ing, A great day com - ing, There's a
 2. There's a bright day com - ing, A bright day com - ing, There's a
 3. There's a sad day com - ing, A sad day com - ing, There's a

great day com - ing by and by, When the saints and the sin - ners shall be
 bright day com - ing by and by, But its brightness shall on - ly come to
 sad day com - ing by and by, When the sin - ner shall hear his doom, "De-

part - ed right and left, Are you read - y for that day to come?
 them that love the Lord, Are you read - y for that day to come?
 part, I know ye not," Are you read - y for that day to come?

CHORUS.

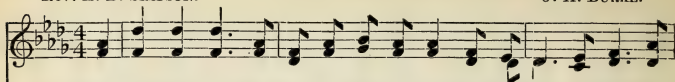
Are you read - y, are you read - y, Are you read - y for the

judg - ment day? Are you read - y, are you read - y For the judg - ment day?

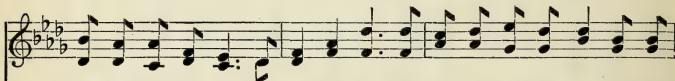
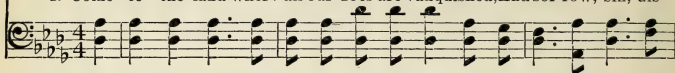
113. Come With Us, and We Will Do Thee Good.

Rev. A. B. SIMPSON.

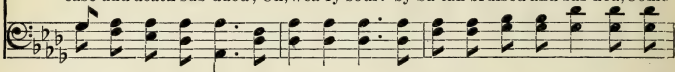
J. H. BURKE.



1. We're journ'ying homeward to the land of prom-ise That lies be-yond the
 2. Come to the land where all our sin is bur-ied Be-neath the Jordan's
 3. Oh, come, and leave thy sin-ful self for-ev-er Be-neath the fount-ain
 4. Come to the land where all our foes are vanquished, And sor-row, sin, dis-

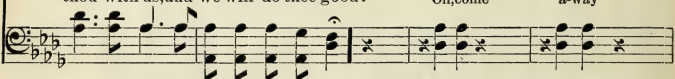


Jordan's swelling flood, The land of rest, and love, and home for - ev-er; Come
 deep and swelling flood; Art thou not tired of sin-ning and re-pent-ing? Come,
 of the Saviour's blood; Oh, come, and take Him as thy Sanc-ti-fi-er, Come
 ease and death sub-dued; Oh, wea-ry soul! by Sa-tan bruised and baf-fled, Come

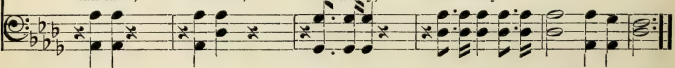


thou with us, and we will do thee good! Oh, why will you lin-ger in the
 then, with us, and we will do thee good!
 thou with us, and we will do thee good!
 thou with us, and we will do thee good!

Oh, come a-way



des-ert so lone-ly, Oh, come, to our Sav-iour, Oh, come to our home.
 fair land, fair land, come away, come to-day



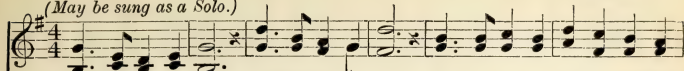
- 5 Come to the land that flows with milk and honey,
 And all its children eat of heavenly food;
 Come taste its corn and wine, and grapes of Eschol; [good!
 Oh, come with us, and we will do thee
- 6 Why will ye linger in this desert lonely,
 'Mid barren wastes and tempests wild and rude!
 Oh, come and share our hope, our heaven,
 our Saviour, [good!
 Come thou with us, and we will do thee

Jesus Bids You Come.

W. L. T.

W. L. THOMPSON.

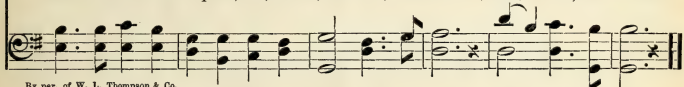
(May be sung as a Solo.)



1. Jesus bids you come, Jesus bids you come, Now for you He's in-ter-ced-ing,
2. Jesus bids you come, Jesus bids you come, Wea-ry trav'ler, do not tar-ry,
3. Jesus bids you come, Jesus bids you come, Voices may not al-ways call you,
4. Jesus bids you come, Jesus bids you come, Where 't is love and joy forever,



Gent - ly at thy heart He's pleading, "Come unto me, Come un - to me."
 Je - sus will thy burdens car - ry, Oh, will you come? Oh, will you come?
 "Late, too late," may yet befall you, "Why will ye die?" "Why will ye die?"
 Where we 'll meet to part, no, never, Sin - ner, come home, Oh, come, come home.



By per. of W. L. Thompson & Co.

The Sinner's Invitation.

FINE.



1. { Sin - ner, go, will you go To the high - lands of heav-en?
 { Where the storms nev - er blow, And the long sum - mer's giv - en;
 D. C. And the leaves of the bow'rs In the breez - es are flit - ting.



D. C.

Where the bright bloom-ing flow'rs Are their o - dors e - mit - ting;



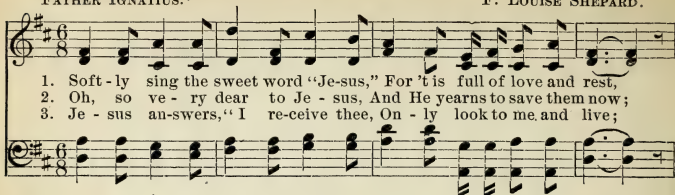
2 Where the saints, robed in white,
 Cleansed in life's flowing fountain,
 Shining beauteous and bright,
 They inhabit the mountain;
 Where no sin nor dismay,
 Neither trouble nor sorrow,
 Will be felt for a day,
 Nor be feared for the morrow.

3 He's prepared thee a home,—
 Sinner, canst thou believe it?
 And invites thee to come,—
 Sinner, wilt thou receive it?
 Oh, come, sinner come,
 For the tide is receding;
 And the Saviour will soon

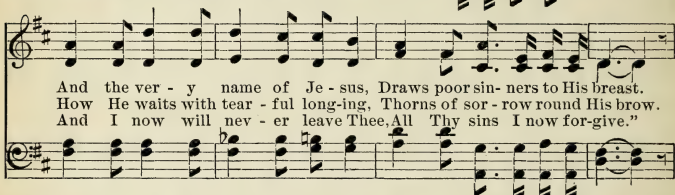
(67) And forever cease pleading

FATHER IGNATIUS.*

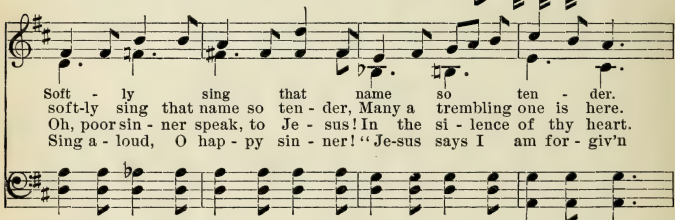
F. LOUISE SHEPARD.



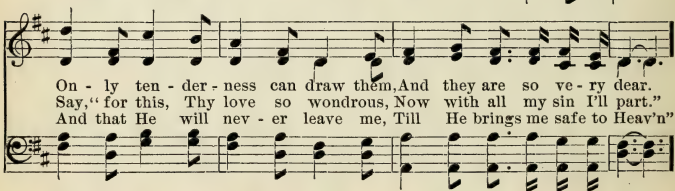
1. Soft - ly sing the sweet word "Je - sus," For 't is full of love and rest,
 2. Oh, so ve - ry dear to Je - sus, And He yearns to save them now;
 3. Je - sus an - swers, "I re - ceive thee, On - ly look to me and live;



And the ver - y name of Je - sus, Draws poor sin - ners to His breast.
 How He waits with tear - ful long - ing, Thorns of sor - row round His brow.
 And I now will nev - er leave Thee, All Thy sins I now for - give."

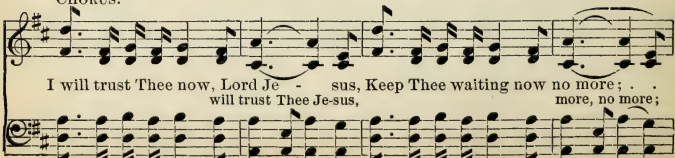


Soft - ly sing that name so ten - der.
 soft - ly sing that name so ten - der, Many a trembling one is here.
 Oh, poor sin - ner speak, to Je - sus! In the si - lence of thy heart.
 Sing a - loud, O hap - py sin - ner! "Je - sus says I am for - giv'n



On - ly ten - der - ness can draw them, And they are so ve - ry dear.
 Say, "for this, Thy love so wondrous, Now with all my sin I'll part."
 And that He will nev - er leave me, Till He brings me safe to Heav'n"

CHORUS.



I will trust Thee now, Lord Je - sus, Keep Thee waiting now no more; . . .
 will trust Thee Je - sus, more, no more;

INVITATION.]

accel.



Let Thee take a - way my sin - stains, Let Thee heal my ev - 'ry sore.

117.

Rev. W. HAUGHTON.

The Story.

R. KELSO CARTER.



1. Have you list-ened to the sto - ry, Sweet and old; Have you lis-tened to the
2. It is full of hu-man sweet-ness Pure and true; It is full of hu-man
3. He was wronged above all others, Mock'd, denied; He was wronged above all
4. When I heard the wondrous sto - ry, So di-vine: When I heard the wondrous



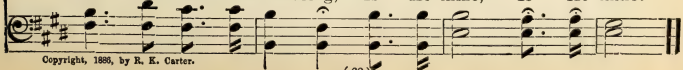

sto - ry, Fill - ing life with light and glo - ry, Men have told? How there
sweetness, Rich in love's di - vine complete-ness, Ev - er new. Grief, her
oth - ers, Bruised and bro - ken, Oh, my brothers! Cru - ci - fied! In a
sto - ry, Com - ing down thro' an - nals hoar - y, Christ was mine. O that



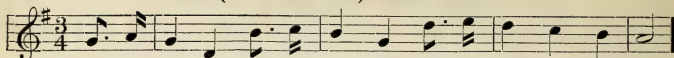

came a heav'n-ly stranger, Cra-dled low in Bethl'hem's manger, Strong to
lone - ly vig - il keep-ing, Care, her crust in sor-row steep-ing, Lift their
pur-ple robe they bound Him, With the cruel thorns they crowned Him, Pit - i -
love beyond compar - ing, Burdened heart, thy sor - row sharing, For thy



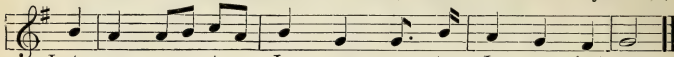

shield from death and dan - ger God's dear fold, God's dear fold.
eyes and hear it weep - ing, 'Tis for you, 'Tis for you.
less they gathered round Him, Till He died, Till He died.
sake the thorn-crown wearing, Is He thine, Is He thine?



118. Come to Jesus, Just Now.



1. Come to Je - sus, come to Je - sus, come to Je - sus just now,



Just now come to Je - sus, come to Je - sus just now.

2 He will save you, just now.

3 Oh, believe Him, just now.

4 He is able, just now.

5 He is willing, just now.

6 He'll receive you, just now.

7 Flee to Jesus, just now.

8 Call unto Him, just now.

9 He will hear you, just now.

10 He'll have mercy, just now.

11 He'll forgive you just now.

12 He will cleanse you just now.

13 He'll renew you just now.

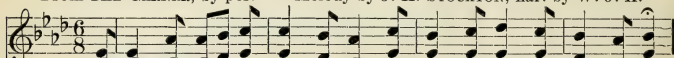
14 He will clothe you just now.

15 Jesus loves you just now.

119. Take Me As I Am.

From THE GARNER, by per.

Melody by J. H. STOCKTON, har. by W. J. K.



1. Je - sus, my Lord, to Thee I cry, Un - less Thou help me I must die;

2. Helpless I am, and full of guilt, But yet for me Thy blood was spilt,



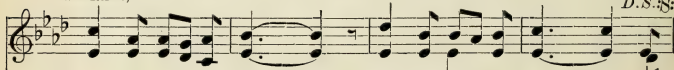
Oh, bring Thy free sal - va - tion nigh, And take me as I am!

And Thou can'st make me what Thou wilt, But take me as I am!



D.S. bring Thy free sal - va - tion nigh, And take me as I am!

REFRAIN,



Take me as I am,

Take me as I am,

Take me as I am;

Take me as I am;

Oh,



3 No preparation can I make,
My best resolves I only break,
Yet save me for Thine own name's sake,
And take me as I am!

4 I thirst, I long to know Thy love,
Thy full salvation I would prove;
But since to Thee I cannot move,
Oh, take me as I am!

5 If thou hast work for me to do,
Inspire my will, my heart renew,
And work both in and by me too,
But take me as I am!

6 And when at last the work is done,
The battle o'er, the vic'try won,
Still, still my cry shall be alone,
Lord, take me as I am!

Come Unto Me.

Words and music by Rev. GEO. ORBIN, by per.

1. Hin - der the chil - dren, they said to the Mas - ter,
 2. Safe in the arms of His ten - der com - pas - sion,
 3. Come to the Rock that was smit - ten for sin - ners,
 4. Come now to Je - sus, oh, thrice hap - py wel - come,
 5. Then in the day of His sec - ond ap - pear - ing,

Why should the moth - ers bring them to Thee? Hin - der them not was the
 Play - ful the prat - tlers sat on His knee, Wait - ing to get His di -
 Come to the fount - ain flow - ing so free; An - swer the voice of the
 Wel - come to Him who died on the tree, Though He is reign - ing so
 When from His pres - ence mount - ains shall flee, Sweet - er than ev - er will

an - swer of Je - sus, "Let all the lit - tle ones come un - to me."
 vine ben - e - dic - tion, Hap - py to hear yim say "Come un - to me."
 bless - ed Re - deem - er, Ten - der - ly call - ing out "Come un - to me."
 high up in glo - ry, Yet does His spir - it say "Come un - to me."
 be the glad wel - come, As thou shalt hear Him say "Come un - to me."

CHORUS.

Come un - to me, come un - to me, Suf - fer' all the lit - tle ones to come un - to me,

Keep them not a - way, But bring them in today, And suffer them to come unto me.

121. Why Don't You Come to Jesus?

C. R. DUNBAR, by per.

1. Come, ye sin-ners, poor and need - y, Weak and wounded, sick and sore;

Je - sus read - y stands to save you, Full of pit - y, love, and power.

REFRAIN. *p* *m* *f*

Why don't you come to Je - sus? He's wait - ing to re-ceive you, Why

don't you come to Je - sus and be saved? saved?

Words on opposite page.

122. I Will Arise.

CHORUS.

Arr. for this Work.

I will a - rise and go to Je - sus, He will em-brace me

in His arms; In the arms of my dear Saviour, Oh, there are ten thousand charms.

While Jesus Whispers to You.

Come unto me, all ye that labor, and are heavy laden.—Matt. xi: 28.

WILL E. WITTER.

H. R. PALMER, by per.

1. While Je - sus whis-pers to you, Come, sin - ner, come! While we are
 2. Are you too heav - y la - den? Come, sin - ner, come! Je - sus will
 3. Oh, hear His ten - der plead-ing, Come, sin - ner, come! Come and re -

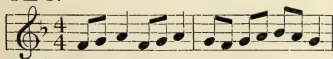
pray-ing for you, Come, sin - ner, come! Now is the time to own Him,
 bear your bur - den, Come, sin - ner, come! Je - sus will not de-ceive you,
 ceive the bless - ing, Come, sin - ner, come! While Je - sus whis-pers to you,

Come, sin-ner, come! Now is the time to know Him, Come, sin-ner, come!
 Come, sin-ner, come! Je - sus can now re-deem you, Come, sin-ner, come!
 Come, sin-ner, come! While we are pray-ing for you, Come, sin-ner, come!

Copyright, 1879, by H. R. Palmer.

Music on opposite page.

124. Come, Ye Sinners.



1 Come, ye sinners, poor and needy,
 Weak and wounded, sick and sore;
 Jesus ready stands to save you,
 Full of pity, love and power:

He is able,

He is willing, doubt no more.

2 Now, ye needy, come and welcome;
 God's free bounty glorify;

True belief and true repentance,

Every grace that brings you nigh,

Without money,

Come to Jesus Christ and buy.

3 Let not conscience make you linger,
 Nor of fitness fondly dream;

All the fitness He requireth
 Is to feel your need of Him:

This He gives you;

'T is the Spirit's glimmering beam.

4 Come, ye weary, heavy-laden,
 Bruised and mangled by the fall;
 If you tarry till you're better,
 You will never come at all;

Not the righteous,—

Sinners, Jesus came to all.

5 Agonizing in the garden,
 Your Redeemer prostrate lies;
 On the bloody tree behold Him!
 Hear Him cry, before He dies,

"It is finished!"

Sinners, will not this suffice?

6 Lo! the incarnate God, ascending,
 Pleads the merit of His blood:

Venture on Him, venture freely;

Let no other trust intrude;

None but Jesus

Can do helpless sinners good.

F. L. S.

F. LOUISE SHEPARD.

1. Come, loved one, come, the Mas - ter is call - ing, Call - ing this mo - ment in
 2. Come, loved one, come, oh, heed not the voic - es Call - ing to earth - ly and

plead - ing love; Come, loved one, come, true hearts are fond - ly pray - ing,
 vain de - light; The world's vain morn of pleas - ure and of fol - ly,

An - gels are watch - ing a - bove. Je - sus, thy all - a -
 Soon will be sad - ness and night. Je - sus, the chief a -

ton - ing Sav - iour, Wait - eth to set Thy spir - it free;
 among ten thou - sand, On - ly thy tru - est friend can prove;

Je - sus, thy Ev - er - last - ing Lov - er, Long - eth to give Him - self to thee.
 Je - sus, the Al - to - geth - er Love - ly, On - ly de - serves thy deep - est love.

The Door of Hope.

A. B. S.

A. B. SIMPSON.

1. Door of Hope for souls re - turn-ing, His sweet wel-come now to claim;
 2. Door of Home for chil-dren straying, From the Fa-ther's heart and home,
 3. Door of Help where suff'ers wea-ry, Suc-cor find for sor-est need;
 4. Door of Heav'n where life e - ter - nal Is to all who en - ter given;

Je - sus o - ver lost ones yearning, Bids them en - ter in His Name.
 At the door, our El - der Broth-er Stands pro-claiming, "Children come."
 Bring our griefs and fears and burdens, Christ will prove a Friend in - deed.
 Je - sus ev - er may we find Thee, Door of Hope and Gate of Heaven.

CHORUS.

Je - sus is the Door of Hope; En - ter, He is waiting for thee, And the

val - ley of A - chor, a Door of Hope, And a val - ley of blessing shall be.

Copyright, 1891, by A. B. Simpson.

Music on opposite page.

- 3 Come, loved one, come, the Master is calling,
 Calling to service so true, so high;
 No longer waste thy youth and life's sweet morning,
 Trifling while time rushes by.
 Harvests of golden sheaves are waiting,
 Waiting for thee to bear away;
 Millions of souls in sin are dying,
 Jesus hath need of thee today.
- 4 Come, loved one, come, the shadows are gath'ring,
 Soon will have come life's sure eventide;
 Come, loved one, come, for now you may be nearing,
 Nearing the lone riverside.
 No one but Christ can guide thy footsteps
 Thro' the lone vale of death and gloom;
 No one but He can meet thee yonder,
 (75) Wipe thy last tear and welcome thee home.

127.

The Wrath to Come.

R. K. C.

R. KELSO CARTER.



1. The gos - pel trumpet sounds a - loud, The judg - ment thunders boom; O'er
2. As leans the tree, so, when 't is fell'd It lies, the day is set; Tho'
3. Far more than pain, dis - ease, or all The paths by suff'ers trod, A
4. Be warned in time, for - sake all sin! Or you'll be damn'd at last; When



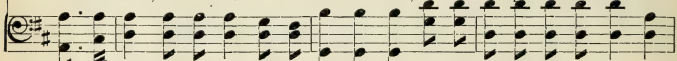
all be - neath trans - ges - sion bow'd, Hangs an e - ter - nal doom.
 judg - ment on thy sins' with - held, The Lord doth not for - get.
 fear - ful thing it is to fall In - to the hands of God.
 mer - cy's voice fails to win The day of grace is past.



CHORUS.



From the wrath, from the wrath of the Lord our God, When the trumpet sounds the har - vest.



home, Broth - er, turn to - day at the warning cry, Oh, flee from the wrath to come.

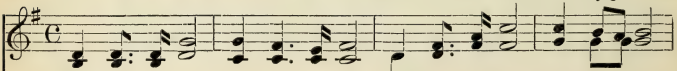


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128.

Nothing to Pay.

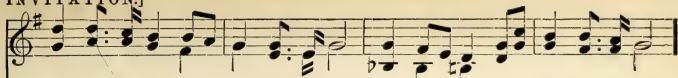
MRS. DUFFIELD ASHMEAD, by per.



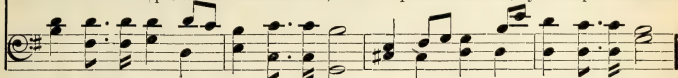
1. Noth - ing to pay? no, not a whit; Noth - ing to do? no, not a bit;
2. Noth - ing to fear, Je - sus is mine, Trust - ing in Him, all I re - sign;
3. What of the law? there I re - joice; Answered its claims, silenced its voice.
4. What of the body? ah, that I may bring, To God as a holy, acceptable thing;



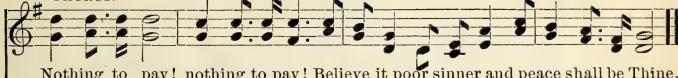
INVITATION.]



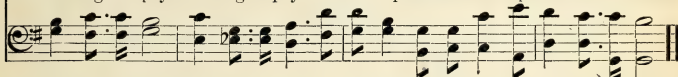
All that was needed to do or to pay, Jesus has done in His own blessed way.
Dai-ly by faith to His im-age I rise, Looking a-way to my rest in the skies.
Je-sus fulfilled it when meekly He died: "Father 't is finished, 't is finished," He cried.
For that is the temple where Jesus abides, The temple where God, by His Spirit resides.



CHORUS.



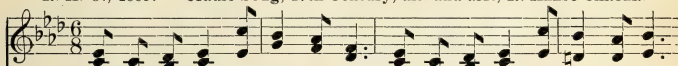
Nothing to pay! nothing to pay! Believe it poor sinner and peace shall be Thine.



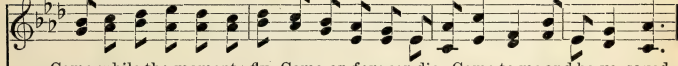
5 Nothing to pay? no, thanks be to God, The blood of the victim, a ransom divine,
The matter is settled, the price was the blood; Believe it, poor sinner, and peace shall be thine.

129. Jesus is Calling.

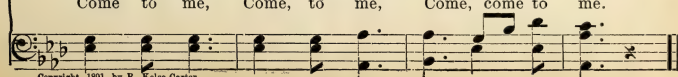
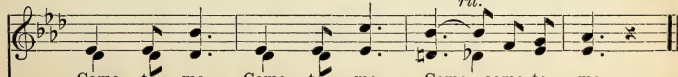
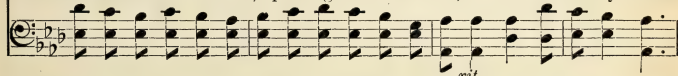
R. K. C., 1885. Cradle Song, 17th Century, alt. and arr., R. KELSO CARTER.



1. Je - sus is call - ing, why de - lay? Pass-es thy life so swift a - way;
2. Je - sus is call - ing, turn and live, I will the life e - ter - nal give;
3. Je - sus is call - ing to thy soul, Ten - der - ly now His ac - cents roll;
4. Je - sus is call - ing, Christian hear! Telling of love that casts out fear;



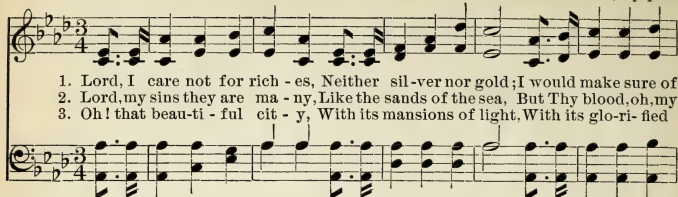
Come while the moments fly, Come, or forever die; Come to me and be ye saved.
Flee from the wrath to come, Seek an eternal home; Come to me and be ye saved.
Come with thy burdened heart I can new life impart; Come to me and be ye saved.
Like notes from heaven's chime; Speaking the second time, Come to me and be ye saved.



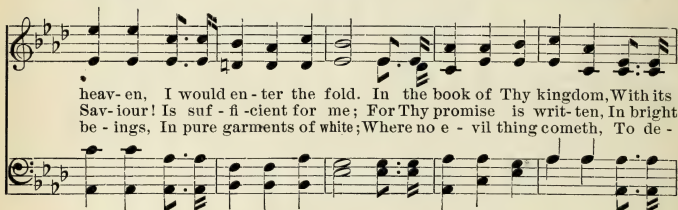
130. Is My Name Written There?

M. A. K.

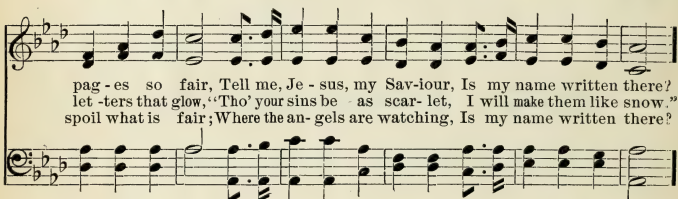
FRANK M. DAVIS, by per.



1. Lord, I care not for rich - es, Neither sil-ver nor gold; I would make sure of
 2. Lord, my sins they are ma - ny, Like the sands of the sea, But Thy blood, oh, my
 3. Oh! that beau-ti - ful cit - y, With its mansions of light, With its glo-ri - fied

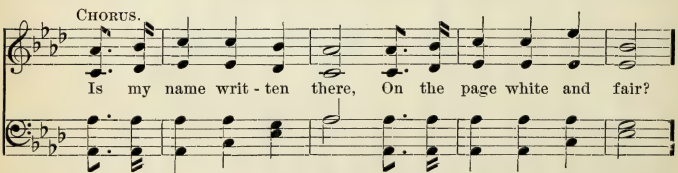


heav-en, I would en-ter the fold. In the book of Thy kingdom, With its
 Sav-iour! Is suf-fi-cient for me; For Thy promise is writ-ten, In bright
 be - ings, In pure garments of white; Where no e - vil thing cometh, To de -

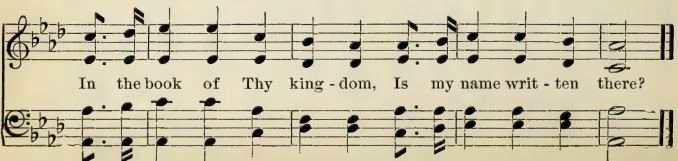


pag-es so fair, Tell me, Je - sus, my Sav-iour, Is my name written there?
 let-ters that glow, "Tho' your sins be - as scar-let, I will make them like snow."
 spoil what is fair; Where the an-gels are watching, Is my name written there?

CHORUS.



Is my name writ - ten there, On the page white and fair?



In the book of Thy king - dom, Is my name writ - ten there?

The Stranger at the Door.

T. C. O'KANE.

With feeling.

1. Be-hold a stran-ger at the door; He gen-tly knocks, has knock'd before; Has
 2. O love-ly at-ti-tude, He stands With melting heart and o-pen hands; O
 3. But will He prove a friend in-deed? He will, the ver-y friend you need: The

wait-ed long, is wait-ing still; You treat no oth-er friend so ill.
 matchless kind-ness, and He shows This matchless kindness to His foes.
 friend of sin-ners? Yes, 't is He, With garments dyed on Cal-va-ry.

CHORUS.

Oh, let the dear Saviour come in, He'll cleanse the heart from sin; Oh,
 come in, from sin;

keep Him no more out at the door, But let the dear Saviour come in.
 come in.

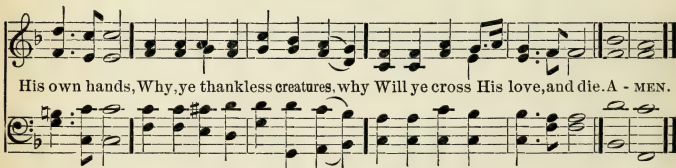
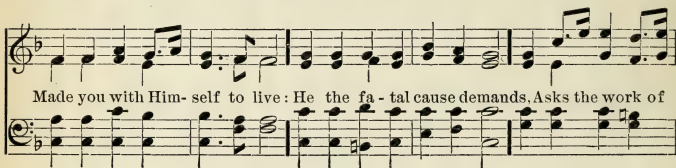
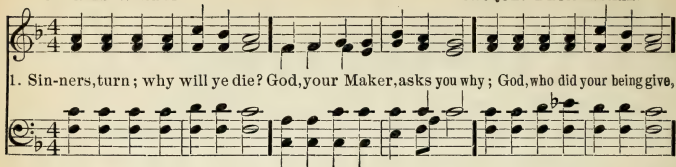
By permission.

4 Rise, touched with gratitude divine;
 Turn out His enemy and thine;
 That soul-destroying monster, Sin,
 And let the heavenly stranger in.

5 Admit Him ere His anger burn,-
 His feet, departed, ne'er return;
 Admit Him, or the hour's at hand,
 You'll at His door rejected stand.

CHARLES WESLEY.

JACQUES BLUMENTHAL.



2 Sinners, turn; why will ye die?
 God, your Saviour, asks you why;
 He, who did your souls retrieve,
 Died Himself that ye might live.
 Will ye let Him die in vain,
 Crucify your Lord again?
 Why, ye ransomed sinners, why
 Will ye slight His grace, and die?

3 Sinners, turn; why will ye die?
 God, the Spirit, asks you why;
 God, who daily with you strove,
 Wooed you to embrace His love.
 Will ye not His grace receive?
 Will ye still refuse to live?
 Why, ye long-sought sinners, why
 Will ye grieve your God, and die?

133.

Rest.

*Tune, "Is not this the land," p. 153.
 Matt. xi: 28.*

1 Are you walking in the valley
 Where the clouds like billows roll?
 Do you feel the weight of sorrow
 Pressing hard upon the soul?
 Are you weary, heavy laden?
 Is your heart by sin oppressed?

Hear the gentle words of Jesus:
 "Come to me I'll give you rest."

CHORUS.

Come ye weary, heavy laden
 Lean your head upon my breast,
 Hear the gentle words of Jesus:
 "Come to me I'll give you rest."

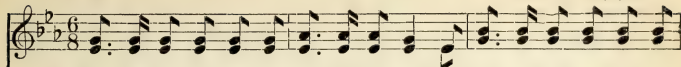
2 Have you wandered from the Saviour
 Into ways by Him denied?
 Have you left the narrow pathway
 Leading up the mountain side?
 Have you wasted time and talents
 Like the prodigal distressed?
 Hear the gentle words of Jesus:
 "Come to me, I'll give you rest."

3 Are you still in nature's prison,
 Where there's naught but bitter strife?
 Are the passions still patrolling
 Up and down the way of life?
 Do you feel the awful conflicts,
 Going on within your breast?
 Hear the gentle words of Jesus:
 "Come to me I'll give you rest."

He Was Not Willing.

L. R. M.

L. R. M., by per.



1. "He was not will-ing that a - ny should per-ish;" Je - sus en-thron'd in the
2. "He was not will-ing that a - ny should per-ish;" Cloth'd in our flesh with its
3. Plen - ty for pleas-ure, but lit - tle for Je - sus; Time for the world, with its



:8:



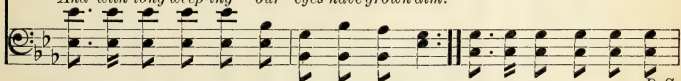
glo - ry a - bove, Saw our poor fal - len world, pit - ied our sor - rows,
D.S. Je - sus would save, but there's no one to tell them,
 sor - row and pain, Came He to seek the lost, com - fort the mourn - er,
D.S. Je - sus is call - ing thee, haste to the reap - ing,
 trou - bles and toys, No time for Je - sus' work, feed - ing the hun - gry,
D.S. We are so wea - ry, So heav - i - ly la - den,



FINE.



Pour'd out His life for us—won - der - ful love! Per - ish - ing, per - ish - ing!
No one to lift them from sin and de - spair.
 Heal the heart, bro - ken by sor - row and shame. Per - ish - ing, per - ish - ing!
Thou shalt have souls, pre - cious souls for thy hire.
 Lift - ing lost souls to e - ter - ni - ty's joys. Per - ish - ing, per - ish - ing!
And with long weep - ing our eyes have grown dim."



D.S.



Throng - ing our path - way, Hearts break with burdens too heav - y to bear,
 Har - vest is pass - ing, Reap - ers are few and the night draweth near,
 Hark, how they call us: "Bring us your Sav - iour, oh, tell us of Him!



- 4 "He was not willing that any should perish;"
 Am I His follower, and can I live [ward,
 Longer at ease with a soul going down -
 Lost for the lack of the help I might give?
- Perishing, perishing! Thou wast not will -
 ing;
 Master, forgive, and inspire us anew;
 Banish our worldliness, help us to ever
 Live with eternity's values in view.

135.

He that Believeth.

Mrs. ELLA LAUDER.

D. B. TOWNER, by per.

1. List to the mes-sage plain and clear, He that be-liev-eth need not fear;
 2. Hush! 't is the Spir-it speaks to you, Now as He pleads what will you do?
 3. Heed ye the call as for your life, Yield to the Lord and end the strife;
 4. Hark! 't is re-ech-oed from the skies, Deep un-to deep, with voice re-plies,

He that hath ears, oh, let him hear, For ev-er-last-ing life.
 They who be-lieve, oh, joy, 't is true, Have ev-er-last-ing life.
 All that is need-ed is be-lief, For ev-er-last-ing life.
 He that for-ev-er will be wise, Hath ev-er-last-ing life.

CHORUS.

He that be-liev-eth, hear ye the word; He that be-liev-eth, praise the Lord;

He that be-liev-eth on the Son, Hath ev-er-last-ing life.

136. Are You Going Home To-night?

WARREN COLLINS.

WARREN COLLINS, arr. by R. K. CARTER.

1. Are you go - ing home to - night, With Je - sus at the door? He
2. Are you go - ing home to - night, To act just as be - fore; To

may not lin - ger long, He may go to come no more. Are you
leave your soul fettered With Je - sus at the door; Or

f
going home to-night To bear a world of woe, To scorn in your own blindness, The
are you weary grown, And life at best when done, A shattered wreck of weakness, Then

D. S. won't you love Him freely And open wide your heart? For He will save you fully, And
rit. FINE. CHORUS.

Lord who loves you so. Then won't you love Him freely, And o - pen wide your
seek from God a crown?
His sweet grace impart.

D. S.
heart? For He will save you ful - ly, And His sweet grace impart. Then

137.

The Gospel Feast.

[INVITATION.]

"Come, for all things are ready." LUKE xiv: 16.
CHARLES WESLEY, Cho. by H. L. G.

H. L. GILMOUR.

1. Come, sin-ners, to the gos-pel feast; It is for you, it is for me;
2. Ye need not one be left be-hind; It is for you, it is for me;

Let ev-'ry soul be Je-sus' guest: It is for you, it is for me.
For God hath bid-den all man-kind; It is for you, it is for me.

D.S. O wea-ry wan-d'rers, come and see, It is for you, it is for me.

CHORUS.

D.S.

Sal-va-tion full, sal-va-tion free, The price was paid on Cal-va-ry;

Copyright, 1889, by H. L. Gilmour.

3 Sent by my Lord, on you I call;
The invitation is to all.4 Come, all the world! come, sinner thou!
All things in Christ are ready now,5 Come, all ye souls by sin oppressed,
Ye restless wanderers after rest;6 Ye poor, and maimed, and halt, and blind,
12 Christ a hearty welcome find.

From Silver Trumpet, by per.

7 My message as from God receive;
Ye all may come to Christ and live.8 Oh, let this love your hearts constrain,
Nor suffer Him to die in vain.9 See Him set forth before your eyes,
That precious, bleeding sacrifice.10 His offered benefits embrace,
And freely now be saved by grace.

138.

The Wondrous Blood.

R. K. C.

R. KELSO CARTER.

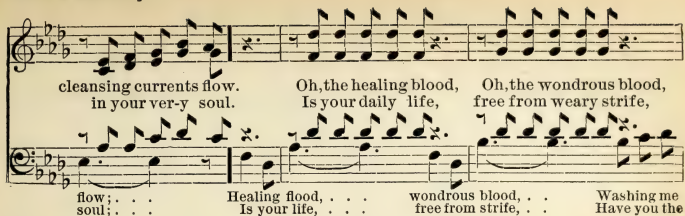
1. Oh, the cleansing blood, Oh, the precious blood, Yes, it free-ly flows,
2. Are you saved to-day? Has sin passed away? Do you know the Lord?

BASS SOLO.

1. Oh, the blood, precious blood, Freely its cleans - ing currents
2. Are you saved, are you saved, Have you the wit - ness in your

Copyright, 1891, by R. K. Carter.

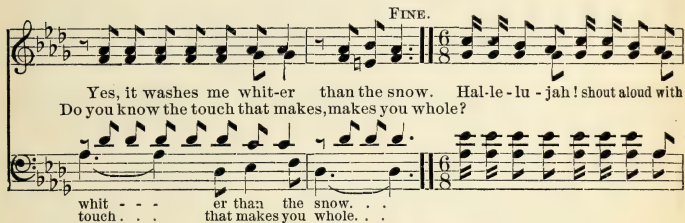
INVITATION.]



cleansing currents flow. Oh, the healing blood, Oh, the wondrous blood,
in your ver-y soul. Is your daily life, free from weary strife,

flow; . . . Healing flood, . . . wondrous blood, . . . Washing me
soul; . . . Is your life, . . . free from strife, . . . Have you the

FINE.

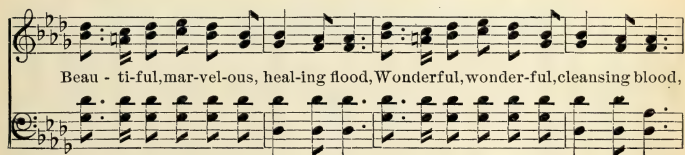


Yes, it washes me whit-er than the snow. Hal-le-lu-jah! shout aloud with
Do you know the touch that makes, makes you whole?

whit - - er than the snow. . .
touch. . . that makes you whole. . .

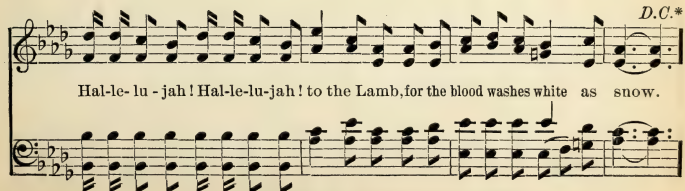


one ac-cord! Hal-le-lu-jah! Hal-le-lu-jah! Praise the Lord!



Beau-ti-ful, mar-vel-ous, heal-ing flood, Wonderful, wonder-ful, cleansing blood,

*D.C.**

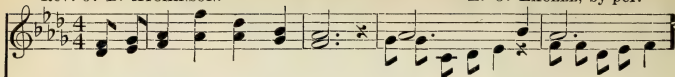


Hal-le-lu-jah! Hal-le-lu-jah! to the Lamb, for the blood washes white as snow.

* Use the first verse for the repeat; slowly and softly.

Rev. J. B. ATCHINSON.

E. O. EXCELL, by per.



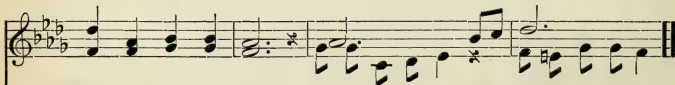
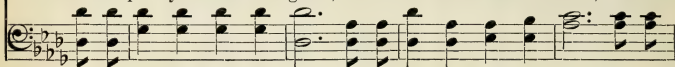
- | | | |
|--------------------------------------|-----|--|
| 1. There 's a strang-er at the door, | Let | Him in; |
| 2. O-pen now to Him your heart, | Let | Him in; |
| 3. Hear you now His lov-ing voice? | Let | Him in; |
| 4. Now ad-mit the heavenly Guest, | Let | Him in; |
| | | Let the Sav-iour in, let the Saviour in; |



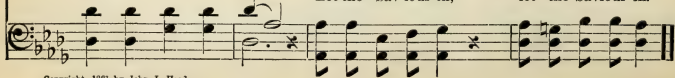
He has been there oft be-fore,	Let	Him in;
If you wait He will de-part,	Let	Him in;
Now, oh, now make Him your choice,	Let	Him in;
He will make for you a feast,	Let	Him in;
		Let the Sa-viour in, let the Sa-viour in;



Let Him in, ere He is gone, Let Him in, the Ho-ly One, Je-sus
 Let Him in, He is your Friend, He your soul will sure de-fend, He will
 He is stand-ing at the door, Joy to you He will re-store, And His
 He will speak your sins for-given, And when earth ties all are riven, He will



Christ, the Fa-ther's Son,	Let	Him in.
keep you to the end,	Let	Him in.
name you will a-dore,	Let	Him in.
take you home to heav'n,	Let	Him in.
		Let the Sav-iour in, let the Saviour in.



Where Art Thou, Soul?

A. J. GORDON.
Not too fast.

ISABEL KENNEDY.

1. Where art thou, soul? I heard God say; Why hid - est thou from me? Why
 2. Where art thou, soul? Why wilt thou die, When I have brought thee life? Why
 3. Where art thou, soul? redeemed with blood? Ah! wilt thou yet a - gain Be -

dost thou turn thy face a - way, And from my presence flee? I
 in sin's curse and bond-age die, Its bit - ter pangs and strife? The
 tray and cru - ci - fy thy Lord, And give Him o - pen shame? With

form'd thee for a child of light In - stead thou choosest sin and night.
 price is paid to set thee free; For long, long years I've call'd to thee:
 wea - ry feet I sought for thee, And now thou strayest far from me;

Softly.
 Where art thou, soul? Where art thou, soul, Where art thou?

4 Where art thou, soul? I'm calling yet,
 I cannot give thee o'er;
 I've followed thee, with patient feet,
 Thro' wild and wood and moor.
 Oh, that thy bleating heart would say,
 "Like a lost sheep I've gone astray."
 Where art thou, soul, where art thou?

5 Where art thou, soul? The day draws
 When thou, too late, shalt sigh, [near
 "My God, why dost Thou shut Thine ear
 To my despairing cry?" [room;
 Ah! then, give heed, while yet there's
 It hastens on, that day of doom;
 Where art thou soul, where art thou?

W. M.

W. MACOMBER, arr. by R. K. CARTER.

Out in the streets of the cit - y, Some mother's wand'ring boy,
Reck-less-ly on in his blind - ness, Breaking an oft-plighted vow;
Hark! 't is the voice of the Sav - iour Call-ing so ten-der-ly, "come!"

Out where no kind heart will pit - y, Some mother's wand'ring boy;
Stamping the brand of sin's hard - ness O'er a fair no - ble brow.
Now He is seeking the lost one, Ready to wel - come him home.

Once when in days of child - hood He knelt at her feet to pray;
Longing some glad day to con - quer, Seek-ing his conscience to drown,
Go bear the news of sal - va - tion To each sin-sick soul, with joy.

But 't is the oft - told sto - ry, — Tempted and led a - stray.
Mad - ly drain-ing the wine cup, — Some mother's boy goes down.
God still lin - gers in mer - cy, Call-ing the wand'ring boy.

Shall I let Him In?

H. R. P.

H. R. PALMER.

1. Christ is knock-ing at my sad heart; Shall I let Him in?
 2. Shall I send Him thy lov - ing word; Shall I let Him in?
 3. Yes I'll o - pen this heart's proud door, Yes, I'll let Him in;

Pa-tient-ly plead-ing with my sad heart; Oh! shall I let Him in?
 Meekly ac-cept-ing my gra-cious Lord; Oh! shall I let Him in?
 Glad-ly I'll wel-come Him ev - er-more; Oh! yes, I'll let Him in?

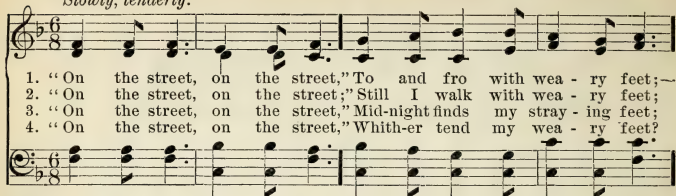
Cold and proud is my heart with sin; Dark and cheerless is all with-in;
 He can in - fi-nite love im-part; He can par-don this reb - el heart;
 Bless-ed Sav-iour, a-bide with me; Cares and tri-als will light-er be;

Christ is bid-ding me turn un - to Him, Oh! shall I let Him in?
 Shall I bid Him for-ev-er de-part, Or shall I let Him in?
 I am safe if I'm on - ly with Thee, Oh! bless-ed Lord, come in?

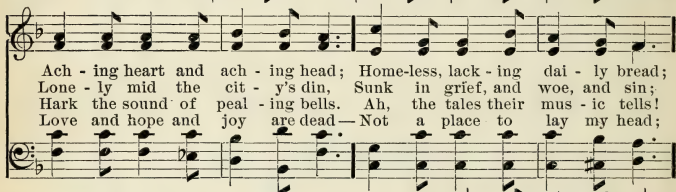
Broadway, N. Y., midnight, Apr. 19, 1876.

H. L. HASTINGS.

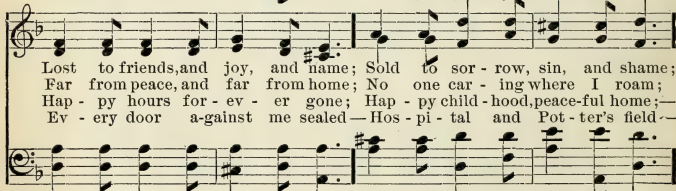
W. P. FAIRBANKS, by per.

Slowly, tenderly.


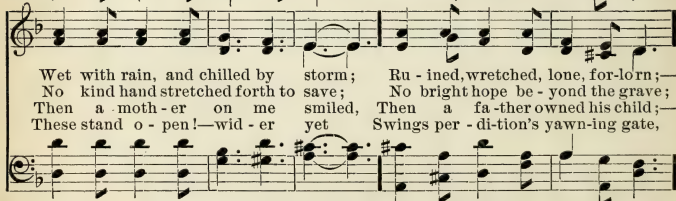
1. "On the street, on the street," To and fro with wea - ry feet;—
 2. "On the street, on the street;" Still I walk with wea - ry feet;
 3. "On the street, on the street," Mid-night finds my stray - ing feet;
 4. "On the street, on the street," Whith-er tend my wea - ry feet?




Ach - ing heart and ach - ing head; Home-less, lack - ing dai - ly bread;
 Lone - ly mid the cit - y's din, Sunk in grief, and woe, and sin;
 Hark the sound of peal - ing bells. Ah, the tales their mus - ic tells!
 Love and hope and joy are dead—Not a place to lay my head;



Lost to friends, and joy, and name; Sold to sor - row, sin, and shame;
 Far from peace, and far from home; No one car - ing where I roam;
 Hap - py hours for - ev - er gone; Hap - py child - hood, peace-ful home;—
 Ev - ery door a-against me sealed—Hos - pi - tal and Pot - ter's field—



Wet with rain, and chilled by storm; Ru - ined, wretched, lone, for-lorn;—
 No kind hand stretched forth to save; No bright hope be - yond the grave;
 Then a moth - er on me smiled, Then a fa - ther owned his child;—
 These stand o - pen!—wid - er yet Swings per - di-tion's yawn-ing gate,



Weak and wan, with wea - ry feet, Still I wan - der "on the street."
 Fee - ble, faint, with wea - ry feet, Still I wan - der "on the street."
 Van - ish, mock - ing vis - ion sweet! Still I wan - der "on the street."
 Thith - er tend my wandering feet,— "On the street, on the street."

Mighty to Save.

R. K. C.

R. KELSO CARTER.



1. Oh, who is this that com-eth from E-dom? With gar-ments dyed in
 2. I looked and there was no one to help me, I wondered there was
 3. Yes, I a-lone have trod-den the wine-press, The people all have
 4. Oh, Je-sus, Mas-ter save me com-plete-ly, From ev-ery trace of
 red; This that is glo-rious in His ap-par-el, A crown up-on His head?
 none; But now mine own arm bringeth salvation, And sin is o-ver-thrown.
 fled; The blood that's sprinkled over my garments, Gives life unto the dead.
 sin; Oh, let me know Thine utter salvation, Just now speak peace within.

I that come in ho-li-ness, I the ran-som gave:

I that speak in right-eous-ness, Might-y to save!

Copyright, 1891, by R. Kelso Carter.

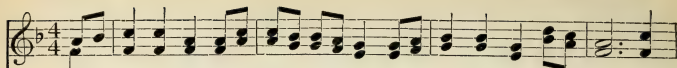
Music on opposite page.

5 "On the street, on the street,"
 Late I walk with weary feet:
 Oh, that this sad life might end,
 Oh, that I might find One Friend;
 One who would not from me turn,
 Nor my prayer of sorrow spurn;
 Oh, that I that Friend could see,
 He would pitying look on me;
 Such as I have kissed His feet,—
 "On the street, on the street!"

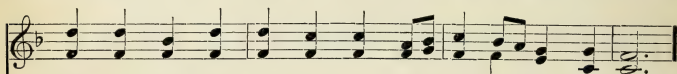
6 "On the street, on the street!"
 Might I here a Saviour meet!
 From the blessed far off years,
 Comes the story of her tears,
 Whose sad heart with sorrow broke,
 Heard the words of love He spoke,—
 Heard Him bid her anguish cease,
 Heard Him whisper, "Go in peace!"
 Oh, that I might kiss His feet,
 "On the street, on the street."

R. K. C.

R. KELSO CARTER.



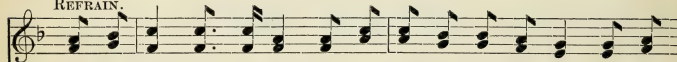
1. When judgment thunders cloud the sky, And storms are downward hurled, The
 2. Up - on the bil - lows wide and dark, By rag - ing tem - pests tossed, The
 3. I'm lost without, I'm safe with - in, To wait I can't af - ford; I
 4. The bow of promise spans the sea, The roll - ing sur - ges cease; The



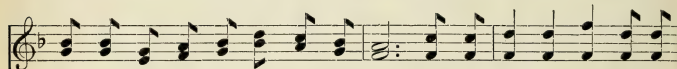
ark of God comes float - ing by To save a drown - ing world.
 Sav - iour throws his pre - cious ark Wide o - pen for the lost.
 en - ter, and there shuts me in The love of Christ the Lord.
 Heavenly dove brings back to me, The ol - ive branch of Peace



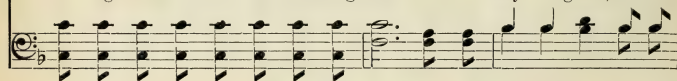
REFRAIN.



In the ark, in the ark there is room for you and me, And a



ref - uge from the o - ver - whelming flood. 'T is the day of grace, Je - sus



makes sal - va - tion free, And there's safe - ty in the ark of God.



Cleansing Fountain. C. M. D.

Unknown, cir., 1800



146. A Fountain Opened. C. M.

Zech. xiii: 1.

147. Grace! 'Tis a Charming Sound.

Key, G.

1 There is a fountain filled with blood,
 Drawn from Immanuel's veins;
 And sinners, plunged beneath that flood,
 Lose all their guilty stains.

2 The dying thief rejoiced to see
 That fountain in his day;
 And there have I, as vile as he,
 Washed all my sins away.

3 Dear dying Lamb, Thy precious blood
 Shall never lose its power,
 Till all the ransomed church of God
 Be saved, to sin no more.

4 E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream
 Thy flowing wounds supply,
 Redeeming love has been my theme,
 And shall be till I die.

5 Then in a nobler, sweeter song,
 I'll sing Thy power to save,
 When this poor lisping, stammering tongue
 Is ransomed from the grave.

WILLIAM COWPER, *ab.* 1779.

1 Grace! 'tis a charming sound,
 Harmonious to the ear;
 Heaven with the echo shall resound,
 And all the earth shall hear.

CHORUS.

I'm glad salvation's free,—
 I'm glad salvation's free,—
 Salvation's free for you and me,
 I'm glad salvation's free.

2 Grace first contrived a way
 To save rebellious man;
 And all the steps that grace display,
 Which drew the wondrous plan.

3 Grace taught my roving feet
 To tread the heavenly road;
 And new supplies each hour I meet,
 While pressing on to God.

4 Grace all the work shall crown
 Through everlasting days;
 It lays in heaven the topmost stone,
 And well deserves our praise.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE.

148.

Launch Out.

A. B. SIMPSON.

R. KELSO CARTER.

1. The mer-cy of God is an ocean divine, A boundless and fathomless flood; Launch
 2. But ma-ny a-las! on-ly stand on the shore, And gaze on the ocean so wide; They
 3. And others just venture away from the land, And linger so near to the shore, That
 4. Oh, let us launch out on this ocean so broad, Where the floods of salvation o'er flow; Oh,

cut in the deep, cut a-way the shore-line, And be lost in the full-ness of God.
 nev - er have ventured its depths to explore, Or to launch on the fathomless tide.
 the surf and the slime that beat over the strand, Dash o'er them in floods evermore.
 let us be lost in the mer-cy of God, Till the depths of His fullness we know.

CHORUS.

Launch out . . . in - to the deep, Oh, let the shore-line
 Oh, launch out in the deep,

go; Launch out, launch out in the o-ccean di-vine, Out where the full tides flow.

Blow Ye the Trumpet.

C. WESLEY.

Tune, LISCHER. H. M.

1. { Blow ye the trump-et, blow; The glad - ly sol - emn sound }
 Let all the na - tions know, To earth's re - mot - est bound; }
 2. { Je - sus, our great High Priest, Hath full a - tone - ment made; }
 Ye wea - ry spir - its, rest; Ye mourn - ful souls be glad; }

The year of ju - bi - lee is come: Re - turn, ye ran - somed

sin - ners, home, Re - turn, . . ye ran - somed sin - ners, home.

3 Extol the Lamb of God,
 The all-atoning Lamb;
 Redemption in His blood
 Throughout the world proclaim.

4 Ye slaves of sin and hell,
 Your liberty receive,
 And safe in Jesus dwell,
 And blest in Jesus live.

5 Ye who have sold for naught
 Your heritage above,
 Shall have it back unbought,
 The gift of Jesus' love.

6 The gospel trumpet hear,
 The news of heavenly grace,
 And saved from earth appear
 Before your Saviour's face.

CHORUS.

I love to tell the story,
 'T will be my theme in glory
 To tell the old, old story
 Of Jesus and His love.

2 I love to tell the story!
 More wonderful it seems
 Than all the golden fancies
 Of all our golden dreams.

I love to tell the story!
 It did so much for me,
 And that is just the reason
 I tell it now to thee.

3 I love to tell the story!
 'T is pleasant to repeat
 What seems, each time I tell it,
 More wonderfully sweet.

I love to tell the story!
 For some have never heard
 The message of salvation
 From God's own Holy Word.

4 I love to tell the story!
 For those who know it best
 Seem hungering and thirsting
 To hear it like the rest.

And when, in scenes of glory,
 I sing the *New, New Song*,
 'T will be the *Old, Old Story*,
 That I have lov'd so long.

MISS KATE HANKEY.

150. I Love to Tell the Story.

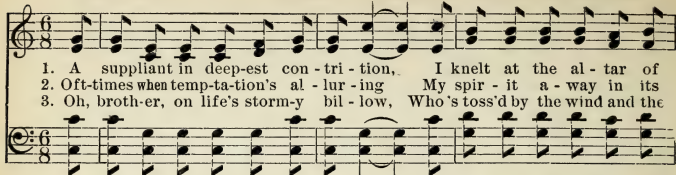
Key A-flat.

1 I love to tell the story
 Of unseen things above;
 Of Jesus and His glory,
 Of Jesus and His love!
 I love to tell the story!
 Because I know its true;
 It satisfies my longings
 As nothing else would do.

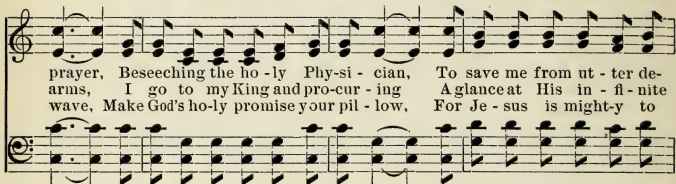
151. The Blood now Covers the Past.

A. L. SKILTON.

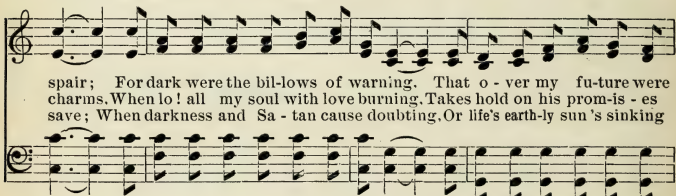
DAVID B. UPDEGRAFF. Arr. by R. K. CARTER.



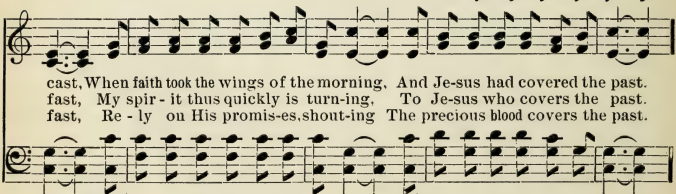
1. A suppliant in deep-est con-tri-tion, I knelt at the al-tar of
 2. Oft-times when temp-ta-tion's al-lur-ing My spir-it a-way in its
 3. Oh, broth-er, on life's storm-y bil-low, Who's toss'd by the wind and the



prayer, Beseeching the ho-ly Phy-si-cian, To save me from ut-ter de-arms,
 I go to my King and pro-cur-ing Aglance at His in-fi-nite
 wave, Make God's ho-ly promise your pil-low, For Je-sus is might-y to

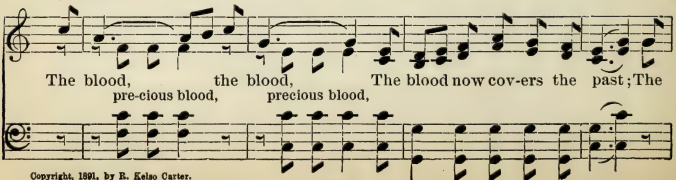


spair; For dark were the bil-lows of warning, That o-ver my fu-ture were
 charms, When lo! all my soul with love burning, Takes hold on his prom-is-es
 save; When darkness and Sa-tan cause doubting, Or life's earth-ly sun's sinking

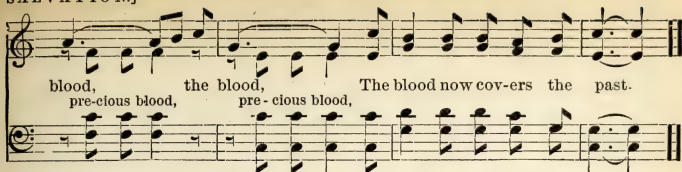


cast, When faith took the wings of the morning, And Je-sus had covered the past.
 fast, My spir-it thus quickly is turn-ing, To Je-sus who covers the past.
 fast, Re-ly on His promis-es, shout-ing The precious blood covers the past.

CHORUS.



The blood, the blood, The blood now cov-ers the past; The
 pre-cious blood, pre-cious blood,

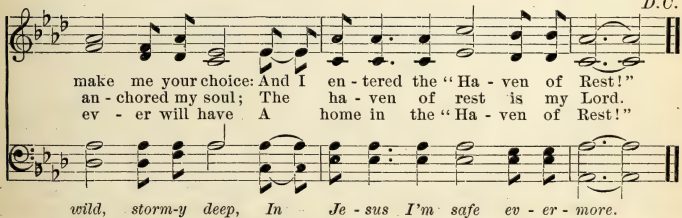
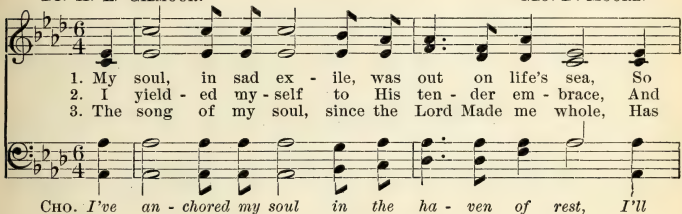


152.

The Haven of Rest.

Dr. H. L. GILMOUR.

GEO. D. MOORE.



- How precious the thought that we all 5 Oh, come to the Saviour, He patiently
may recline,
Like John the beloved and blest, To save by His power divine;
On Jesus' strong arm, where no tempest Come, anchor your souls in the haven of
can harm, rest,
Secure in the "Haven of Rest?" And say, "My Beloved is mine."

From "The Silver Trumpet," by per. Jno. J. Hood.

"For their rock is not as our Rock." DEUT. xxxii: 31.

R. KELSO CARTER.

Arr. from ROSSINI, by R. K. C.

1. Rock of A - ges, let me stand, Shad - owed in a wea - ry land;
 2. Rock of A - ges, here in Thee Rests my soul e - ter - nal - ly;
 3. Rock of A - ges, my de - fence, Here I find sweet rec - ompense;

Drink - ing from Thy flow - ing tide, Shel - tered in Thy riv - en side;
 Safe be - neath Thy shelt'ring brow, Rock of my sal - va - tion, thou:
 Balm for ev - 'ry wound and shock, Flows from out the rift - ed Rock,

Hide me from the an - gry blast, Till the storms of life are past.
 Here my soul for ref - uge clings, Here my heart in rap - ture sings.
 And the foun - tain, pure and free, Cleanseth, heal - eth e - ven me.

CHORUS. *a tempo*.

Oh, Rock of A - ges, tow'ring high, Here I live, here let me die;

Death and hell my spir - it dares, For our Rock is not as theirs.

Copyright, 1891, by R. Kelso Carter.

* First verse can be sung as a solo; the second as a duet, soprano and tenor; and third as full chorus. Issued by music, as full anthem, by S. T. GORDON & SON, New York.

Jesus, Let Thy Pitying Eye.

CHAS. WESLEY.

Tune, PENITENCE. W. H. OAKLEY.

1. Je - sus, let Thy pity - ing eye Call back a wand'r-ing sheep;
 2. Sav - iour, Prince, enthroned a - bove, Re - pen - tance to im - part,
 3. For Thine own com - pas - sion's sake The gra - cious won - der show;

False to Thee, like Pe - ter, I Would fain like Pe - ter weep.
 Give me, through Thy dy - ing love, The hum - ble, con - trite heart:
 Cast my sins be - hind Thy back, And wash me white as snow.

D.S. Turn and look up - on me, Lord, And break my heart of stone.

Let me be by grace restored, On me be all long suff'ring shown;
 Give what I have long implored, A por - tion of Thy grief unknown;
 Speak the re - con - cil - ing word, And let Thy mer - cy melt me down,

D.S. Refrain.

155. Vain, Delusive World.

1 Vain delusive world, adieu,
 With all of creature good;
 Only Jesus I pursue,
 Who bought me with His blood.
 All thy pleasures I forego,
 I trample on thy wealth and pride;
 Only Jesus will I know,
 And Jesus crucified.

2 Other knowledge I disdain:
 'Tis all but vanity;
 Christ, the Lamb of God, was slain,—
 He tasted death for me;
 Me to save from endless woe,
 The sin-atoning Victim died;
 Only Jesus, etc.

3 Here will I set up my rest;
 My fluctuating heart
 From the haven of His breast
 Shall nevermore depart:

Whither should a sinner go?
 His wounds for me stand open wide;
 Only Jesus, etc.

4 Him to know is life and peace,
 And pleasure without end;
 This is all my happiness,
 On Jesus to depend:
 Daily in His grace to grow,
 And ever in His faith abide;
 Only Jesus, etc.

5 Oh, that I could all invite,
 This saving truth to prove;
 Show the length, the breadth, the height
 And depth of Jesus's love!
 Fain I would to sinners show
 The blood by faith alone applied:
 Only Jesus, etc.

CHAS. WESLEY.

156.

Since I Have Been Redeemed.

E. O. E.

E. O. EXCELL, by per.

1. I have a song I love to sing, Since I have been re-deemed, Of my Re-
 2. I have a Christ that sat - is - fles, Since I have been re-deemed, To do His
 3. I have a Wit-ness bright and clear, Since I have been redeemed, Dis-pell-ing

deemer, Saviour King, Since I have been redeemed. Since I . . . have been re-
 will my highest prize, Since I have been redeemed.
 every doubt and fear, Since I have been redeemed. Since I have been redeemed, Since

deemed, Since I have been redeemed, I will glo-ry in His name, Since
 I have been re-deemed,

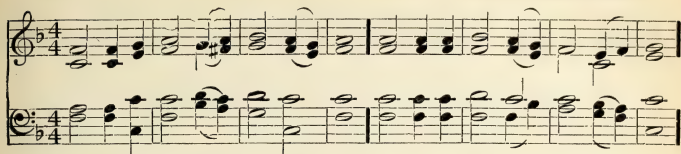
I . . . have been redeemed, I will glo-ry in the Saviour's name.
 I have been redeemed, since I have been redeemed,

4 I have a joy I can't express,
 Since I have been redeemed,
 All thro' His blood and righteousness,
 Since I have been redeemed.

5 I have a home prepared for me,
 Since I have been redeemed,
 Where I shall dwell eternally,
 Since I have been redeemed.

Hamburg. L. M.

Att. by LOWELL MASON.



157. Just As I Am.

1 Just as I am, without one plea,
But that Thy blood was shed for me,
And that Thou bid'st me come to Thee,
O Lamb of God, I come!

2 Just as I am, and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot, [spot,
To Thee, whose blood can cleanse each
O Lamb of God, I come!

3 Just as I am, though tossed about
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
Fightings within, and fears without,
O Lamb of God, I come!

4 Just as I am, poor, wretched, blind,
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need in Thee to find,
O Lamb of God, I come!

5 Just as I am, Thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;
Because Thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come!

6 Just as I am, Thy love unknown
Hath broken every barrier down;
Now, to be Thine, and Thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come!

CHARLOTTE ELLIOT.

158. How Sweet the Name.



1 How sweet the name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ear;
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear.

CHORUS.

I do believe, I now believe
That Jesus died for me, [blood,
And through His blood, His precious
I am from sin set free.

2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast;
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary, rest.

3 Dear Name, the Rock on which I build,
My shield and hiding-place;
My never-failing treasure, filled
With boundless stores of grace.

4 Jesus, my Shepherd, Saviour, Friend,
My Prophet, Priest, and King,
My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End,
Accept the praise I bring.

5 I would Thy boundless love proclaim
With every fleeting breath:
So shall the music of Thy name
Refresh my soul in death.

JOHN NEWTON.

159.

The Voice of Free Grace.

BURDSALL.

Arr. by R. KELSO CARTER.

1. { The voice of free grace cries, "Escape to the mountain; For Adam's lost race Christ has
For sin and uncleanness, and ev'-ry transgression, His blood flows most freely in
2. { Now glo-ry to God in the high-est is giv-en; Now glory to God is re-
A-round the whole earth let us tell the glad sto-ry, And sing of His love, His sal-

CHORUS.

o - pened a fount-ain. } Hal-le - lu - jah to the Lamb, who has purchased our
streams of sal-va-tion." }
ech - oed in heav-en: }
va - tion and glo - ry. }

par - don; We will praise Him a - gain when we pass o - ver Jor - dan.

- 3 O Jesus, ride on,—Thy kingdom is glor-
ious; [us victorious:
O'er sin, death and hell, Thou wilt make
Thy name shall be praised in the great
congregation, [salvation.
And saints shall ascribe unto Thee their
4 When on Zion we stand, having gained
the blest shore, [praise evermore:
With our harps in our hands, we will
We'll range the blest fields on the banks
of the river, [ever.
And sing of redemption forever and

Sin had left a crimson stain,
He wash'd it white as snow.

- 2 O Lord, at last I find
Thy pow'r, and Thine alone,
Can change this heart of mine,
And make it all Thine own.
3 Then down beneath the cross
I lay my sin-sick soul;
Nothing I bring but dross,
Thy grace must make me whole.
4 I now in Christ abide—
In him is perfect rest;
Close sheltered in His side,
I am divinely blest.
5 When at my post I fall,
My ransom'd soul shall rise,
And "Jesus paid it all"
Shall rend the vaulted skies.
6 And when in heav'n above,
At Jesus feet I fall,
My song shall ever be—
Jesus has paid it all,

160. Jesus Paid it all.

Key of E-flat.

- 1 I hear the Saviour say
Thy strength indeed is small;
Child of weakness, watch and pray,
Find in me Thine all in all.

CHORUS.

Jesus paid it all;
All to Him I owe;

(102)

Arr. by Rev. W. McDONALD.

161. Keep Me Under the Blood.

R. KELSO CARTER.

* S. C. FOSTER, arr. by R. K. C.

1. { In sin and temp-ta - tion, O Lord! to Thee I cry;
Wrest-ling I will hold Thee, I will not let Thee go; }

Come, with Thy sal - va - tion, And save me, ere I die. }
In Thine arms en - fold me, Where cleans-ing mer - cies flow. }

CHORUS.

My Lord! save me now, In temp - ta - tion's flood; Oh,

car - ry me in Thine arms of love, And keep me un - der the blood.

Words copyright, 1891, by R. K. Carter. * (Melody by per. of Wm. A. Pond & Co.)

2 Helpless, I am clinging,
My hope is all in Thee;
In my soul is ringing
Thy promise, full and free.
I have not intruded,
My cup Thy mercies fill;
Surely I'm included
In "Whosoever will."

3 Now I am believing,
I rest upon Thy word;
Pardon I'm receiving,
And cleansing through the blood.
Free, free from all sadness,
In Christ I've found release;
Filled with God's own gladness,
I've everlasting peace.

162. Drifting Away with the Tide.

W. M.

W. MACOMBER.

Andante. DUET.

1. Out on life's stream with no thought of its end, Seek - ing each
2. On - ward, still on - ward the swift wa - ters flow, Bear - ing them

day in pleas - ure to spend; Near - er each mo - ment the
near - er the brink just be - low; Spurn - ing the dear warn - ing

*haste and for safe - ty in
turn ye from sin, in God's*

FINE

rap - ids' swift glide, Driv - en a - long by sin's rush - ing tide.
voic - es a - side, Lost ones are drifting a - way with the tide.

*Je - sus a - bide; Turn from thy drifting a - way with the tide.
mer - cy con - fide; Cease from thy drifting a - way with the tide.*

SOLO. Faster.

"There's dan - ger a - head," cries a voice from the shore; A
But Je - sus is call - ing, He's called oft be - fore; He

voice of some loved one, who passed on be - fore; Make
waits to re - ceive you on Heav - en's fair shore. Oh,

rit. D.S.

163.

At the Cross.

R. KELSO CARTER.

From "SONGS OF PERFECT LOVE," by per.

1. O Je - sus, Lord, Thy dy - ing love Hath
2. A - mid the night of sin and death Thy
3. I kiss Thy feet, I clasp Thy hand, I
4. My Lord, my life, my strength, my all, I

Cho. At the cross, at the cross, where I first saw the light, And the

pierced my con - trite heart; Now take my life, and
light hath filled my soul; To me Thy lov - ing
touch Thy bleed - ing side; Oh, let me here for -
count my gain but loss; For - ev - er let Thy

bur - den of my heart rolled a - way, It was there by faith I re -

let me prove How dear to me Thou art.
voice now saith, Thy faith hath made thee whole.
ev - er stand, Where Thou wast cru - ci - fied.
love en - thrall, And keep me at the cross.

ceived my sight, And now I am hap - py night and day.

164.

Rescue the Sinner.

R. K. C.

R. KELSO CARTER

1. Res - cue the sin - ner, go and res - cue the lost, Help for the sinking soul,
 2. Res - cue! my brother, let the glad ech - oes roll, Come now to Jesus and find
 3. Res - cue! my brother, there is res - cue from drink, Je - sus will save you from

D.C.—Res - cue the sin - ner, go and res - cue, etc., etc.

faint, tempest-toss'd; Hope for the hopeless and life o'er the grave,—Jesus is
 rest for your soul; Peace in be - liev - ing, and power o - ver sin; Come to the
 hell's ver - y brink; Hark to the sto - ry, oh! 't is faith - ful and true,—Je - sus of

FINE. CHORUS.

call - ing you, Je - sus will save. Stand by to res - cue! stand by to save!
 cross, and be made pure with - in. power o - ver sin; Come to the
 Naz - a - reth once died for you.

Souls that are sink - ing down un - der the wave; Throw out the life - line,

Shout o'er the flood, Oh! broth - er, look to Je - sus, be wash'd in the blood.

No Room in the Inn.

A. L. SKILTON.

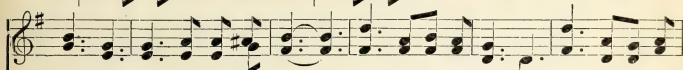
Chorus by R. K. C.

LUKE 2: 7.

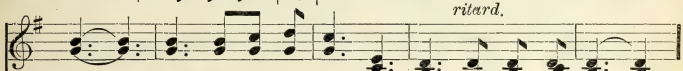
E. GRACE UPDEGRAFF.

Slow.

1. No beau-ti-ful cham-ber, No soft cra-dle bed, No place but a
 2. No sweet con-se-cra-tion, No seek-ing His part, No hu-mil-i
 3. No one to re-ceive Him, No welcome while here, No balm to re-



man-ger, No where for His head; No praises of glad-ness, No thought of their
 a-tion, No place in the heart; No thought of the Sav-iour, No sorrow for
 lieye Him, No staff but a spear; No seeking His treasure, No weeping for

*ritard.*

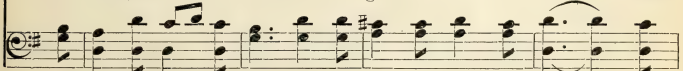
sin, No glo-ry but sad-ness, No room in the inn.
 sin, No prayer for His fa-vor, No room in the inn.
 sin, No do-ing His pleas-ure, No room in the inn.



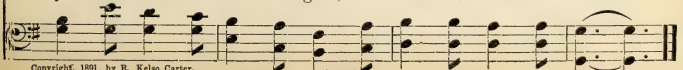
CHORUS.



No room, no room for Je-sus!" Oh, give Him wel-come free, Lest

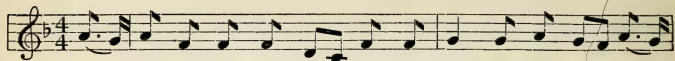
*rit.*

you should hear at heav-en's gate, There is no room for thee.

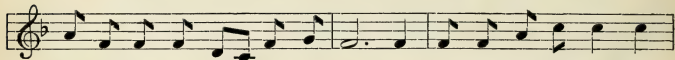


166. What Wondrous Love is This.

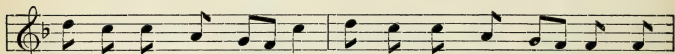
Altered and enlarged by R. K. C.



1. What won-drous love is this, O my soul, O my soul! What
 2. When I was sink-ing down, O my soul, O my soul! When
 3. He led me first to see What I was, O my soul! He



wondrous love is this, O my soul! What wondrous love is this, That
 I was sink-ing down, O my soul! When I was sink-ing down, Be-
 led me first to see What I was; He led me first to see My



caused the Lord of bliss To send this pre-cious peace To my
 neath God's right-eous frown, Christ laid a-side His crown For my
 sin and mis-er-y, And then He set me free; Bless His



soul, to my soul, To send this pre-cious peace To my soul.
 soul, for my soul, Christ laid a-side His crown For my soul.
 name, O my soul! And then He set me free, O my soul!

4 He keeps me day by day,
 O my soul, O my soul!
 He keeps me day by day,
 O my soul!
 I'm living at His side,
 Beneath the crimson tide,
 And Jesus crucified
 Keeps my soul, keeps my soul,
 And Jesus crucified
 Keeps my soul.

5 And when to Jordan's flood
 We have come, O my soul!
 And when to Jordan's flood
 We have come;
 Jehovah rules the tide,
 The water He'll divide,
 And welcome home His Bride;
 Praise the Lord, O my soul!
 And welcome home His Bride,
 O my soul!

6 There we shall meet again
 Those we love, O my soul!
 There we shall meet again
 Those we love;
 The meeting will be sweet,
 At the dear Redeemer's feet;
 Our joy shall be complete,
 O my soul, O my soul!
 Our joy shall be complete,
 O my soul!

7 Then with the ransomed throng,
 O my soul, O my soul!
 Then with the ransomed throng,
 O my soul!
 Then with the ransomed throng,
 Redeemed through ages long,
 We'll sing the new, new song,
 Praise the Lord, O my soul!
 We'll sing the new, new song,
 O my soul!

Glory to His Name.

"I will glorify thy name forever more."

Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN.

Rev: J. H. STOCKTON.

1. Down at the cross where my Sav-iour died, Down where for cleansing from
 2. I am so won-drous - ly sav'd from sin, Je - sus so sweet - ly a -
 3. Oh, precious fountain, that saves from sin, I am so glad I have
 4. Come to this fount-ain, so rich and sweet; Cast thy poor soul at the

sin I cried; There to my heart was the blood ap-plied; Glo - ry to His
 bides with - in; There at the cross where He took me in; Glo - ry to His
 en-tered in; There Je-sus saves me and keeps me clean, Glo - ry to His
 Sav-iour's feet; Plunge in to - day, and be made complete; Glo - ry to His

D.S. There to my heart was the blood ap - plied; Glo - ry to His

FINE. CHORUS. D.S.

name. Glo - ry to His name, Glo - ry to His name.

By permission.

Music on opposite page.

168. I Left It All with Jesus.

1 Oh, I left it all with Jesus, long ago,
 long ago,
 My sinfulness I brought Him and my woe;
 And when by faith I saw Him on the tree,
 And heard His still 'small whisper, "T is
 for thee," [away,
 From my weary heart the burden roll'd
 And now I'm singing glory, happy day.

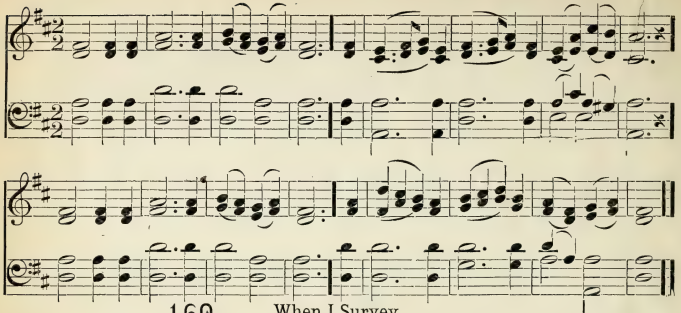
2 Oh, I leave it all with Jesus, for He
 knows [woes,
 Just how to take the bitter from life's
 And how to gild the tear-drop with His
 smile,

To make the desert garden bloom awhile;
 Then, with all my weakness, leaning on
 His might,
 My soul sings hallelujah, all is light.

3 Oh, I leave it all with Jesus, day by day,
 My faith can firmly trust Him, come what
 may, [her rest,
 For hope has dropp'd her anchor, found
 Within the calm sure haven of His breast;
 And oh! 'tis joy of heaven to abide
 Close to my dear Redeemer, at His side.

Eucharist. L. M.

ISAAC BAKER WOODBURY.



169. When I Survey.

1 When I survey the wondrous cross
On which the Prince of Glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.

2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
Save in the death of Christ, my God;
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to His blood.

3 See, from His head, His hands His feet
Sorrow and love flow mingled down;
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

4 Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small;
Love so amazing so divine,
Demands my soul my life my all.

S. WATTS.

Aven. C. M.

HUGH WILSON.



170. Forever Here

1 Forever here my rest shall be,
Close to Thy bleeding side;
This all my hope and all my plea,
For me the Saviour died.

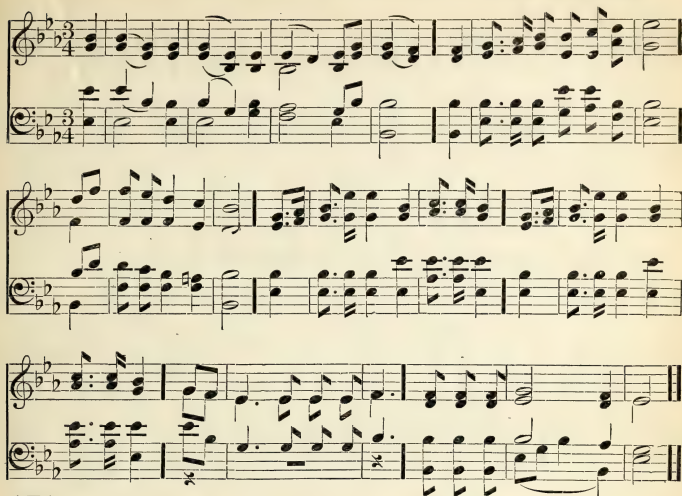
2 My dying Saviour and my God,
Fountain for guilt and sin,
Sprinkle me ever with Thy Blood,
And cleanse and keep me clean.

3 Wash me and make me thus Thine own;
Wash me and mine Thou art;
Wash me, but not my feet alone,—
My hands, my head, my heart.

4 Th' atonement of Thy blood apply,
Till faith to sight improve;
Till hope in full fruition die,
And all my soul be love.

Ariel. C. P. M.

Arr. from MOZART by LOWEL MASON, 1836.



171.

Tune, Ariel.

- 1 To endless ages let us praise [win
The precious Blood, whose price could
The world from wrath and sin;
Whose streams our inward thirst appease,
And heal the sinner's worse disease,
If he but bathe therein.
- 2 Oh, wondrous-Blood, that can implore
Pardon of God, and can restore
The heaven, sin had lost;
While Abel's blood for vengeance pleads,
The blood of Jesus intercedes
For those who wrong Him most.
- 3 Ah! there is joy amid the saints,
And hell's despairing courage faints
When this sweet song we raise;
Oh, louder then, and louder still,
Earth with one mighty chorus fill,
The precious Blood to praise.

FREDERICK FABER.

There's a kindness in His justice
Which is more than liberty.

CHO.— He is calling "Come to me!"
Lord, I'll gladly haste to Thee.

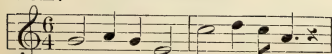
- 2 There is welcome for the sinner,
And more graces for the good;
There is mercy with the Saviour,
There is healing in His blood.
- 3 For the love of God is broader
Than the measure of man's mind,
And the heart of the Eternal
Is most wonderfully kind.
- 4 If our love were but more simple,
We should take Him at His word;
And our lives would be all sunshine
In the sweetness of our Lord.
- 5 There is plentiful redemption,
In the blood that has been shed;
There is joy for all the members,
In the sorrows of the head.

- 6 Pining souls come nearer Jesus;
And, oh come not doubting thus;
But with faith that trusts more bravely,
His vast tenderness for us.

FREDERICK FABER.

172.

He is Calling.



- 1 There's a wideness in God's mercy
Like the wideness of the sea;

H. H. B.

Commandant HERBERT BOOTH.

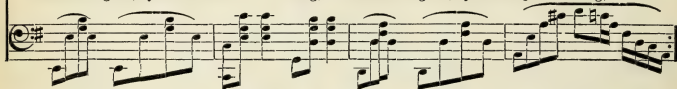
Andante con espress.

DUET.

1. Say - iour, hear me, while before Thy feet I the record of my sins re-peat,
 Canst Thou still in mer - cy think of me, Stoop to set my shackled spir - it free,



Stain'd with guilt, my-self ab - hor - ring, Filled with grief, my soul outpour - ing,

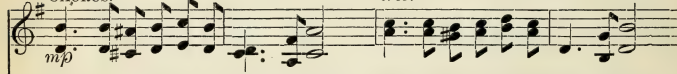


Raise my sinking heart, and bid me be Thy child once more!

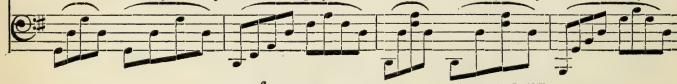
once more!



CHORUS.

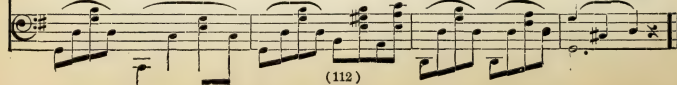
cres.

Grace there is my ev'-ry debt to pay, Blood to wash my ev'-ry sin a-way,



Pow'r to keep me sin-less day by day, For me, for me!

for me!



The Shepherd of the Sheep.

R. K. C.

R. KELSO CARTER.

0. The Shep-herd of the sheep came down On rap-id wings of love;
 2. Thro' night and storm He sought His sheep, The rag-ing torrents cross'd;
 3. Where lightnings glare, and thun-ders roll, Thro' heav-en's vault-ed dome;
 4. Then give the winds a might-y voice, The gos-pel call to sound;

He laid a-side His king-ly crown His wondrous love to prove.
 He climbed the moun-tain's rock-y steep To seek and save the lost.
 The voice of Je-sus reached my soul, He bore me safe-ly home.
 For an-gels round the throne re-joice, Be-cause the lost is found.

CHORUS.

Hear Him call-ing! loudly call-ing! How it echoes from the mountain's rocky steep;
 call-ing! call-ing!

poco rit.

Hear Him call-ing! sweetly call-ing! 'T is the Shepherd, 't is the Shepherd of the sheep.

Copyright, 1890, by R. Kelso Carter.

Concluded from opposite page.

2 Back with all the guilt my spirit bears,
 Past the haunting memories of years,
 Self and shame and fear despising,
 Foes and taunting fiends surprising;
 Saviour, to Thy Cross I press my way,
 And a broken heart before it lay;
 Ere I leave, oh, let me hear Thee say,
 It shall be Thine!

3 Yet why should I fear, hast Thou not
 died
 That no seeking soul should be denied?
 To that heart its sins confessing,
 Canst Thou fail to give a blessing?

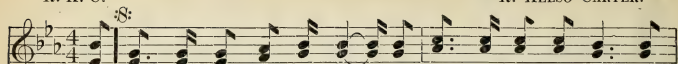
By the love and pity Thou hast shown,
 By the blood that did for me atone,
 Boldly will I kneel before Thy throne,
 A pleading soul.

4 All the rivers of Thy grace I claim,
 Over ev'ry promise write my name;
 As I am I come believing,
 As Thou art Thou dost, receiving,
 Bid me rise a freed and pardoned slave;
 Master o'er my sin, the world, the grave,
 Charging me to preach Thy power to save
 To sin-bound souls.

R. K. C.


R. KELSO CARTER.

8:



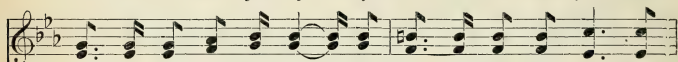
1. Oh, lis - ten to the sto - ry! So old, and yet so new, The
 2. In ac - cents soft and win - ning, He tells us of a plan To
 3. His words in us in - spire His own e - ter - nal life; He

D.S. Lis - ten to the sto - ry, And tell it far and wide, Of



pearl - y gates of glo - ry Have let a Sav - iour through; Down
 save, and, keep from sin - ning, A lost and help - less man; No
 sends con - sum - ing fire To purge a - way all strife; He

Je - sus and His glo - ry, Of Je - sus cru - ci - fied. With



from His throne de - scend - ing, The Son of God has come, Our
 hu - man aid em - ploys. He treads the press a - lone; The
 brings the won - drous sto - ry, To Him who God a - dores; From

ho - ly cour - age burn - ing, And gird - ed for the fight, Look

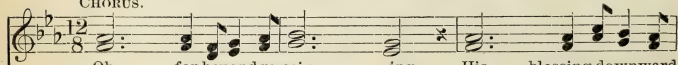
FINE.



help - less cause de - fend - ing, To save and take us home.
 car - nal mind de - stroys, And melts the heart of stone.
 glo - ry un - to glo - ry, His im - age He re - stores.

for the Lord's re - turn - ing, Thine ev - er - last - ing Light.

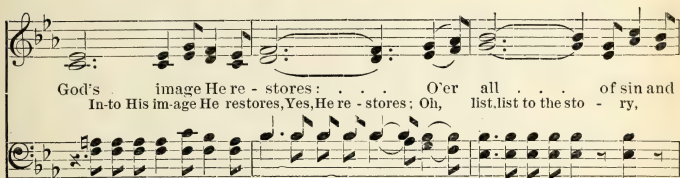
CHORUS.



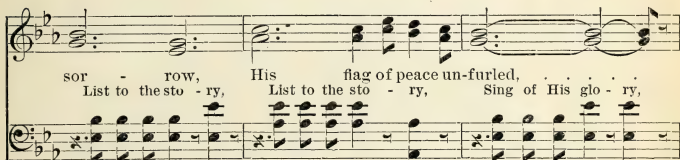
Oh, far beyond re - ceiv - ing, His blessing downward
 List to the sto - ry! List to the sto - ry! Sing of His glo - ry.



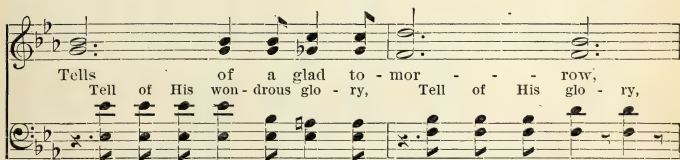
pours; Our fearful loss re-triev - ing,
Sing of His glo - ry, List to the sto - ry! Sing of His glo - ry!



God's image He re - stores: . . . O'er all . . . of sin and
In-to His im-age He restores, Yes, He re - stores; Oh, list, list to the sto - ry,



sor - row, His flag of peace un-furled,
List to the sto - ry, List to the sto - ry, Sing of His glo - ry,



Tells Tell of His of a glad to - mor - row,
Tell of His won - drous glo - ry, Tell of His glo - ry,



When Christ shall rule the world; Oh,
When our Lord shall rule the world, Our Lord shall rule the world;

ritard. *D.S.*

R. K. C.

R. KELSO CARTER.

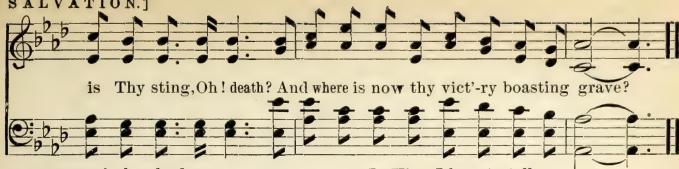
1. Tho' swell-ing storms pre-vail, And might-y doubts as-sail, While
 2. He bore my sins and pain; In Him, I may ob-tain, The
 3. When ev-ery hope shall fade, And in the dust be laid Each
 4. When Je-sus died for me, He purchased vic-to-ry O'er

hell's dark legions sweep around my way; In spite of ev-ery fear I'll
 bless-ings that the pure in heart en-joy; The cleansing in the blood, The
 plan and pur-pose that I hold so dear; An-oth-er rest I find, A
 ev-ery foe in all the dead-ly strife. Forth from the burst-ing grave The

read my ti-tle clear, And con-quer tho' I die in blood-y fray.
 dai-ly walk with God, The perfect peace, and rest without al-loy.
 calm and peace-ful mind, And perfect love, that casteth out all fear.
 Mighty comes to save, He comes to bring me ev-er-last-ing life.

CHORUS.

I'll con-quer the foe, For sure-ly I know that Je-sus is
 a-ble to save. Hal-le-lu-jah! I'll shout with ransom'd breath, Where



is Thy sting, Oh! death? And where is now thy vict'-ry boasting grave?

5 He comes in lovely dress
Of perfect righteousness,
To clothe me in the garments of the King;
That, free from sin and death,
I may with ransomed breath,
Hosannah in the highest, shout and sing.

6 Then, though the day be long,
I'll sing the battle-song,
That Jesus is a Victor in the fight;

In Him, I love to tell,
I conquer death and hell;
I live by faith, and walk no more by sight.

7 Oh! let the heavens ring,
And every creature sing,
Salvation now, and Righteousness is He;
On earth and heaven's shore
I'll praise Him evermore;
He's Wisdom and Redemption now to me.

No. 177. God Loved the World of Sinners Lost.

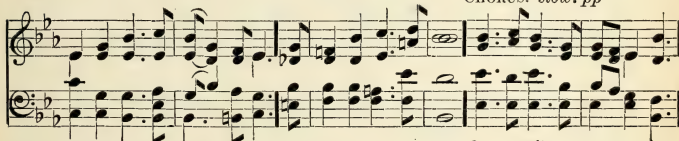
MRS. STOCKTON.

W. G. FISCHER, by per.



Moderato.

CHORUS. *slow. pp*



1 God loved the world of sinners lost
And ruined by the fall;
Salvation full, at highest cost,
He offers free to all.

CHORUS.

Oh, 't was love, 't was wondrous love!
The love of God to me;
It brought my Saviour from above,
To die on Calvary.

2 E'en now by faith I claim Him mine,
The risen Son of God;
Redemption by His death I find,
And cleansing through the blood.

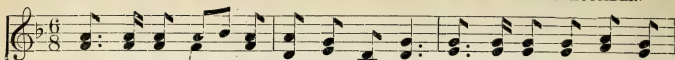
3 Love brings the glorious fulness in,
And to His saints makes known
The blessed rest from inbred sin,
Through faith in Christ alone.

4 Believing souls, rejoicing go;
There shall to you be given
A glorious foretaste, here below,
Of endless life in heaven.

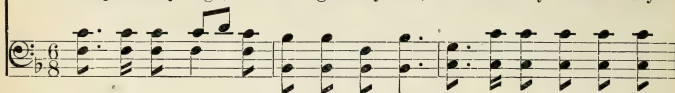
5 Of victory now o'er Satan's power
Let all the ransomed sing;
And triumph in their every hour,
Through Christ the Lord, our King.

W. M.

W. MACOMBER.



1. Safe is my ref - uge, sweet is my rest, Ill can not harm me, nor
 2. Press-ing my tear-stained cheek to His own, Hush-ing my grief with His
 3. Tempests may rage, sin's sur - ges may beat, Ne'er can they reach my



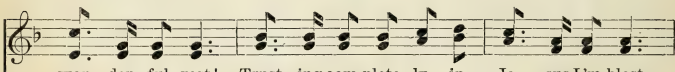
foes e'er mo-lest; Je - sus my spir-it so ten-der - ly calms,
 sweet gen-tle tone; Touch-ing my heart with His heal - ing balms,
 sheltered re-treat; Free from all dan-ger, from dread a - larms,



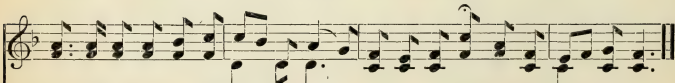
CHORUS.



Hold-ing me close in His might-y arms. Oh! what won-der - ful,
 Hold-ing me still in His might-y arms.
 Rest-ing so safe in His might-y arms.



won - der - ful rest! Trust - ing com-plete - ly in Je - sus I'm blest;

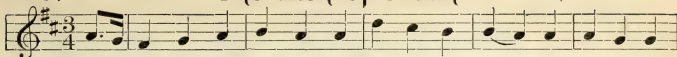


Sweetly He comforts and shields from a-larms, Holding me safe in His mighty arms.

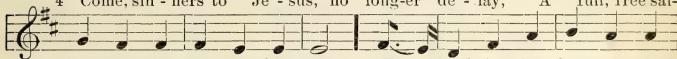


179.

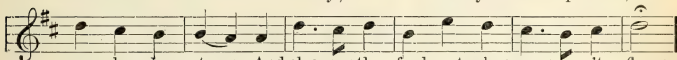
The Lion of Judah.



1. 'T was Je - sus, my Sav-iour who died on the tree, To o - pen a
 2. And when I was will - ing with all things to part, He gave me my
 3. And when with the ransom'd by Je - sus my head, From fountain to
 4. Come, sin - ners' to Je - sus, no long-er de - lay, A full, free sal-



fount-ain for sin - ners like me; His blood is that fount-ain which
 bount-y, His love in my heart; So now I am join'd with the
 fount-ain, I then shall be led; I'll fall at His feet and His
 va - tion He of - fers to - day; A - rouse your dark spir - its, a -



par - don be - stows, And cleanses the foul - est where - ev - er it flows.
 con-quer-ing band, Who are marching to glo - ry at Je - sus' com-mand.
 mer - cy a - dore, And sing of the blood of the cross ev - er - more.
 wake from your dream, And Christ will support you in com-ing to Him.

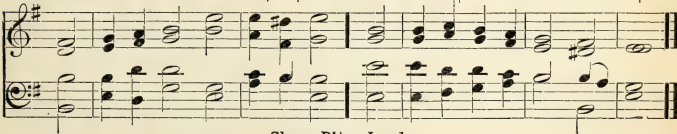
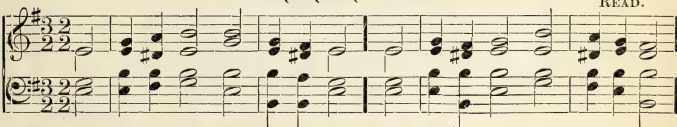
CHORUS.



For the Lion of Judah shall break ev'ry chain, And give us the vict'ry again and again.

Windham. L. M.

READ.



180.

Show Pity, Lord.

1 Show pity, Lord, O Lord, for-give;
 Let a repenting rebel live;
 Are not Thy mercies large and free?
 May not a sinner trust in Thee?

2 My crimes are great, but don't surpass
 The power and glory of Thy grace!
 Great God, Thy nature hath no bound,
 So let Thy parting love be found.

3 O wash my soul from ev'ry sin,
 And make my guilty conscience clean;
 Here on my heart the burden lies,
 And past offences pain my eyes.

4 My lips with shame my sins confess,
 Against Thy law, against Thy grace!

Lord, should Thy judgments grow severe,
 I am condemned, but Thou art clear.

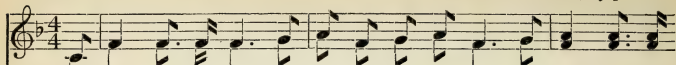
5 Should sudden vengeance seize my
 breath,

I must pronounce Thee just, in death;
 And if my soul were sent to hell,
 Thy righteous law approves it well.

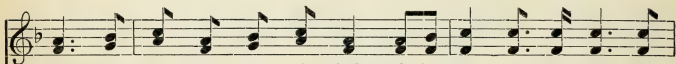
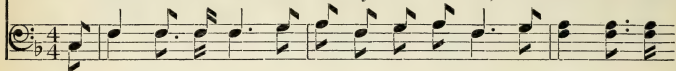
6 Yet save a trembling sinner, Lord,
 Whose hope, still hov'ring round Thy
 word, [there, —
 Would light on some sweet promise
 Some sure support against despair.

R. K. C.

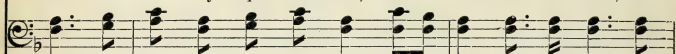
R. KELSO CARTER, by per.



1. Oh! come to the cross where Je - sus bled and died, Oh! come to the
 2. He's a - ble to save from all the guilt of sin, He's a - ble to
 3. He's will - ing to save, to seek and save the lost, He's will - ing to
 4. He does save me now from ev - 'ry act of sin, He does save me



cross where He was cru - ci - fied; Oh! come to the cross, 'tis
 save from all that's born with - in; He's a - ble to save by
 save the Christ - ian, tem - pest-tossed; He's will - ing to save, so
 now from ev - 'ry spot with - in; He does save me now, He



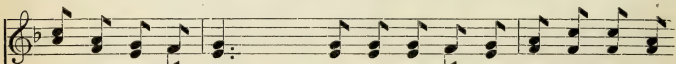
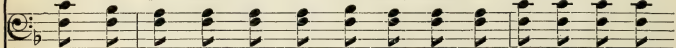
finished there, He cried! For the blood of Je - sus cleanseth us from all sin.
 sim - ple faith in Him, For the blood of Je - sus cleanseth us from all sin.
 free - ly with - out cost, For the blood of Je - sus cleanseth us from all sin.
 makes and keeps me clean, For the blood of Je - sus cleanseth me from all sin.



REFRAIN.

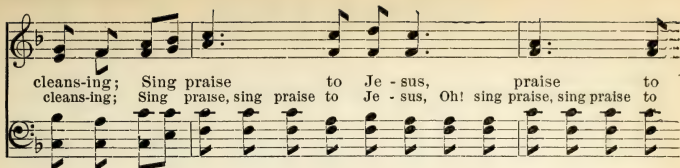


There is balm precious balm in Gi - lead, balm heal - ing balm in
 There is pre - cious balm in Gi - lead, there is heal - ing balm in



Gi - lead, There is balm per - fect balm in Gi - lead for the soul that need - eth
 Gi - lead, There is per - fect balm in Gi - lead for the soul that need - eth





cleans-ing; Sing praise to Je - sus, praise to
cleans-ing; Sing praise, sing praise to Je - sus, Oh! sing praise, sing praise to



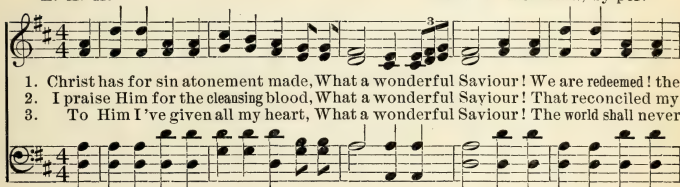
Je - sus, Sing praise to Je - sus, Oh! glo - ry to His name.
Je - sus, Sing praise, sing praise to Je - sus, Oh! glo - ry to His name.

182.

Wonderful Saviour.

E. A. H.

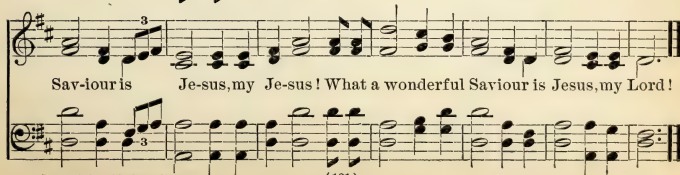
ELISHA A. HOFFMAN, by per.



1. Christ has for sin atonement made, What a wonderful Saviour! We are redeemed! the
2. I praise Him for the cleansing blood, What a wonderful Saviour! That reconciled my
3. To Him I've given all my heart, What a wonderful Saviour! The world shall never



CHORUS.
price is paid! What a won - der - ful Sav - iour! What a won - der - ful
soul to God; What a won - der - ful Sav - iour!
share a part; What a won - der - ful Sav - iour!



Sav-iour is Je-sus, my Je-sus! What a wonderful Saviour is Jesus, my Lord!

183.

A Present Saviour.

A. FRANCIS.

F. A. BLACKMER, by per.

1. I have found a great sal - va - tion, It is won-drous and sub-lime;
 2. And His grace has me en - a - bled "Ev - 'ry weight to lay a - side;"
 3. And in per - fect peace He keeps me, As in Je - sus I a - bide;
 4. Yes, He saves me, hal - le - lu - jah, Saves me sweet - ly, saves me now;

I have found a bless - ed Sav-iour, And He saves me all the time.
 Strength to run the race with pa-tience," Day by day does He pro-vide.
 "Peace which pass-eth un-der-stand-ing," As a riv - er deep and wide.
 Bless - ed Je - sus, on - ly Sav-iour, At His feet I glad - ly bow.

CHORUS.

Oh, He is a pres - ent Sav-iour, And His grace is full and free;

Now I feel His bless - ed fa - vor, And He saves me, e - ven me.

Copyright, 1891, by F. A. Blackmer.

184. The Child of a King.

Key E-flat.

1 My Father is rich in houses and lands,
 He holdeth the wealth of the world in His
 hands!
 Of rubies and diamonds, of silver and gold:
 His coffers are full, He has riches untold.

REFRAIN.

I'm the child of a King,
 The child of a King,
 With Jesus my Saviour,
 I'm the child of a King.

2 My Father's own Son, the Saviour of
 men!
 Once wandered on earth as the poorest of

But now He is reigning forever on High,
 And will give us a home in the sweet by
 and by.

3 I once was an outcast, stranger on earth,
 A sinner by choice and an "alien" by
 birth,

[ten down:
 But I've been "adopted," my name's writ-
 An heir to a mansion, a robe and a crown.

4 A tent or a cottage, why should I care?
 They're building a palace for me over
 there!

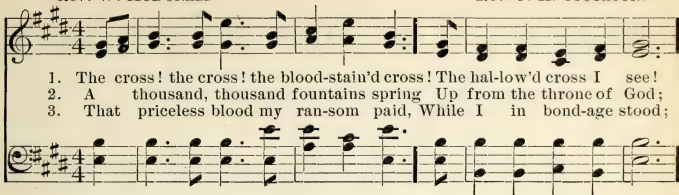
[sing:
 Though exiled from home, yet, still I may
 All glory to God, I'm the child of a King,

HATTIE E. BUELL.

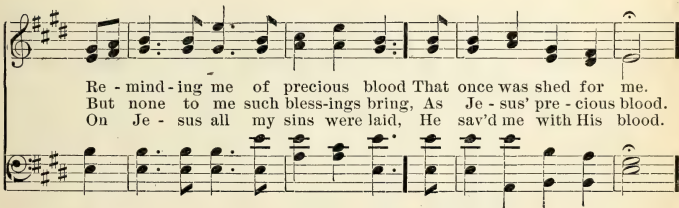
The Precious Blood.

Words, except 1st verse, by
Rev. W. McDONALD.

Music and chorus by
Rev. J. H. STOCKTON.

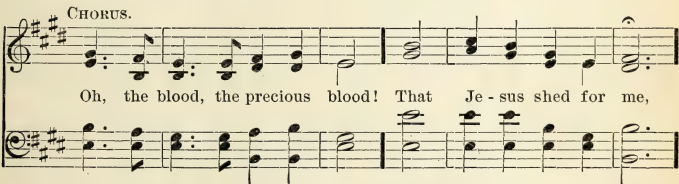


1. The cross! the cross! the blood-stain'd cross! The hal-low'd cross I see!
2. A thousand, thousand fountains spring Up from the throne of God;
3. That priceless blood my ran-som paid, While I in bond-age stood;

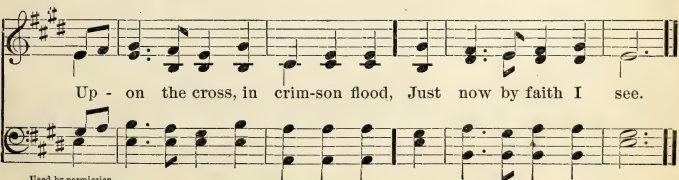


Re - mind - ing me of precious blood That once was shed for me.
But none to me such bless - ings bring, As Je - sus' pre - cious blood.
On Je - sus all my sins were laid, He sav'd me with His blood.

CHORUS.



Oh, the blood, the precious blood! That Je - sus shed for me,



Up - on the cross, in crim-son flood, Just now by faith I see.

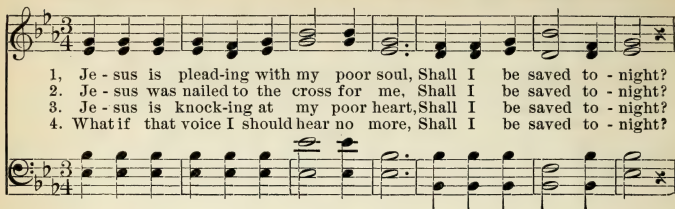
Used by permission.

4 By faith that blood now sweeps away
My sins, as like a flood;
Nor lets one guilty blemish stay:
All praise to Jesus' blood.—CHO.

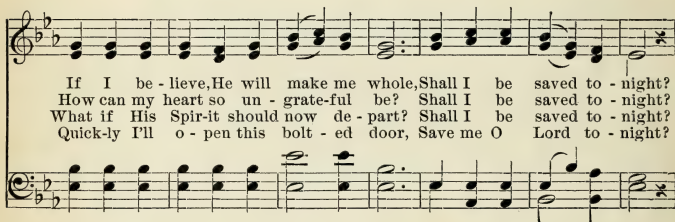
5 This wondrous theme will best employ
My harp before my God,
And make all heaven resound with joy,
For Jesus' cleansing blood.—CHO.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

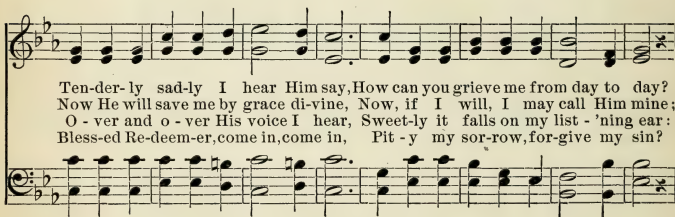
MRS. M. BLISS WILSON, by per.



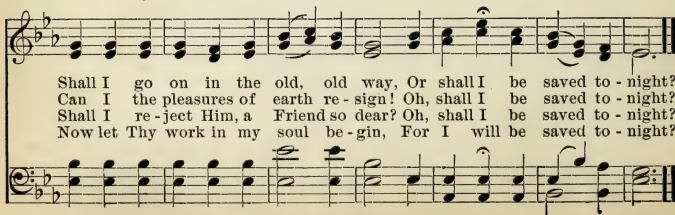
1. Je - sus is plead-ing with my poor soul, Shall I be saved to - night?
 2. Je - sus was nailed to the cross for me, Shall I be saved to - night?
 3. Je - sus is knock-ing at my poor heart, Shall I be saved to - night?
 4. What if that voice I should hear no more, Shall I be saved to - night?



If I be - lieve, He will make me whole, Shall I be saved to - night?
 How can my heart so un - grate-ful be? Shall I be saved to - night?
 What if His Spir-it should now de - part? Shall I be saved to - night?
 Quick-ly I'll o - pen this bolt - ed door, Save me O Lord to - night?



Ten-der-ly sad-ly I hear Him say, How can you grieve me from day to day?
 Now He will save me by grace di-vine, Now, if I will, I may call Him mine;
 O - ver and o - ver His voice I hear, Sweet-ly it falls on my list - 'ning ear:
 Bless-ed Re-deem-er, come in, come in, Pit - y my sor-row, for-give my sin?

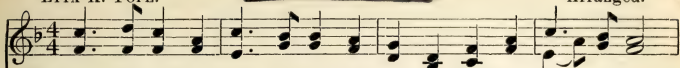


Shall I go on in the old, old way, Or shall I be saved to - night?
 Can I the pleasures of earth re - sign! Oh, shall I be saved to - night?
 Shall I re-ject Him, a Friend so dear? Oh, shall I be saved to - night?
 Now let Thy work in my soul be-gin, For I will be saved to - night?

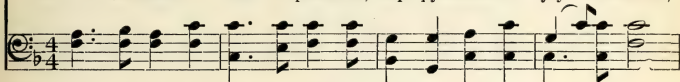
Stop and Think.

ETTA K. POPE.

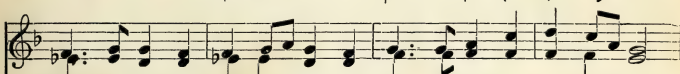
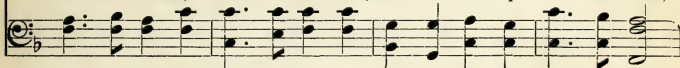
Arranged.



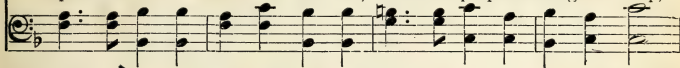
1. All the world is rush - ing on - ward In a might - y ebb - ing tide,
 2. A - ged one whose feet are pas - sing With un - stead - y steps and slow,
 3. Stop and think, oh, anx - ious schol - ar, Toil - ing up the path - way steep,
 4. Ye who seek in halls of pleas - ure, Hap - py hours of joy and mirth;



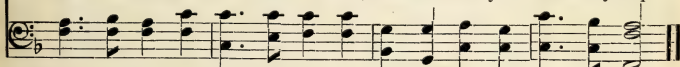
And the streams of pain and pleasure, Min - gle in one cur - rent wide.
 Down the years of life's de - clin - ing, To a home of peace or woe.
 Of the rug - ged hill of sci - ence, 'Mid the storms that round you sweep.
 Think how Christ, the man of sor - rows, When He lived up - on the earth,



While a still small voice is call - ing To each soul up - on the brink,
 Have you laid up pre - cious treasure, In the land be - yond the blue?
 As you with such ea - ger thirst - ing, From the springs of knowledge drink;
 Spent His life in toil for oth - ers; Then with purpose strong and deep,



'Tis the gen - tle Ho - ly Spir - it, Soft - ly say - ing, "Stop and think."
 Will you find a hap - py wel - come Bye and bye a - wait - ing you?
 At the well of Liv - ing Wa - ters, Pause a mo - ment there and think.
 Seek to win the lost for Je - sus, Har - vest that your hands may reap.



5 When the pale and dreaded Phantom
 Beckons from the other shore,
 And he comes and stands beside you,
 Ready to convey you o'er;
 As you take his hand in stepping
 O'er the dark and chilling brink,
 In that hour, oh, dear unsaved one,
 There's no time to stop and think.

6 What are human skill and culture,
 Wealth and fame, or great renown,
 To one ransomed soul for Jesus,
 One bright jewel for His crown?
 Let me ask you, saint and sinner,
 As we breathe a silent prayer,
 "Shall we meet beyond the river?
 Shall we meet each other there?"

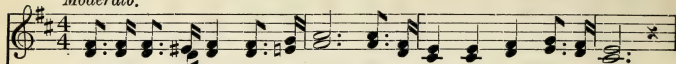
Blessed be the Fountain.

[SALVATION.]

E. R. LATTA.

Wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow. PSALM li: 7.

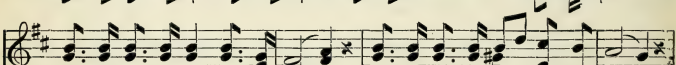
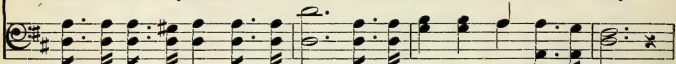
H. S. PERKINS.

Moderato.

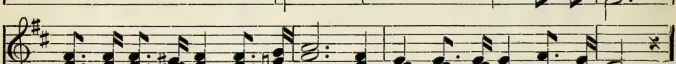
1. Bless-ed be the Fountain of blood, To a world of sin-ners revealed;
2. Thorn-y was the crown that He wore, And the cross His bod - y o'er-came;
- 3 Fa - ther, I have wandered from Thee, Oft-en has my heart gone a-stray;



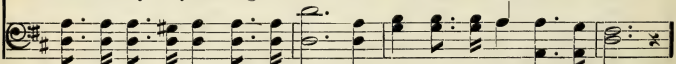
Bless-ed be the dear Son of God: On - ly by His stripes we are healed.
 Grievous were the sor-rows He bore, But He suf-fered not thus in vain.
 Crim-son do my sins seem to me — Wa-ter can - not wash them a - way.



Tho' I've wandered far from His fold, Bringing to my heart pain and woe
 May I to that Fountain be led, Made to cleanse my sins here be - low!
 Je - sus, to that Fountain of Thine, Lean-ing on Thy promise, I go;



Wash me in the blood of the Lamb, And I shall be whit-er than snow.
 Wash me in the blood that Heshed, And I shall be whit-er than snow!
 Cleanse me by Thy washing di-vine, And I shall be whit-er than snow!



CHORUS.

Whit - - - ter than the snow! Whit - - - er



Whit-er than the snow! Whit-er than the snow! Whit-er than the snow!



SALVATION.]

than the snow

whit-er than the snow! Wash me in the blood of the
Lamb, And I shall be whit-er than snow! . . .
rit.

Lamb, of the Lamb, And I shall be whit-er than snow, than snow!
snow!

189. The Blood is All My Plea.

REV. F. C. BAKER.

E. F. MILLER.

SOLO.

1. I knew that God in His Word had spoken, The pow'r of sin can all be broken, The
2. Must I go on in sin and sorrow, To-day in sunshine, clouds to-morrow?
3. With anguish wrung, I cried, "My Lord, Is there not pow'r in Je-sus' blood To
heart held cap-tive yet be free. Lord, is this bless-ing not for me?
First I'm sin-nig, then re-pent-ing, Now I'm stub-born, then re-lent-ing.
make in me a per-fect cure? To cleanse my heart and keep it pure?
CHORUS.

The blood, the blood is all my plea, Hal-le-lu-jah! it
cleans-eth me; The blood, the blood is all my plea, Hal-le-lu-jah! it cleanseth me.

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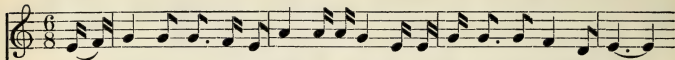
4 Oh, yes, my love will take you in,
The blood will cleanse you from all sin,
Will wash away your guilty stains,
And cleanse, till not one spot remains.

5 And there I stand this very hour,
Kept by Almighty keeping pow'r,
Temptations come, the blood's my plea,
The precious blood now cleanses me.

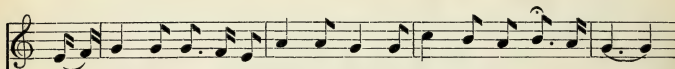
190. When the Cleansing Tide Comes In.

W. M.

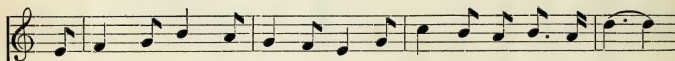
W. MACOMBER.



1. I stood in fan-cy one day at the gate Of the city with golden street,
 2. My soul was bur-dened with years misspent, My heart was stubborn and hard,
 3. Thou too, O lost one shall stand at the gate Of the city with mansions fair,



I longed to en-ter its man-sions fair, My friends and lov'd ones to meet;
 But love so great touched a ten-der chord, And for Christ the door I unbarred;
 Thy sin un-par-doned with awful weight, Will plunge thy soul in de-spair;



None en-ter here a sweet voice said, Whose hearts are stain-ed with sin,
 He filled me with such won-drous peace, And ban-ish-ed guilt and sin,
 Oh, heed the Spir-it's warn-ing call, And Heav-en's joys thou shalt win,



Go wash in the fountain, thy robes make clean, And then thou shalt enter in.
 I triumph daily and rejoice, Since the cleansing tide came in.
 Swing open wide thy heart's closed door, Let the cleansing tide come in.

CHORUS.

When the cleansing tide comes in, When the cleansing tide comes in,
 Thy soul shall be free from stain of sin, When the cleansing tide comes in.

191.

Full Salvation.

Tune, Greenville, p. 26.

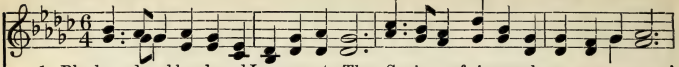
- 1 Full salvation! full salvation!
 Lo, the fountain opened wide,
 Streams thro' ev'ry land and nation
 From the Saviour's wounded side;
 Full salvation!
 Streams an endless crimson tide.
- 2 Oh, the glorious revelation!
 See the cleansing current flow,
 Washing stains of condemnation
 Whiter than the driven snow;
 Full salvation!
 Oh, the rapt'rous bliss to know!
- 3 Love's resistless current sweeping
 All the regions deep, within;
- Thought, and wish, and senses keeping
 Now, and ev'ry instant, clean;
 Full salvation!
 From the guilt and power of sin.
- 4 Life immortal, heaven descending,
 Lo! my heart, the Spirit's Shrine!
 God and man in oneness blending—
 Oh, what fellowship is mine!
 Full salvation!
 Raised in life to Christ divine!
- 5 Care and doubting, gloom and sorrow,
 Fear and shame are mine no more;
 Faith knows naught of dark to-morrow
 For my Saviour goes before;
 Full salvation!
 Full and free for evermore,

192.

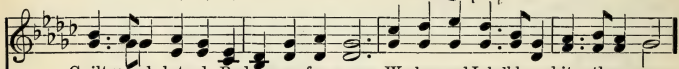
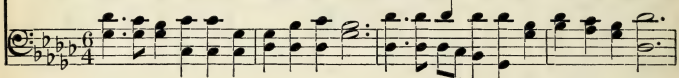
Christ is the Fountain.

NEWMAN HALL, altered.

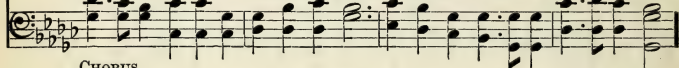
D. B. TOWNER, by per.



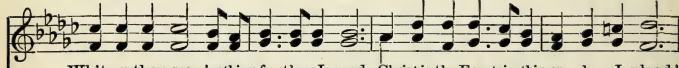
1. Blackened and hardened I come unto Thee, Saviour of sinners, have mercy on me!
2. Though I have labored again and a-gain, All my self-cleansing is utterly vain;
3. Cleanse Thou the tho'ts of my heart I implore. Help me thy light to reflect more and more;
4. Linked with the lov'd ones in glory I am, Washed are their robes in the blood of the Lamb;



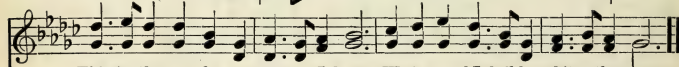
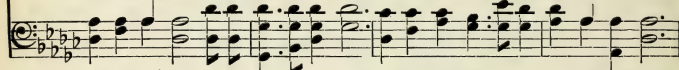
Guilt-y, pol-lut-ed; Redeem-er from woe, Wash me and I shall be whiter than snow.
 Je-sus, Redeemer from sin and from woe, Wash me and I shall be whiter than snow.
 Dai-ly in lov-ing o-bedience to grow, Wash me and I shall be whiter than snow.
 This is the on-ly as-surance I know, Wash me and I shall be whiter than snow.



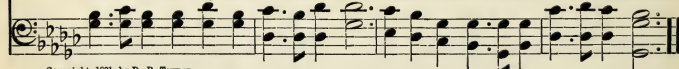
CHORUS.



Whit-er than snow! nothing further I need, Christ is the Fountain, this on-ly I plead!



This is the on-ly as-surance I know, Wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.



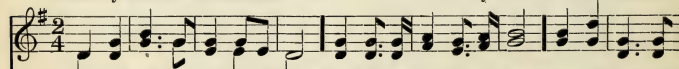
Copyright, 1891, by D. B. Towner.

193.

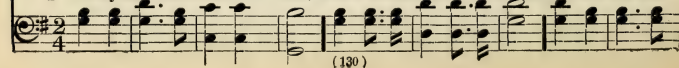
Redeemed and Washed.

Words by Rev. W. McDONALD.

Arr. by Rev. W. McDONALD.



1. Je-sus, Lord, I come to Thee, Wash'd in the blood of the Lamb! Set my longing
2. Speak, and let my heart be clean, Wash'd in the blood of the Lamb! Fully sav'd from
3. Cleans me, wash me white as snow, Wash'd in the blood of the Lamb! Let me all Thy
4. To my heart the bliss re-veal, Wash'd in the blood of the Lamb! Fix on me the



spir- it free, Wash'd in the blood of the Lamd ! I'm redeem'd, redeem'd, Wash'd in the
in - bred sin, Wash'd in the blood of the Lamb !
ful-ness know, Wash'd in the blood of the Lamb !
Spirit's seal, Wash'd in the blood of the Lamb !

blood of the Lamb ! I'm redeem'd, redeem'd, I am wash'd in the blood of the Lamb !

194.

Union. 7s and 6s.

CARL SPITTA, Tr. by R. MASSIE.

R. KELSO CARTER.

1. { I know no life di - vid - ed, O Lord of life from Thee; } I
In Thee is life pro - vid - ed, For all man-kind and me. }

2. { I fear no trib - u - la - tion, Since what-so - e'er it be, } If
It makes no sep - a - ra - tion, Be-tween my Lord and me. }

know no death, O Je - sus, Because I live in Thee; Thy death it is which
Thou, my God and Teach-er, Vouchsafe to be my own, Tho' poor, I shall be

3 If, while on earth I wander,
My heart is light and blest;
Ah, what shall I be yonder,
In perfect peace and rest?
Oh, blessed thought! in dying
We go to meet the Lord,
Where there shall be no sighing,
A kingdom our reward.

frees us From death e-ter-nal-ly.
rich - er Than monarch on his throne.

195. W. M.

He Holds my Hand.

W. MACOMBER.

1. My soul so long weighed down by fear, Has found a promise rich and grand:
 2. Though weak myself; though friends all flee, And might-y foes a-round me band,
 3. Some-times the way, may not be known, And yet I trust this promise grand,
 4. When storms of tri-al o'er me sweep, My soul shall sweetly safe-ly stand;

The Sav-iour speaks in tones of cheer "Fear not, I'll hold thee by thy hand."
 There's wondrous strength that comes to me, While safe-ly held by His dear hand.
 My soul is nev-er left a-lone; For ev-ry hour He holds my hand.
 Tho' hid His face in dark-ness deep, I feel the clasp of His strong hand.

I'm rest-ing now in Je-sus, I've reached the promised land;

rit.
 Where e'er He may lead I can safe-ly fol-low on, For He lov-ing-ly holds my hand.

Copyright, 1891, by H. M. Hall.

196.

Jesus, Save Me.

Tune, "Near the Cross." Key of G.

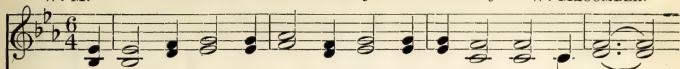
- 1 Jesus, save me through and through,
 Save me from self-mending;
 Self-salvation will not do,
 Come, in love descending.
- CHORUS.
 || : Through and through, : ||
 Jesus, make me holy,
 Save me to the uttermost,
 All the way to glory!
- 2 Through temptations, safe from sin,
 Self and pride subduing,
- 3 Through my thoughts and through my
 Through my flesh and spirit; [heart,
 Save, me Lord, through every part,
 Through Thy saving merit.
- 4 Through Thy light to perfect day,
 Through Thy cleansing fountain,
 Through Thy holy happy way,
 Up Thy holy mountain.

There's Victory for You.

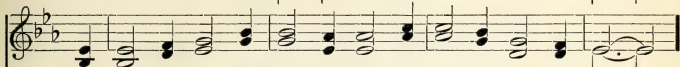
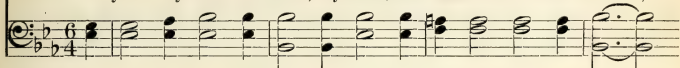
W. M.

"Thanks be unto God who giveth us the victory."

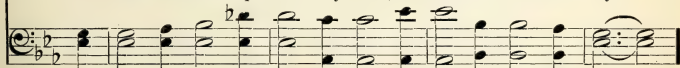
W. MACOMBER.



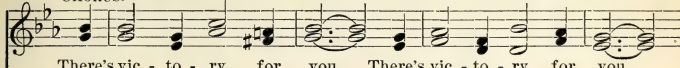
1. O child of God, by sin dis-mayed, Life's conflict pass-ing through,
2. Long hast thou striv'n for freedom's gain, To faith-ful be and true,
3. Give up the past; its sin - ful load Was borne on Cal - va - ry,
4. I yield my will to Thee, my God, From sin-stains cleanse thou me;



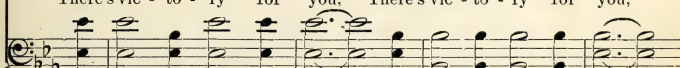
In Him is rest, be not a - fraid, There's vic-to - ry for you.
 But Christ shall break Thy ev - 'ry chain, And vic - t'ry give to you.
 For days to come, just trust the Lord, He'll give you vic - to - ry.
 I rest se - cure up - on Thy word, I have the vic - to - ry.



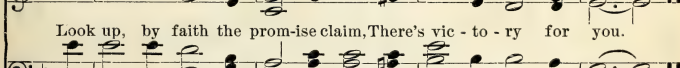
CHORUS.



There's vic - to - ry for you, There's vic - to - ry for you,



Look up, by faith the prom-ise claim, There's vic - to - ry for you.



Copyright, 1891, by H. M. Hall.

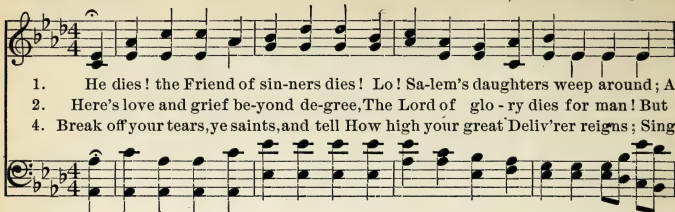
198. Alas! and Did My Saviour Bleed.

Tune, Avon, Key of A flat.

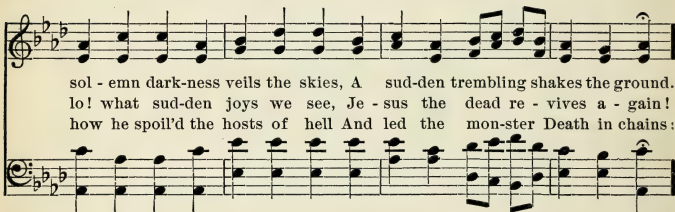
- | | |
|---|---|
| <ol style="list-style-type: none"> 1 Alas! and did my Saviour bleed,
And did my sov'reign die?
Would He devote that sacred head
For such a worm as I? 2 Was it for crimes that I have done,
He groan'd upon the tree?
Amazing pity! grace unknown!
And love beyond degree! 3 Well might the sun in darkness hide,
And shut His glories in, | <ol style="list-style-type: none"> When Christ, the mighty Maker died,
For man, the creature's sin. 4 Thus might I hide my blushing face
While His dear cross appears;
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness.
And melt mine eyes to tears. 5 But drops of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe:
Here, Lord, I give myself away,—
'Tis all that I can do. |
|---|---|

ISAAC WATTS.

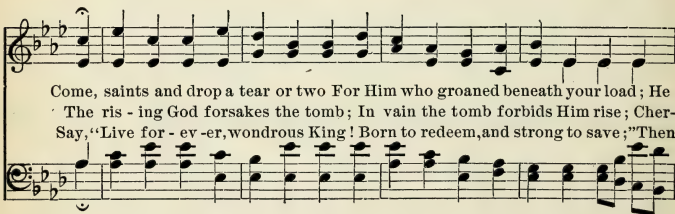
Tune, DUANE STREET.



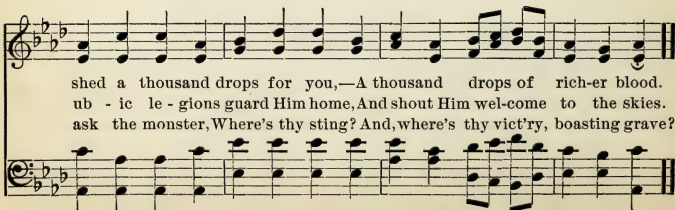
1. He dies! the Friend of sin-ners dies! Lo! Sa-lem's daughters weep around; A
 2. Here's love and grief be-yond de-gree, The Lord of glo-ry dies for man! But
 4. Break off your tears, ye saints, and tell How high your great Deliv'rer reigns; Sing



sol - emn dark-ness veils the skies, A sud-den trembling shakes the ground.
 lo! what sud-den joys we see, Je - sus the dead re - vives a - gain!
 how he spoil'd the hosts of hell And led the mon-ster Death in chains:



Come, saints and drop a tear or two For Him who groaned beneath your load; He
 The ris - ing God forsakes the tomb; In vain the tomb forbids Him rise; Cher-
 Say, "Live for - ev - er, wondrous King! Born to redeem, and strong to save;" Then



shed a thousand drops for you,—A thousand drops of rich-er blood.
 ub - ic le - gions guard Him home, And shout Him wel-come to the skies.
 ask the monster, Where's thy sting? And, where's thy vict'ry, boasting grave?

The Way of the Cross.

E. W. BLANDY.

Arr. by Rev. J. S. NORRIS and R. K. CARTER.

Slow.

1. I can hear my Sav - iour call - ing, I can hear my Sav - iour
 2. I'll go with Him thro' the gar - den, I'll go with Him thro' the
 3. I'll go with Him thro' the judg - ment, I'll go with Him thro' the
 4. He will give me grace and glo - ry, He will give me grace and

call - ing, I can hear my Sav - iour call - ing, "Take thy
 gar - den, I'll go with Him thro' the gar - den, I'll go
 judg - ment, I'll go with Him thro' the judg - ment, I'll go
 glo - ry, He will give me grace and glo - ry, And go

CHORUS.

cross and fol - low, fol - low me." Where He leads me I will
 with Him—With Him all the way.
 with Him With Him all the way.
 with me—With me all the way.

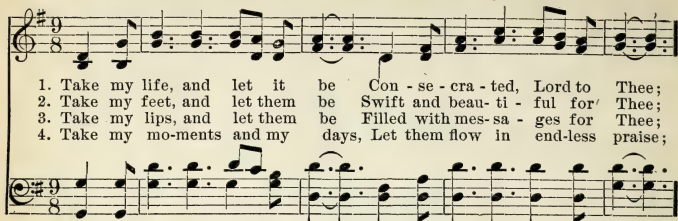
fol - low, Where He leads me I will fol - low, Where He

leads me I will fol - low; I'll go with Him, with Him, all the way.

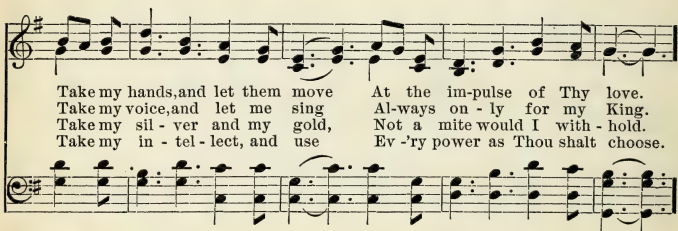
201. Take my Life, and Let it Be.

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL.
Chorus by R. K. C.

Old English, arr.
Cho. by R. KELSO CARTER.



1. Take my life, and let it be Con - se - cra - ted, Lord to Thee;
2. Take my feet, and let them be Swift and beau - ti - ful for Thee;
3. Take my lips, and let them be Filled with mes - sa - ges for Thee;
4. Take my mo - ments and my days, Let them flow in end - less praise;



Take my hands, and let them move At the im - pulse of Thy love.
Take my voice, and let me sing Al - ways on - ly for my King.
Take my sil - ver and my gold, Not a mite would I with - hold.
Take my in - tel - lect, and use Ev - 'ry power as Thou shalt choose.

CHORUS.



Take my spir - it, bod - y, soul, Touch me, Lord, and make me whole;



Here I am, hence - forth to be Con - se - cra - ted, Lord, to Thee!

Copyright, 1880, by R. Kelso Carter. From The Silver Trumpet, by per.

5 Take my will, and make it Thine;
It shall be no longer mine;
Take my heart,—it is Thine own,—
It shall be Thy royal throne.

6 Take my love,—my Lord, I pour
At Thy feet its treasure-store!
Take myself, and I will be
Ever, only, all for Thee!

My Jesus, As Thou Wilt.

Trans. by J. BORTHWICK.

VON WEBER.

1. My Je - sus, as Thou wilt! Oh! may Thy will be mine;
 2. My Je - sus, as Thou wilt! All shall be well for me;

In - to Thy hand of love I would my all re - sign;
 Each chang - ing fu - ture scene I glad - ly trust with Thee;

Thro' sor - row, or thro' joy, Con - duct me as Thine own,
 Straight to my home a - bove I trav - el calm - ly on,

And help me still to say, My Lord, Thy will be done!
 And sing, in life or death, My Lord, Thy will be done!

203. Thy Way, Not Mine.

1 Thy way, not mine, O Lord,
 However dark it be!
 Lead me by Thine own hand;
 Choose out the path for me.
 I dare not choose my lot;
 I would not, if I might:
 Choose Thou for me, my God
 So shall I walk aright.

2 The kingdom that I seek,
 Is Thine; so let the way
 That leads to it be Thine,
 Else I must surely stray.

Take Thou my cup, and it
 With joy or sorrow fill,
 As best to Thee may seem;
 Choose Thou my good and ill.

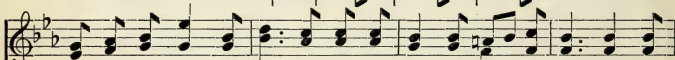
3 Choose Thou for me my friends,
 My sickness or my health;
 Choose Thou my cares for me,
 My poverty or wealth.
 Not mine, not mine the choice,
 In things or great or small;
 Be Thou my Guide, my Strength,
 My Wisdom, and my All.

Rev. A. B. SIMPSON.

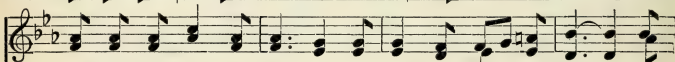
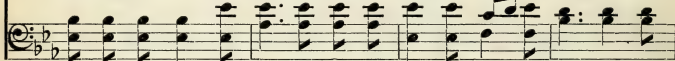
J. H. BURKE.



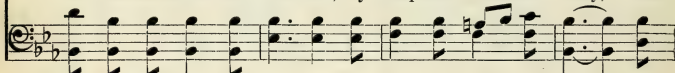
1. I will say "Yes" to Je - sus, Oft it was "No" be - fore, As He
2. I will say "Yes" to Je - sus, His prom - is - es I'll claim, And in
3. I will say "Yes" to Je - sus, To all that He commands, I will
4. I will say "Yes" to Je - sus, What - e'er His hands may bring: And, tho'



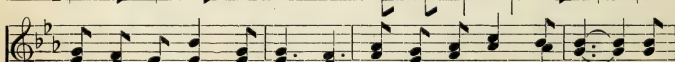
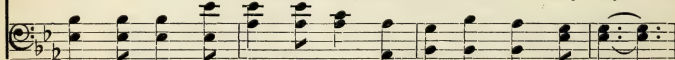
knocked at my heart's proud entrance And I firm - ly barred the door; But I've
 ev - 'ry cheque He en - dors - es I'll dare to write my name; I will
 has - ten to do His bid - ding With will - ing heart and hands; I will
 clouds hang o'er my path - way, My trust - ing heart will sing, "I will



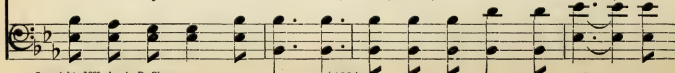
made a com - plete sur - ren - der, And given Him right of way, And
 put my "A - men" where - ev - er My God has put His "Yea," And
 lis - ten to hear His whis - pers, And learn His will each day, And
 fol - low where - e'er He lead - eth, My Shep - herd knows the way, And

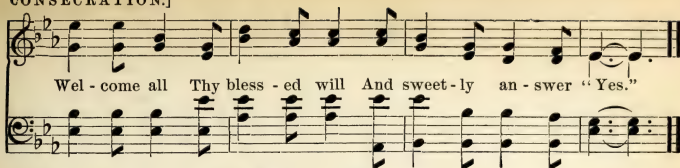


hence - forth it is al - ways "Yes," What - ev - er He may say.
 ev - er bold - ly an - swer "Yes," What - ev - er He may say.
 al - ways glad - ly an - swer "Yes," What - ev - er He may say.
 while I live I'll an - swer "Yes," What - ev - er He may say."



I will say "Yes" to Je - sus, Yes, Lord, for - ev - er "Yes;" I'll





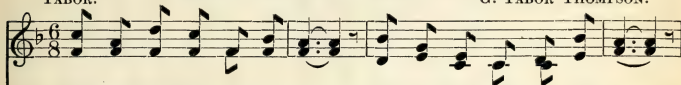
Wel - come all Thy bless - ed will And sweet - ly an - swer "Yes."

205. Walking with Jesus.

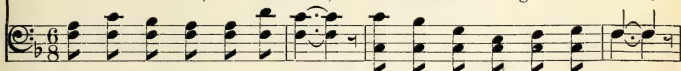
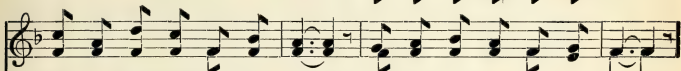
*Did not our hearts burn within us, while He talked with us by the way,
and while He opened to us the Scriptures?— Luke, 24: 32.*

TABOR.


G. TABOR THOMPSON.



1. I'll walk with Je - sus a - lone, Held by the arms of His love;
2. Learn-ing each day in the strife, To die, to self and to sin;
3. Striv-ing for rich - es un - told, Seek-ing for souls gone a - stray,
4. Aft - er the toil, I shall rest, Rest with the lov'd gone be - fore;

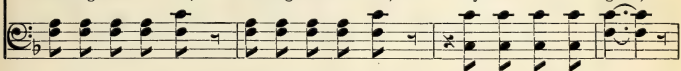
Till I shall stand by His throne, And dwell in heav - en a - bove.
And rise in new-ness of life, Je - sus a - bid - ing with - in.
Lead-ing them back to the fold, This is my work, day by day.
Safe in the home of the blest, Rest with the Lord ev - er - more.



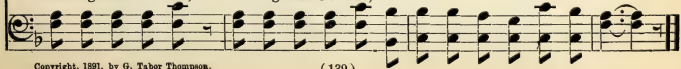
CHORUS.



Walk - ing with Je - - sus, My heart all a - glow,
Walk-ing with Je - sus, Talk-ing with Je - sus, My heart all a - glow;



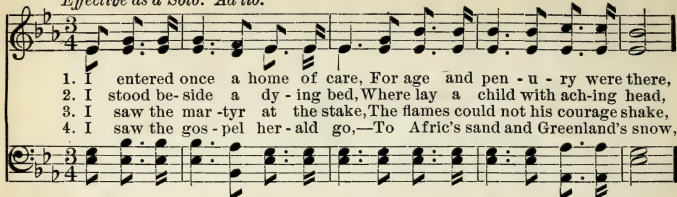

Walk - ing with Je - - sus, I'm whiter, yes, whit-er than snow.
Walk-ing with Je - sus, Talk-ing with Je - sus,



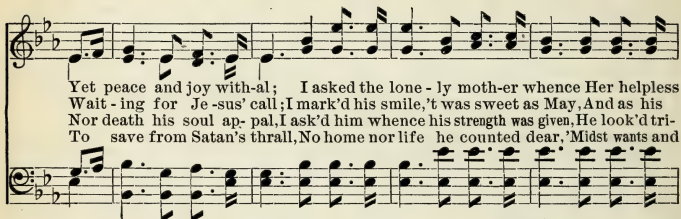
"Unto you therefore which believe he is precious." 1 Peter ii: 7.

W. A. WILLIAMS.

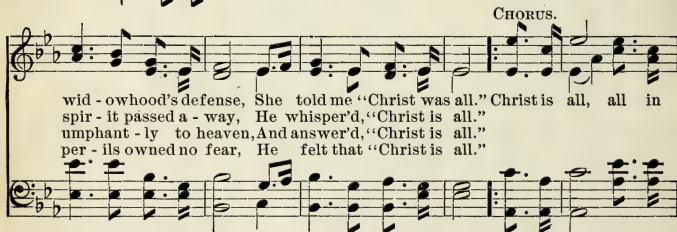
Effective as a Solo. Ad lib.



1. I entered once a home of care, For age and pen - u - ry were there,
 2. I stood be - side a dy - ing bed, Where lay a child with ach - ing head,
 3. I saw the mar - tyr at the stake, The flames could not his courage shake,
 4. I saw the gos - pel her - ald go, — To Afric's sand and Greenland's snow,

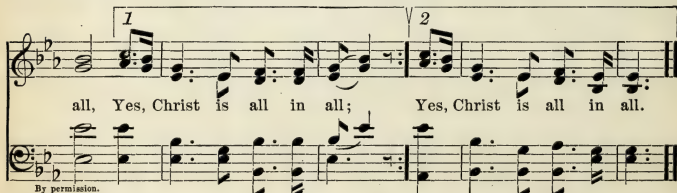


Yet peace and joy with - al; I asked the lone - ly moth - er whence Her helpless
 Wait - ing for Je - sus' call; I mark'd his smile, 't was sweet as May, And as his
 Nor death his soul ap - pal, I ask'd him whence his strength was given, He look'd tri -
 To save from Satan's thrall, No home nor life he counted dear, 'Midst wants and



CHORUS.

wid - owhood's defense, She told me "Christ was all." Christ is all, all in
 spir - it passed a - way, He whisper'd, "Christ is all."
 umphant - ly to heaven, And answer'd, "Christ is all."
 per - ils owned no fear, He felt that "Christ is all."



all, Yes, Christ is all in all; Yes, Christ is all in all.

By permission.

5 I dreamed that hoary time had fled,
 And earth and sea gave up their dead,
 A fire dissolved this ball,
 I saw the church's ransomed throng
 I heard the burden of their song,
 'T was "Christ is all in all."

6 Then come to Christ, oh, come today,
 The Father, Son, and Spirit say;
 The Bride repeats the call,
 For He will cleanse your guilty stains,
 His love will soothe your weary pains,
 For "Christ is all in all."

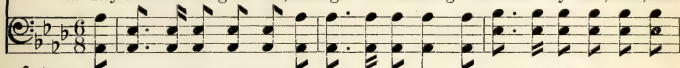
Thy Will.

Mrs. KATHARINE L. STEVENSON.

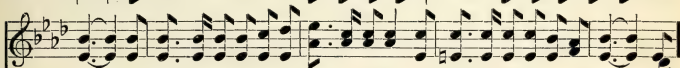
R. KELSO CARTER.



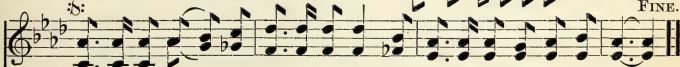
1. The bells of re-demption are peal-ing to-day, How sweetly the glad music
2. Oh, not in the sunshine a-lone does this song Well up with its rap-tur-ous
3. In storm or in calm, still I choose Thy dear will, That will which is oneness with
4. Thy will! 't is the gladdest, most glo-ri-ous thing That even Thy heart, Lord, could



rings! A-bove and a-bout me are wafted the strains, My soul is an ech-o that praise; It soars to its clearest, most triumphing note, On darkest and dreari-est Thee; Is pardon, and peace, and victorious power, From sin and from self to be give; Thy will! how my soul leaps to do its behest! 'T is life from the dead, and I



sings. Up swells to the throne in a volume of praise, The anthem of ransomed ones there; The days, When no ray of earth-light shines out o'er my way, The voice of earth's laughter is still; 'T is free. Oh, won-der-ful gift! blessed will of my God! Thou on-ly that will canst ful-fill; Work live. The desert grows sweet with the breath of the rose, The discords of life all are still; Who,



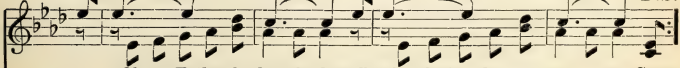
FINE.

heavens and earth in that song are made one, One blending of praise and of prayer. then, in the hush and gloom of the night, 'T is sweetest to say, Lord, Thy will! then, as Thou wilt, oh, Thou conquering One! But perfectly work out Thy will! who now can harm me, what foe can afright, Since Thou hast in me, Lord, Thy will?

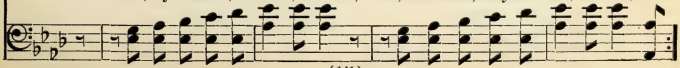


want or come wealth, come life or come death, Thy will, oh, my Father, be done! Thy will . . . be done! . . . Thy will . . . be done. . .

D.S.



Oh, my Father, be done, be done, Lord, and mine, they are one, are one, Come



208.

Must Jesus Bear the Cross?

[CONSECRATION.]

- THOMAS SHEPHERD, *alt.*

Tune, MAITLAND. C. M.

1. Must Je - sus bear the cross a - lone, And all the world go free?
 2. How hap - py are the saints a - bove, Who once went sorrowing here!
 3. The con - se - cra - ted cross I'll bear, Till death shall set me free;

No there's a cross for ev - 'ry one, And there's a cross for me.
 But now they taste un - ming - led love, And joy with - out a tear.
 And then go home my crown to wear, For there's a crown for me.

209.

Jesus Is Mine.

Tune, Happy Land, p. 150.

- 1 Now I have found a Friend,
 Jesus is mine;
 His love shall never end,
 Jesus is mine.
 Though earthly joys decrease,
 Though human friendships cease,
 Now I have lasting peace;
 Jesus is mine.

CHORUS.

- This Friend will never fail,
 Never, never, never fail,
 This Friend will never fail,
 No, never fail.
- 2 Though I grow poor and old,
 Jesus is mine;
 He will my faith uphold,
 Jesus is mine.
 He shall my wants supply,
 His precious blood is nigh,
 Naught can my hope destroy,
 Jesus is mine.
- 3 When earth shall pass away,
 Jesus is mine;
 In the great judgment day,
 Jesus is mine.
 Oh! what a glorious thing,
 Then to behold my King,
 On tuneful harp to sing,
 Jesus is mine!

4 Farewell, mortality!

- Jesus is mine;
 Welcome, eternity!
 Jesus is mine.
 He my redemption is,
 Wisdom and righteousness,
 Life, light, and holiness,
 Jesus is mine.

210.

Man's Weakness.

Tune, Azmon, p. 16.

- 1 Man's weakness waiting upon God,
 Its end can never miss,
 For men on earth no work can do
 More angel-like than this.
- 2 Ride on, ride on triumphantly,
 Thou glorious Will! ride on:
 Faith's pilgrim sons behind thee take
 The road that thou hast gone.
- 3 He always wins who sides with God,
 To him no chance is lost;
 God's will is sweetest to him when
 It triumphs at his cost.
- 4 Ill that He blesses is our good,
 And unblest good is ill;
 And all is right that seems most wrong,
 If it be His sweet will!

FREDERICK FABER.

Consecration.

Mrs. MARY D. JAMES.

Mrs. JOS. F. KNAPP.

1. My bod-y, soul and spir - it, Je - sus, I give to Thee, A con-se-cra-ted
 2. O Je - sus, mighty Sav-iour I trust in Thy great name, I look for Thy sal -
 3. Oh, let the fire, de-scending Just now up-on my soul, Consume my humble
 4. I'm Thine, O blessed Jesus, Wash'd by Thy precious blood, Now seal me by Thy

REFRAIN.

offering, Thine ev - er-more to be. My all is on the al - tar, I'm
 va - tion, Thy promise now I claim.
 offering, And cleanse and make me whole.
 Spir - it A sac - ri - fice to God.

ritard.

waiting for the fire; Waiting, waiting, waiting, I'm waiting for the fire.

From "Notes of Joy," by per.

212. Nearer, my God, to Thee.

Key G.

1 Nearer, my God, to Thee,
 Nearer to Thee,
 E'en though it be a cross
 That raiseth me;
 Still all my song shall be,
 Nearer, my God, to Thee,
 Nearer to Thee!

2 Though like the wanderer,
 The sun gone down,
 Darkness be over me,
 My rest a stone,
 Yet in my dreams I'd be
 Nearer, my God, to Thee,
 Nearer to Thee!

3 There let the way appear,
 Steps unto heaven;
 All that Thou sendest me,
 In mercy given;

Angels to beckon me
 Nearer, my God, to Thee,
 Nearer to Thee!

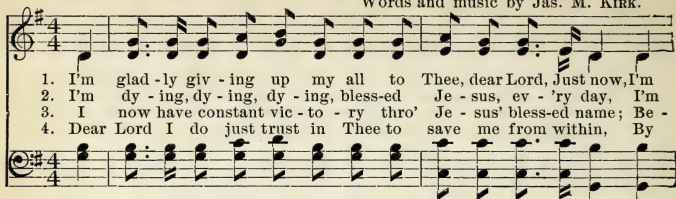
4 Then, with my waking thoughts
 Bright with Thy praise;
 Out of my stony griefs
 Bethel I'll raise;
 So by my woes to be
 Nearer, my God, to Thee,
 Nearer to Thee!

5 Or if on joyful wing
 Cleaving the sky,
 Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
 Upward I fly,
 Still all my song shall be,
 Nearer, my God, to Thee,
 Nearer to Thee!

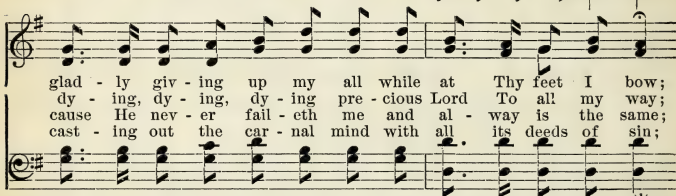
SARAH F. ADAMS.

Psa. xl: 8.

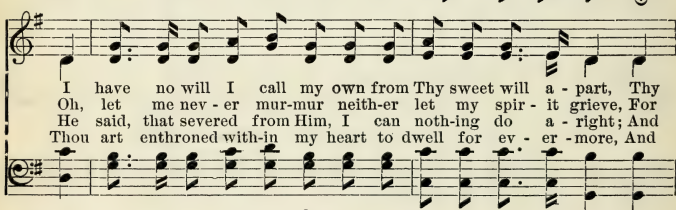
Words and music by Jas. M. Kirk.



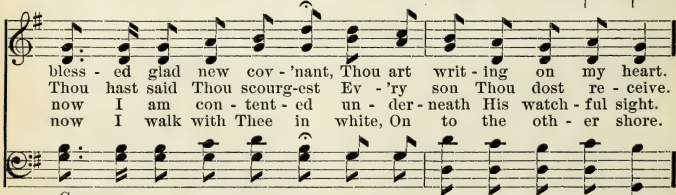
1. I'm glad-ly giv-ing up my all to Thee, dear Lord, Just now, I'm
 2. I'm dy-ing, dy-ing, dy-ing, bless-ed Je-sus, ev-'ry day, I'm
 3. I now have constant vic-to-ry thro' Je-sus' bless-ed name; Be-
 4. Dear Lord I do just trust in Thee to save me from within, By



glad-ly giv-ing up my all while at Thy feet I bow;
 dy-ing, dy-ing, dy-ing pre-cious Lord To all my way;
 cause He nev-er fail-eth me and al-way is the same;
 cast-ing out the car-nal mind with all its deeds of sin;

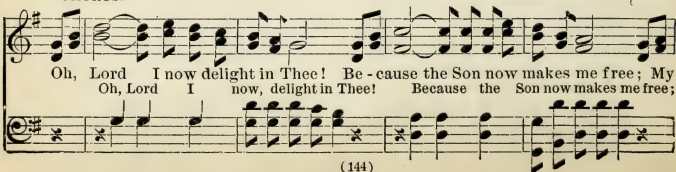


I have no will I call my own from Thy sweet will a-part, Thy
 Oh, let me nev-er mur-mur neith-er let my spir-it grieve, For
 He said, that severed from Him, I can noth-ing do a-right; And
 Thou art enthroned with-in my heart to dwell for ev-er-more, And



bless-ed glad new cov-'nant, Thou art writ-ing on my heart.
 Thou hast said Thou scourgest Ev-'ry son Thou dost re-ceive.
 now I am con-tent-ed un-der-neath His watch-ful sight.
 now I walk with Thee in white, On to the oth-er shore.

CHORUS.



Oh, Lord I now delight in Thee! Be-cause the Son now makes me free; My
 Oh, Lord I now, delight in Thee! Because the Son now makes me free;

CONSECRATION.]



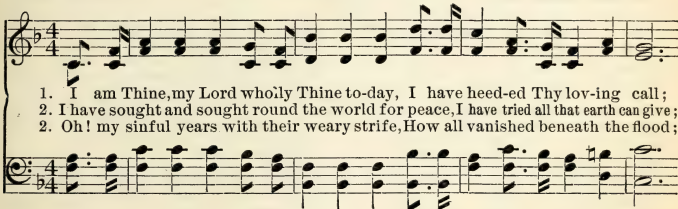
pris - on doors are o - pen wide, I'm walk - ing close to Je - sus' side.
my pris - on doors are o - pen wide, I'm walk - ing close to Je - sus' side.

214.

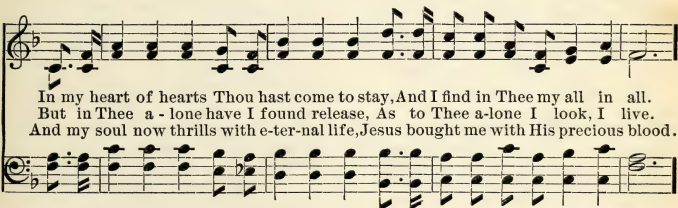
Wholly Thine.

R. K. C.

R. KELSO CARTER.



1. I am Thine, my Lord wholly Thine to-day, I have heed-ed Thy lov-ing call;
2. I have sought and sought round the world for peace, I have tried all that earth can give;
2. Oh! my sinful years with their weary strife, How all vanished beneath the flood;

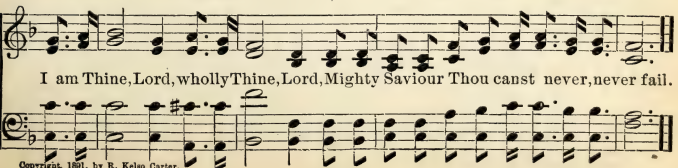


In my heart of hearts Thou hast come to stay, And I find in Thee my all in all.
But in Thee a - lone have I found release, As to Thee a-lone I look, I live.
And my soul now thrills with e-ter-nal life, Jesus bought me with His precious blood.

CHORUS.



I am thine, Lord, wholly thine, Lord, May I bold-ly en-ter thro' the rending veil;

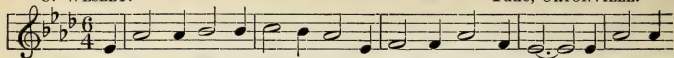


I am Thine, Lord, wholly Thine, Lord, Mighty Saviour Thou canst never, never fail.

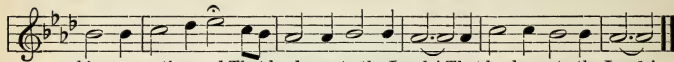
215. Oh, for a Closer Walk. C. M.

C. WESLEY.

Tune, ORTONVILLE.



1. Oh, for a clos-er walk with God, A calm and heavenly frame; A light to
 2. Where is the bless-ed-ness I knew, When first I saw the Lord? Where is the



shine up-on the road That leads me to the Lamb! That leads me to the Lamb!
 soul-re-fresh-ing view Of Je-sus and His word? Of Je-sus and His word?

3 What peaceful hours I once enjoyed!
 How sweet their memory still!
 But they have left an aching void
 The world can never fill.

4 Return, O holy Dove, return,
 Sweet messenger of rest!
 I hate the sins that made thee mourn,
 And drove thee from my breast.

5 The dearest idol I have known,
 Whate'er that idol be,
 Help me to tear it from Thy throne,
 And worship only Thee.

6 So shall my walk be close with God,
 Calm and serene my frame;
 So purer light shall mark the road
 That leads me to the Lamb.

2 Rest for my soul I long to find:
 Saviour of all, if mine Thou art,
 Give me Thy meek and lowly mind,
 And stamp Thine image on my heart.

3 Break off the yoke of inbred sin,
 And fully set my spirit free;
 I cannot rest till pure within,
 Till I am wholly lost in Thee.

4 Fain would I learn of Thee, my God,
 Thy light and easy burden prove;
 The cross all stained with hallowed blood,
 The labor of Thy dying love.

5 I would, but Thou must give the power;
 My heart from every sin release;
 Bring near, bring near the joyful hour,
 And fill me with Thy perfect peace.

CHARLES WESLEY.

216. Lord, I Am Thine.

Tune, Sessions, p. 15.

1 Lord, I am Thine, entirely Thine,
 Purchased and saved by blood divine;
 With full consent Thine would I be,
 And own Thy sov'reign right in me.

2 Thine would I live, Thine would I die;
 Be Thine through all eternity;
 The vow is past, beyond repeal,
 And now I set the solemn seal.

3 Here, at that cross where flows the blood
 That bought my guilty soul for God,
 Thee, my new Master now I call,
 And consecrate to Thee my all.

4 Do Thou assist a feeble worm
 The great engagement to perform;
 Thy grace can full assistance lend,
 And on that grace I dare depend.

DAVIES.

217. O That My Load of Sin Were Gone.

Tune, Hamburg, p. 101.

1 O that my load of sin were gone!
 O that I could at last submit
 At Jesus' feet to lay it down —
 To lay my soul at Jesus' feet!

218. I Worship Thee. C. M.

Tune, Ortonville, p. 146.

1 I worship thee, sweet will of God!
 And all thy ways adore;
 And every day I live, I seem
 To love thee more and more.

2 And He ha'h breathed into my soul
 A special love of thee;
 A love to lose my will in His,
 And by that loss be free.

3 I love to kiss each print where thou
 Hast set thine unseen feet;
 I cannot fear thee, blessed will!
 Thine empire is so sweet.

4 When obstacles and trials seem
 Like prison-walls to be,
 I do the little I can do,
 And leave the rest to thee.

5 And when it seems no chance, no
 From grief can set me free, [change,
 Hope finds its strength in helplessness,
 And calmly waits on thee.

FREDERICK FABER.

Nearer the Cross.

"The cross of our Lord Jesus Christ." Galatians vi: 14.

F. J. CROSBY.

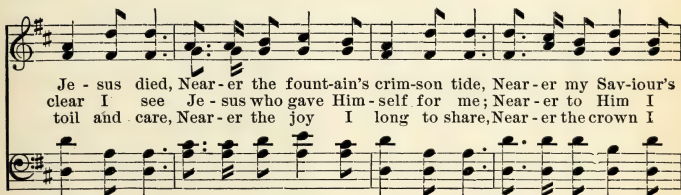
Mrs. J. F. KNAPP, by per.



1. "Near-er the cross!" my heart can say, I am com-ing near-er; Near-er the
 2. Near-er the Christian's mer-cy seat, I am com-ing near-er; Feasting my
 3. Near-er in pray'r my hope aspires I am com-ing near-er; Deep-er the



cross from day to day, I am com-ing near-er; Near-er the cross where
 soul on man-na sweet I am com-ing near-er; Strong-er in faith, more
 love my soul de-sires, I am com-ing near-er; Near-er the end of



Je-sus died, Near-er the fount-ain's crim-son tide, Near-er my Sav-iour's
 clear I see Je-sus who gave Him-self for me; Near-er to Him I
 toil and care, Near-er the joy I long to share, Near-er the crown I



wound-ed side, I am com-ing near-er, I am com-ing near-er.
 still would be: Still I'm com-ing near-er, Still I'm com-ing near-er.
 soon shall wear: I am com-ing near-er, I am com-ing near-er.

220.

I'll Live for Him.

R. E. HUDSON.

C. R. DUNBAR.

1. My life, my love I give to Thee, Thou Lamb of God, who died for me;
 2. I now be-lieve Thou dost re-ceive, For Thou hast died that I might live;
 3. Oh, Thou who died on Cal - va - ry To save my soul and make me free;

CHO.—I'll live for Him who died for me, How hap - py then my life shall be!
 D.C.

Oh, may I ev - er faith - ful be, My Sav-iour and my God!
 And now hence-forth I'll trust in Thee, My Sav-iour and my God!
 I con - se - crate my life to Thee, My Sav-iour and my God!

I'll live for Him who died for me, My Sav-iour and my God!

By permission.

221. Everywhere with Jesus.

Tune, (120 Hymns New and Old.)

- 1 Everywhere with Jesus —
 Thus I find sweet rest;
 Just the way He goeth
 Is for me the best.
 Brightest day without Him,
 Has but clouded light;
 Walking in His presence,
 Even night is bright.

CHORUS.

Everywhere, everywhere,
 Thus I find sweet rest;
 Just the way He goeth,
 Is for me the best.

- 2 When I follow Jesus,
 Pressing to His side,
 Even ills seem helpful
 As a gracious tide;
 If His goings take me
 Into pathways strait,
 Yet His blessed sunshine
 Brightens every state.
 3 Everywhere with Jesus,
 Counting all but dross —
 To behold His glory,
 To exalt His cross;
 Speaking forth His praises,
 Telling men His grace,
 Calling to His service,
 All who long for peace.

- 4 Then, at length with Jesus,
 In His home so bright,
 Where no shadows coming
 Can obscure the light:
 There I'll dwell with Jesus,
 Clothed with Him in white,
 Ever see His glory,
 Happy in His sight.

JOHN S. HAUGH.

222. Brethren, Let Us to the Lord.

Tune. Take My Life, p. 136.

- 1 Brethren, let us to the Lord,
 Give ourselves both heart and sword;
 Under His commanding eye
 We shall march to victory.
 2 Hark; the strains of music roll,
 Like a tide they fill the soul;
 As they to their highest rise,
 We will launch our enterprise.
 3 Ye who 'list must list in faith,
 Fearing neither toil nor scath;
 Calm 'mid the bewildering cry,
 Confident of victory.
 4 Hark the music loud and sweet
 Thrills our heart and stirs our feet:
 Brethren, hands upon your swords,
 Let us shout, "We are the Lord's!"

T. T. LYNCH.

223. Blessed Saviour! Thee I Love. 7, D.

GEO. DUFFIELD, D.D.

(SPANISH HYMN.)

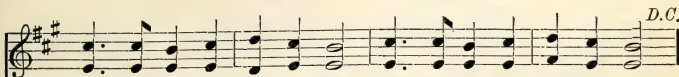
FINE.



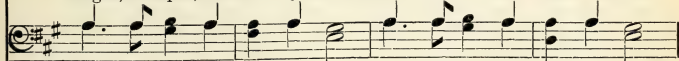
1. Bless - ed Sav - iour! Thee I love, All my oth - er joys a - bove;
 2. Once a - gain be - side the cross All my gain I count but loss,
 3. Bless - ed Sav - iour! Thine am I, Thine to live, and Thine to die;



- D.C. Ev - er let my glo - ry be, Bless - ed Sav - iour, on - ly Thee.
 D.C. Hence, vain sha - dows, let me see Je - sus cru - ci - fied for me.
 D.C. Ev - er shall my glo - ry be, Bless - ed Sav - iour, on - ly Thee.



All my hopes in Thee a - bide; Thou my hope and naught be - side;
 Earth - ly pleasures fade a - way, Clouds they are that hide my day;
 Height, or depth, or earth - ly power, Ne'er shall hide my Sav - iour more,



224. I Thirst, Thou Wounded Lamb.

Tune, Rockingham, p. 13.

- 1 I thirst, Thou wounded Lamb of God,
 To wash me in Thy cleansing blood;
 To dwell within Thy wounds; then pain
 Is sweet, and life or death is gain.
 2 Take my poor heart, and let it be
 Forever closed to all but Thee;
 Seal Thou my breast, and let me wear
 That pledge of love forever there.
 3 How blest are they who still abide
 Close sheltered in Thy bleeding side!
 Who thence their life and strength derive,
 And by Thee move, and in Thee live.
 4 How can it be, Thou heavenly King,
 That Thou shouldst us to glory bring?
 Make slaves the partners of Thy throne,
 Decked with a never-fading crown?
 5 Hence our hearts melt, our eyes o'erflow,
 Our words are lost, nor will we know,
 Nor will we think of aught beside,
 "My Lord, my Love, is crucified."

N. L. ZINZENDORF.

All my days and all my hours.
 All for Jesus! all for Jesus!
 All my days and all my hours.

- 2 Let my hands perform His bidding;
 Let my feet run in His ways;
 Let my eyes see Jesus only;
 Let my lips speak forth His praise.
 All for Jesus! all for Jesus!
 Let my lips speak forth His praise.
 3 Worldlings prize their gems of beauty,
 Cling to gilded toys of dust,
 Boast of wealth and fame and pleasure:
 Only Jesus will I trust.
 Only Jesus! only Jesus!
 Only Jesus will I trust.
 4 Since my eyes were fixed on Jesus,
 I've lost sight of all beside,
 So enchained my spirit's vision,
 Looking at the crucified.
 All for Jesus! all for Jesus!
 All for Jesus crucified.
 5 Oh, what wonder! how amazing!
 Jesus glorious King of kings,
 Deigns to call me His beloved,
 Lets me rest beneath His wings.
 All for Jesus! all for Jesus!
 Resting now beneath His wings.

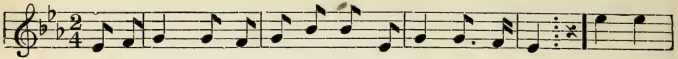
MARY D. JAMES.

225. All for Jesus!

Key, E flat.

- 1 All for Jesus! all for Jesus!
 All my being's ransomed powers;
 All my thoughts and words and doings,

Tune, HAPPY LAND.



1. { I have sought round the verdant earth For un - fad - ing joy; } Lord, be -
 { I have tried ev-'ry source of mirth, But all, all will cloy; }



stow on me Grace to set my spirit free; Thine the praise shall be, Mine, mine the joy.

2 I have wandered in mazes dark
 Of doubt and distress;
 I have had not a kindling spark,
 My spirit to bless;
 Cheerless unbelief
 Filled my laboring soul with grief;
 What shall give relief?
 What shall give peace?

That temptations from without
 Meet with no response within.

5 Lord, the sacrifice I make,
 Contrite heart Thou wilt receive,
 Bruised reed Thou wilt not break,
 In Thine hands my *all* I give.
 M. H. RATCLIFF.

3 Then I turned to Thy gospel, Lord
 From folly away;
 Then I trusted Thy holy word
 That taught me to pray.
 Here I found release —
 In Thy word my soul found peace,
 Hope of endless bliss,
 Eternal day.

228. Loved with Everlasting Love.
Tune, Blumenthal, p. 80.

1 Loved with everlasting love,
 Led by grace that love to know;
 Spirit, breathing from above,
 Thou hast taught me it is so!
 Oh, this full and perfect peace!
 Oh, this transport all divine!
 In a love, which cannot cease,
 I am His, and He is mine.

4 I will praise now my heavenly King,
 I'll praise and adore;
 All my heart's richest tribute bring
 To Thee, God of power;
 And in heaven above,
 Saved by Thy redeeming love,
 Loud the strains shall move
 For evermore.

2 Heaven above is softer blue,
 Earth around is sweeter green!
 Something lives in every hue
 Christless eyes have never seen.
 Birds with gladder songs o'erflow,
 Flowers with deeper beauties shine,
 Since I know, as *now* I know,
 I am His, and He is mine.

227. Jesus, Saviour of the Just.

Tune, Spanish Hymn, p. 149.

1 Jesus, Saviour of the just
 With Thy followers I would be;
 In Thy precious blood I trust,
 Let Thy Spirit dwell in me.

3 Things that once were wild alarms
 Cannot now disturb my rest;
 Closed in everlasting arms,
 Pillowed on the loving breast.
 Oh, to lie forever here,
 Doubt and care and self resign,
 While He whispers in my ear —
 I am His, and He is mine.

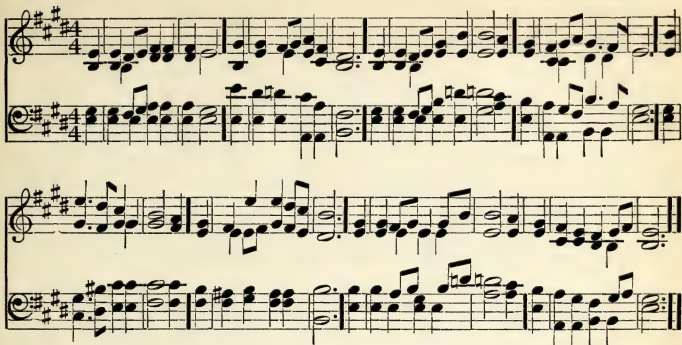
2 Sanctify me wholly now,
 Thou art willing, this I know;
 At Thy cross I humbly bow,
 I am empty, I am low.

4 His forever, only His;
 Who the Lord and me shall part?
 Ah, with what a rest of bliss,
 Christ can fill the loving heart!
 Heaven and earth may fade and flee,
 Firstborn light in gloom decline;
 But while God and I shall be,
 I am His, and He is mine.

3 Fill me with Thy heavenly love,
 Thy dear image I would wear;
 Let my treasures be above,
 Keep my heart forever there.

4 I would bear Thy marks about,
 Humble, loving, free from sin,

WADE ROBINSON.



229. I Lay My Sins On Jesus.

1 I lay my sins on Jesus,
The spotless Lamb of God;
He bears them all, and frees us,
From the accurséd load;
I bring my guilt to Jesus,
To wash my crimson stains
White in His blood most precious,
Till not a stain remains.

2 I lay my wants on Jesus;
All fullness dwells in Him;
He healeth my diseases,
He doth my soul redeem;
I lay my griefs on Jesus,
My burdens and my cares;
He from them all releases,
He all my sorrows shares.

3 I rest my soul on Jesus,
This weary soul of mine;
His right hand me embraces,
I on His breast recline:
I love the name of Jesus,
Immanuel, Christ, the Lord;
Like fragrance on the breezes,
His name abroad is poured.

4 I long to be like Jesus,
Meek, loving, lowly, mild;
I long to be like Jesus,
The Father's holy child;
I long to be with Jesus
Amid the heavenly throng,
To sing with saints His praises,
And learn the angels' song.

HORATIUS BONAR.

230. Live Out Thy Life Within Me.

1 Live out Thy life within me,
O Jesus, King of kings!
Be Thou Thyself the answer
To all my questionings,
Live out Thy life within me,
In all things have Thy way!
I, the transparent medium
Thy glory to display.

2 The temple has been yielded,
And purified of sin;
Let Thy Shekinah glory
Now flash forth from within.
And all the earth keep silence,
The body henceforth be
Thy silent, docile servant,
Moved only as by Thee.

3 Its members every moment
Held subject to Thy call;
Ready to have Thee use them,
Or not be used at all.
Held without restless longing,
Or strain or stress or fret,
Or chaffings at Thy dealings,
Or thoughts of vain regret.

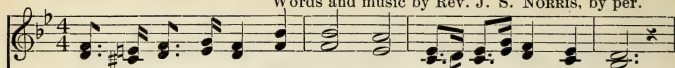
4 But restful, calm and pliant,
From bend and bias free,
Permitting Thee to settle
When Thou hast need of me.
Live out Thy life within me,
O Jesus, King of Kings!
Be Thou the glorious answer
To all my questionings.

F. R. HAVERGAL.

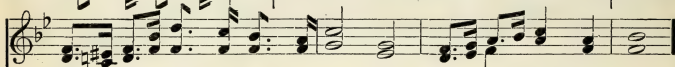
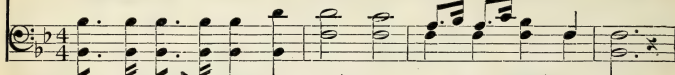
Empty Me of Self.

[CONSECRATION.]

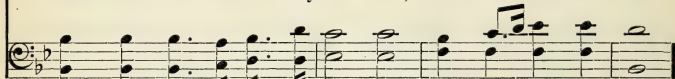
Words and music by Rev. J. S. NORRIS, by per.



1. Emp - ty me of self, dear Sav - iour, My poor heart re - new;
2. While I cry to Thee, dear Sav - iour, Cleanse me from all sin;
3. Give me Thy own mind, dear Sav - iour, Teach me Thy sweet will;
4. Help me, day by day, dear Sav - iour, Give me strength di - vine;



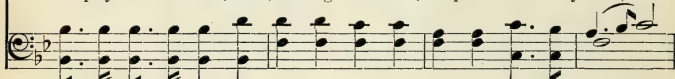
This great work so won-drous ho - ly, Thou a - lone canst do.
 Wash me in the crim-son fount - ain, Make me pure with - in.
 Fill me with Thy Ho - ly Spir - it, Thy blest word ful - fil.
 Grant me wis - dom for Thy ser - vice, All Thou hast is mine.



CHORUS.



Emp - ty me of self, dear Sav - iour,
 Emp - ty me of self, dear, lov - ing Sav - iour, Help me know Thy love;



Bring me, when this life is end - ed, To Thy home a - bove;
 Bring me, when this life is end - ed, To Thy home a - bove;



Bring me, when this life is end - ed, To Thy home a - bove.
 Bring me when this life is end - ed, To Thy home a - bove.



232. Is Not This the Land of Beulah.

ANON.

Arranged.

1. I am dwell-ing on the mountain, Where the gold - en sun-light gleams,
 2. I can see far down the mountain, Where I wan-dered wea-ry years,
 3. I am drink-ing at the fount-ain, Where I ev - er would a - bide;

O'er a land whose wondrous beau-ty Far ex-ceeds my fond-est dreams;
 Oft - en hin-dered in my jour-ney By the ghosts of doubts and fears,
 For I've tast - ed life's pure riv - er, And my soul is sat - is - fied;

Where the air is pure, e - the - real, La - den with the breath of flowers,
 Brok - en vows and dis - ap - point - ments Thickly sprin - kled all the way,
 There's no thirst - ing for life's pleas - ures, Nor a - dorn - ing, rich and gay,

CHO.—Is not this the land of Beu - lah, Bless - ed, bless - ed land of light,

D.S. Chorus,

That are bloom-ing by the fount-ain, 'Neath the am - a - ran-thine bowers.
 But the Spir - it led, un - er - ring, To the land I hold to - day.
 For I've found a rich - er treas-ure, One that fad - eth not a - way.

Where the flow - ers bloom for - ev - er, And the sun is al - ways bright?

4 Tell me not of heavy crosses,
 Nor of burdens hard to bear,
 For I've found this great salvation
 Makes each burden light appear;
 And I love to follow Jesus,
 Gladly counting all but dross,
 Worldly honors all forsaking
 For the glory of the Cross.

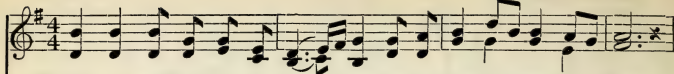
5 Oh, the Cross has wondrous glory!
 Oft I've proved this to be true;
 When I'm in the way so narrow
 I can see a pathway through;
 And how sweetly Jesus whispers:
 "Take the Cross, thou need'st not fear,
 For I've tried this way before thee,
 And the glory lingers near."

233.

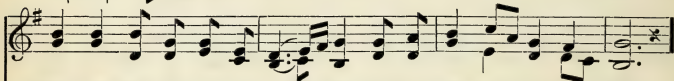
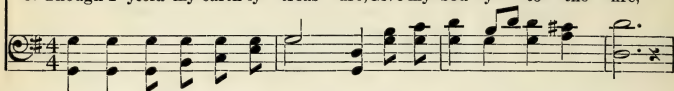
Perfect Love.

R. K. C.

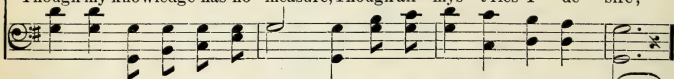
R. KELSO CARTER.



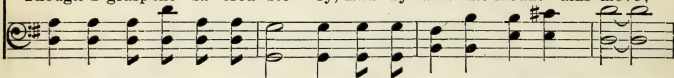
1. Lord, I pray Thee for a bless - ing, Which Thou on - ly canst be - stow,
 2. Though I have all oth - er grac - es, Though I speak with tongues a - flame,
 3. Though I yield my earth - ly treas - ure, Give my bod - y to the fire,



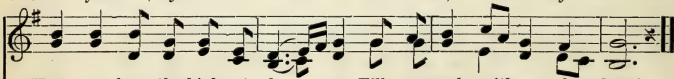
Here, my deep - est need con - fess - ing, At Thy feet my - self I throw.
 Though I sit in heavenly plac - es, Though I mag - ni - fy Thy name;
 Though my knowledge has no measure, Though all mys - tries I de - sire;



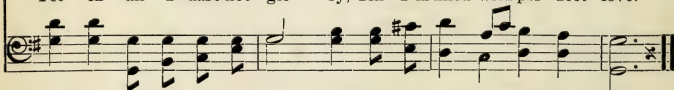
Faith and hope have both been giv - en, But there's One, all else a - bove;
 I am but as brass re - sound - ing, Nothing in Thy sight I prove,
 Though I grasp the sa - cred sto - ry, And by faith the mount - ains move;



CHO.—Perfect love, my Lord and Sav - iour! Fill me now, O Heav - 'nly Dove! Oh!



Hast - en from the high - est heav - en, Fill my soul with per - fect love!
 Till, through faith, by grace a abound - ing, I am per - fect - ed in love.
 Yet in all I dare not glo - ry, Till I'm filled with per - fect love.



Come, al - might - y to de - liv - er, Fill me now with per - fect love.

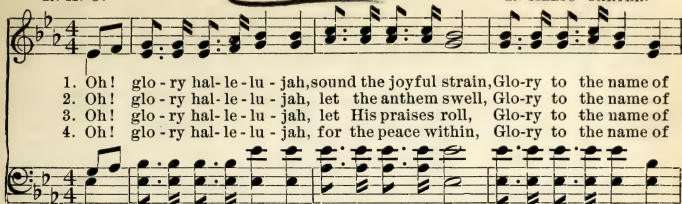
4 Give me love that never faileth,
 Love that suffers without moan;
 That believeth and prevai leth,
 Love that seeketh not her own;
 Love that never thinketh evil,
 But rejoiceth truth to prove;
 Love that fears not man nor devil,—
 Give me, give me perfect love!

5 Love that every evil cureth,
 Doth not envy, vaunteth not;
 Beareth, hopeth, and endureth
 All that falleth to my lot.
 Faith, and hope, and love abideth,
 But there's One, all else above;
 Lord, my yearning spirit chideth
 For Thy greatest gift of love.

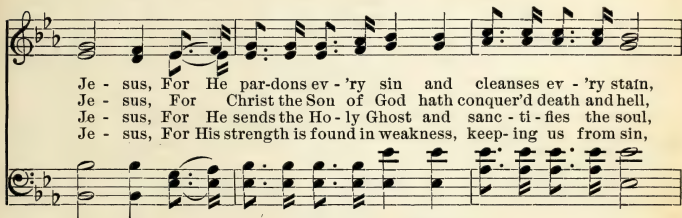
The Sanctifying Power.

R. K. C.

R. KELSO CARTER.

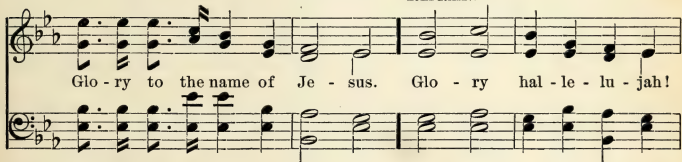


1. Oh! glo - ry hal - le - lu - jah, sound the joyful strain, Glo - ry to the name of
 2. Oh! glo - ry hal - le - lu - jah, let the anthem swell, Glo - ry to the name of
 3. Oh! glo - ry hal - le - lu - jah, let His praises roll, Glo - ry to the name of
 4. Oh! glo - ry hal - le - lu - jah, for the peace within, Glo - ry to the name of

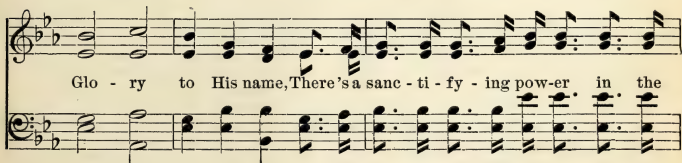


Je - sus, For He par-dons ev - 'ry sin and cleanses ev - 'ry stain,
 Je - sus, For Christ the Son of God hath conquer'd death and hell,
 Je - sus, For He sends the Ho - ly Ghost and sanc - ti - fies the soul,
 Je - sus, For His strength is found in weakness, keep - ing us from sin,

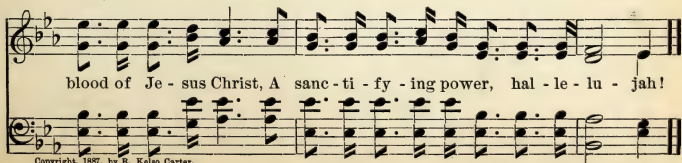
REFRAIN.



Glo - ry to the name of Je - sus. Glo - ry hal - le - lu - jah!



Glo - ry to His name, There's a sanc - ti - fy - ing pow - er in the



blood of Je - sus Christ, A sanc - ti - fy - ing power, hal - le - lu - jah!

235.

O Glorious Hope.

C. WESLEY.

Tune, WILLOUGHBY. C. P. M.



1 O glorious hope of perfect love!
It lifts me up to things above;
It bears on eagles' wings;
It gives my ravished soul a taste,
And makes me for some moments feast
With Jesus' priests and kings.

2 Rejoicing now in earnest hope,
I stand, and from the mountain top
See all the land below;
Rivers of milk and honey rise,
And all the fruits of paradise
In endless plenty grow.

3 A land of corn, and wine, and oil,
Favored with God's peculiar smile,
With every blessing blest;
There dwells the Lord our Righteousness,
And keeps His own in perfect peace,
And everlasting rest.

4 Oh, that I might at once go up;
No more on this side Jordan stop,
But now the land possess;
This moment end my legal years,
Sorrows and sins, and doubts and fears,
A howling wilderness!

Without committing sin shall live,
Shall live to God at last.

3 I rest in Thy almighty power;
The name of Jesus is my tower
That hides my life above;
Thou canst, Thou wilt, my helper be;
My confidence is all in Thee,
The faithful God of love.

4 Wherefore, in never-ceasing prayer,
My soul to Thy continual care
I faithfully commend;
Assured that Thou through life wilt save,
And show Thyself beyond the grave
My everlasting Friend.

C. WESLEY.

237. For Purity of Heart.

Tune, Willoughby.

1 Saviour, on me the grace bestow,
That, with Thy children, I may know
My sins on earth forgiven;
Give me to prove the kingdom mine,
And taste, in holiness divine,
The happiness of heaven.

2 Me with that restless thirst inspire,
That sacred, infinite desire,
And feast my hungry heart;
Less than Thyself cannot suffice;
My soul for all Thy fullness cries,
For all Thou hast and art.

3 Jesus, the crowning grace impart;
Bless me with purity of heart,
That, now beholding Thee,
I soon may view Thy open face,
On all Thy glorious beauties gaze,
And God forever see.

C. WESLEY.

236. The Blessed Hope.

Tune, Willoughby.

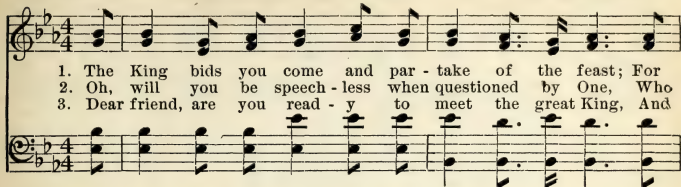
1 But can it be that I should prove
Forever faithful to Thy love,
From sin forever cease?
I thank Thee for the blessed hope;
It lifts my drooping spirits up;
It gives me back my peace.

2 In Thee, O Lord, I put my trust,
Mighty, and merciful, and just;
Thy sacred word is passed;
And I, who dare Thy word believe,

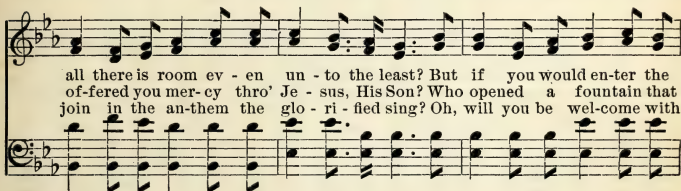
238. Have You the Garment of White?

HARRIET JONES.

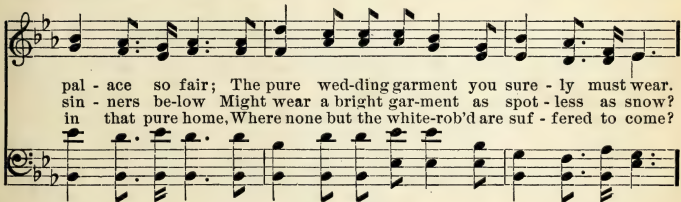
D. B. TOWNER, by per.



1. The King bids you come and par - take of the feast; For
 2. Oh, will you be speech - less when questioned by One, Who
 3. Dear friend, are you read - y to meet the great King, And

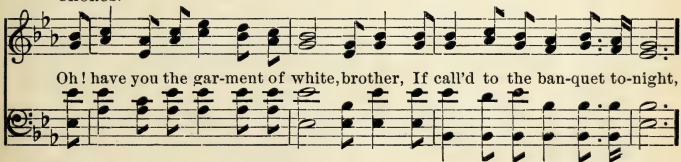


all there is room ev - en un - to the least? But if you would en - ter the
 of - fered you mer - cy thro' Je - sus, His Son? Who opened a fountain that
 join in the an - them the glo - ri - fied sing? Oh, will you be wel - come with

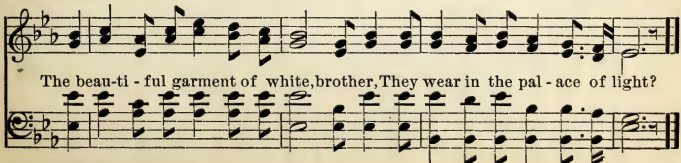


pal - ace so fair; The pure wed - ding gar - ment you sure - ly must wear.
 sin - ners be - low Might wear a bright gar - ment as spot - less as snow?
 in that pure home, Where none but the white - rob'd are suf - fered to come?

CHORUS.



Oh! have you the gar - ment of white, brother, If call'd to the ban - quet to - night,



The beau - ti - ful gar - ment of white, brother, They wear in the pal - ace of light?

239.

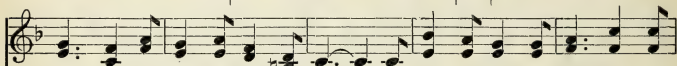
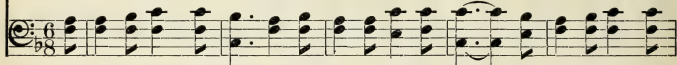
The Summer-Land of Love.

A. B. S.

A. B. SIMPSON.



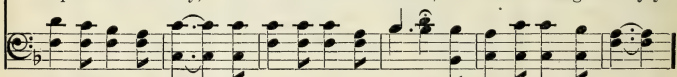
1. I've reached the land of Beu-lah, The summer-land of love, Land of the heavenly
2. He lets me call Him Husband, I have Him always near, He carries ev - 'ry
3. My life is all transfigured by the sweet touch of love, O'er all around there
4. I've found the fount of healing, the spring of life di - vine, It is the love of



Bride-groom, Land of the Ho - ly Dove; My win - ter has de - part - ed, My
bur - den, He com-forts ev - ery fear; He calls me His be - lov - ed, I
shin - eth a glo - ry from a - bove; The wa - ter of earth's pleasures is
Je - sus, it is the marriage wine; I've found the fount of pleasure, a



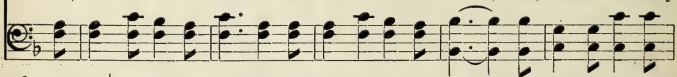
summer-time has come, The air is full of sing-ing, The earth is bright with bloom.
lean up-on His breast, I've reached the land of Beulah, the promised land of rest.
changed to heavenly wine, And life like Cana's wedding becomes a feast di - vine,
cup without al - loy, It is the love of Je - sus, it is the Bridegroom's joy.



CHORUS.



Oh, bless-ed land of Beu-lah! Sweet summer-land of love, Oh, blessed heavenly



Bridegroom Oh! bless-ed Heavenly Dove; Oh, Je - sus keep me ev - er, all





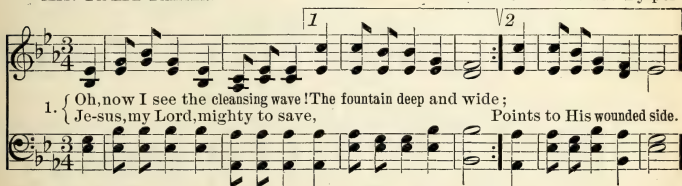
earth-born things a-bove, In the blessed Land of Beulah, The summer Land of love.

- 5 I've found the heavenly secret, the Love Life of the Lord,
The Golden Chain that bindeth the story of His Word.
Christ is the Heavenly Bridegroom, to seek His Bride He came,
This is the consummation, the Marriage of the Lamb.
- 6 Soon will He come in glory to claim His waiting Bride,
But I will know the Bridegroom, He walketh by my side,
He'll know me when He cometh, He'll call me by my name,
And take me to the marriage, the marriage of the Lamb.

240. Cleansing wave.

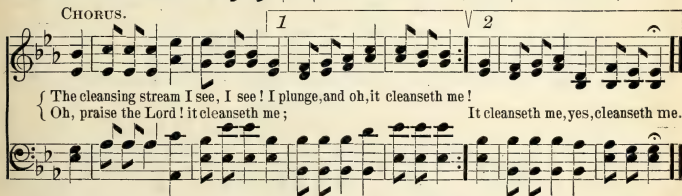
Mrs. PHOEBE PALMER.

Mrs. J. F. KNAPP. By per.



1. { Oh, now I see the cleansing wave! The fountain deep and wide;
Je-sus, my Lord, mighty to save, Points to His wounded side.

CHORUS.



- { The cleansing stream I see, I see! I plunge, and oh, it cleanseth me!
Oh, praise the Lord! it cleanseth me; It cleanseth me, yes, cleanseth me.

- 2 I rise to walk in Heaven's own light,
Above the world of sin,
With heart made pure and garments white,
And Christ enthroned within.
- 2 In the grave with Christ I'm lying
Dead to earth and dead to sin,
Vanquished every foe, when dying
Gates of Heaven, He entered in.
- 3 Amazing grace! 'tis heaven below
To feel the blood applied;
And Jesus, only Jesus, know,
My Jesus crucified.
- 3 On the throne with Christ I'm reigning
As He is, so now am I,
Saved and sanctified, obtaining
Grace and glory from on high.

241. With Christ. 8s & 7s.

Tune, Rathburn. Key C.

- 1 On the cross of Christ I've suffered,
God imputes His death to me,
For redemption full He offered,
Which receiving I am free.

- 4 In the heavenly places seated
With the Lord upon His throne
Death and hell shall be defeated
Since He claims me for His own.

Rev. F. W. FARR.

242.

My Beloved.

A. B. S.

A. B. SIMPSON.

1. I'll sing of my Be - lov - ed, My Hus-band and my Friend; He
 2. The name of my Be - lov - ed Is sweet as oint-ment rare; The
 3. The voice of my Be - lov - ed Is sweet-er to my ear Than

loved me from the be - gin - ning, He loves me to the end.
 chief a - mong ten - thous - and, The al - to - geth-er fair.
 earth's di - vin - est mus - ic, Or voice of friend most dear.

CHORUS.

Oh, Christ is my well Be - lov - ed, My Hus - band and my Friend; He

Ending, except for last verse. Last verse.
 loved me from the beginning, He loves me to the end. loves me to the end.

4 The heart of my Beloved
 Is dearer far to me
 Than love's most fond affection,
 Or sweetest ecstasy.

5 The hand of my Beloved
 Is ever clasped in mine;
 It leads me, heals me, holds me,
 With love and strength divine.

6 The home of my Beloved
 Is the palace of the King,
 His chariot soon is coming
 His waiting bride to bring.]

7 But He, my well Beloved
 Is more than all to me,
 Himself my joy, my portion,
 Himself my song shall be,

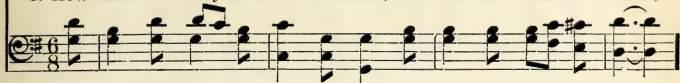
The Seven Overcomeths.

MANIE PAYNE FERGUSON.

R. KELSO CARTER.



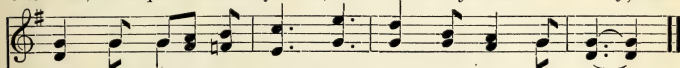
1. How blest are they who o - ver-come; To them the Lord will give
 2. How blest are they who o - ver-come, Tho' tried by suff'r-ing here;
 3. How blest are they who o - ver-come, Who hid-den man-na share,



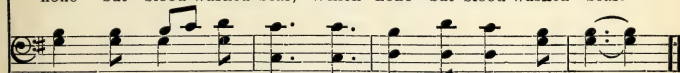
To eat of life's a - bun-dant tree, With Him in Par - a - dise to be, And
 Tho' trib - u - la-tions be their lot, The sec-ond death shall hurt them not, Christ
 And writ-ten in a mys-tic stone A name re-vealed to them a-lone, Which



CHO. — Oh, Je - sus pur-chased this for me, And Je - sus gives the vic - to - ry; Thro'



end - less life to live, And end - less life to live.
 bids them naught to fear, Christ bids them naught to fear.
 none but blood-washed bear, Which none but blood-washed bear.



Him I o - ver - come, Through Him I o - ver - come.

Copyright, 1891, by R. Kelso Carter.

- 4 How blest are they who overcome,
 And to the end obey;
 He gives them power o'er nations far,
 And for their own the morning star,
 That brings eternal day.
- 5 How blest are they who overcome;
 In Sardis, shining bright,
 Their names their Saviour shall confess,
 And never from His book erase,
 They stand in raiment white.
- 6 How blest are they who overcome;
 He makes them, pillars fair,
 And God shall write on them His name,
 And also "New Jerusalem;"
 They go not out from there.
- 7 How blest are they who overcome,
 And sup with Christ alone,
 To whom the Lord is all in all;
 For he that overcometh shall
 Sit with Him in His throne

244. And Can I Yet Delay?

Tune, Shirland, p. 44.

- 1 And can I yet delay
 My little all to give?—
 To tear my soul from earth away
 And Jesus to receive?

CHORUS.

Nay, but I yield, I yield;
 I can hold out no more:
 I sink, by dying love compelled,
 And own Thee conqueror.

- 2 Though late, I all forsake;
 My friends, my all, resign;
 Gracious Redeemer, take, oh, take,
 And seal me ever Thine!
- 3 My one desire be this,
 Thy love alone to know;
 To seek and taste no other bliss,
 No other good below.

A. B. S.

Rev. A. B. SIMPSON.

1. I am cru - ci - fied with Je - sus, And the cross hath set me
 2. Mys-tery hid from an - cient a - ges! But at length to faith made
 3. This the se - cret, na - ture hid - eth, Summer dies and lives a -

free; I have ris'n a-gain with Je-sus, And He lives and reigns in me.
 plain; Christ in me the Hope of Glo-ry, Tell it o'er and o'er a - gain.
 gain, Spring from winter's grave ariseth, Harvest grows from buried grain.

CHORUS.

Oh! it is so sweet to die with Je - sus, To the world, and self, and

sin; Oh! it is so sweet to live with Jesus, As he lives and reigns within.

Copyright, 1891, by A. B. Simpson.

4 This the secret of the holy,
 Not our holiness, but Him;
 Jesus! empty us and fill us,
 With Thy fullness to the brim.

5 This the balm for pain and sickness,
 Just to all our strength to die,
 And to find His life and fullness,
 All our beings need supply.

6 This the story of the Master, [Throne,
 Through the Cross, He reached the
 And like Him our path to glory,
 Ever leads through death alone.

7 It may be our dust shall moulder,
 In the tomb where Jesus lay,
 But we'll rise in all His glory
 On the resurrection day.

Anchored Fast.

R. K. C.

R. KELSO CARTER.

1. I've en-tered the rest of the peo - ple of God Sweet peace in be-liev-ing I
 2. My la-bors, and struggles, and efforts are o'er, My bur-dens have all roll'd a-
 3. His yoke is so eas - y, His bur-den so light, His love is the theme of my
 4. He lead-eth me gen-tly be-side waters still, In pastures so green I lie

know; I'm saved by His grace, I am washed in His blood, The
 way; For Je - sus my sins and in - firm - i - ties bore, And
 song; He cleans - eth me dai - ly and clothes me in white, And
 down; The clouds of my tri - als shine bright in God's will, I

CHORUS.

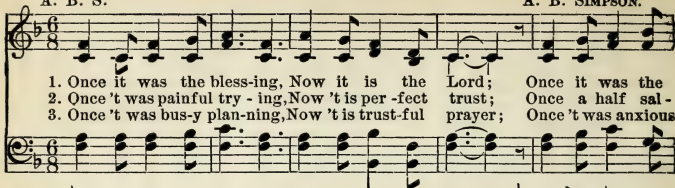
blood that makes whiter than snow. I've anchored my bark in the
 He is my strength and my stay.
 keep - eth me all the day long.
 live 'twixt the cross and the crown.

har - bor of faith, The o - cean of fear I have passed, at last; Tho'

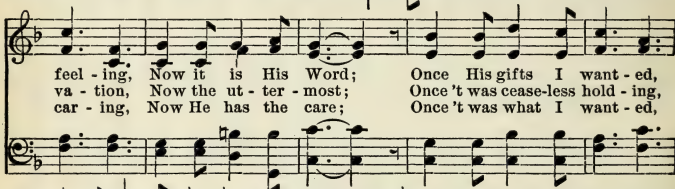
wild - ly without, sweeps the tempest of doubt, I'm safe, for I'm anchored fast.

A. B. S.

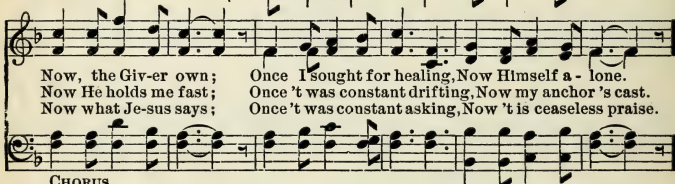
A. B. SIMPSON.



1. Once it was the bless-ing, Now it is the Lord; Once it was the
2. Once 't was painful try-ing, Now 't is per-fect trust; Once a half sal-
3. Once 't was bus-y plan-ning, Now 't is trust-ful prayer; Once 't was anxious

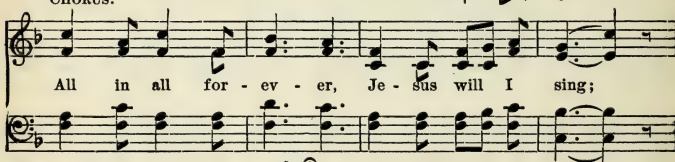


feel-ing, Now it is His Word; Once His gifts I want-ed,
va-tion, Now the ut-ter-most; Once 't was cease-less hold-ing,
car-ing, Now He has the care; Once 't was what I want-ed,

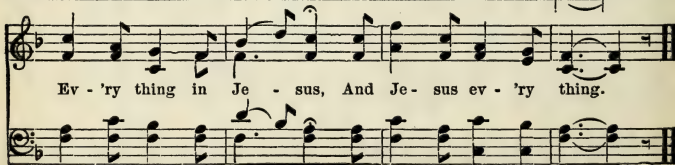


Now, the Giv-er own; Once I sought for healing, Now Himself a-lone.
Now He holds me fast; Once 't was constant drifting, Now my anchor's cast.
Now what Je-sus says; Once 't was constant asking, Now 't is ceaseless praise.

CHORUS.



All in all for-ev-er, Je-sus will I sing;



Ev-'ry thing in Je-sus, And Je-sus ev-'ry thing.

Copyright, 1901, by A. B. Simpson.

4 Once it was my working,
His it hence shall be;
Once I tried to use Him,
Now He uses me;
Once the power I wanted,
Now the Mighty One;
Once for self I labored,
Now for Him alone.

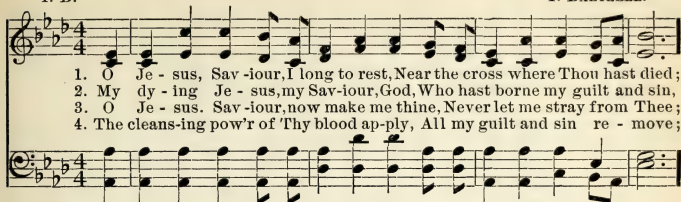
5 Once I hoped in Jesus,
Now I know He's mine;
Once my lamps were dying,
Now they brightly shine;
Once for death I waited,
Now His coming hail;
And my hopes are anchored
Safe within the veil.

248.

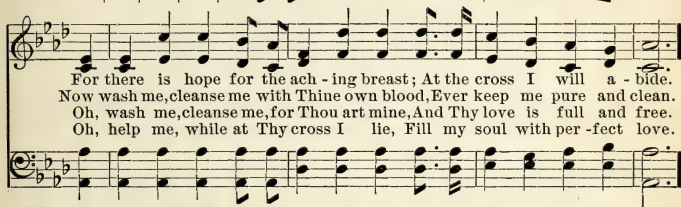
At the Cross I'll Abide.

I. B.

I. BALTZELL.

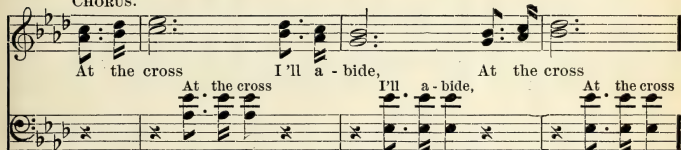


1. O Je - sus, Sav - iour, I long to rest, Near the cross where Thou hast died;
 2. My dy - ing Je - sus, my Sav - iour, God, Who hast borne my guilt and sin,
 3. O Je - sus. Sav - iour, now make me thine, Never let me stray from Thee;
 4. The cleans - ing pow'r of Thy blood ap - ply, All my guilt and sin re - move;

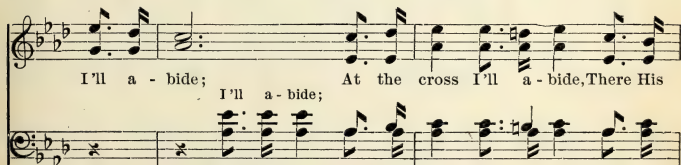


For there is hope for the ach - ing breast; At the cross I will a - bide.
 Now wash me, cleanse me with Thine own blood, Ever keep me pure and clean.
 Oh, wash me, cleanse me, for Thou art mine, And Thy love is full and free.
 Oh, help me, while at Thy cross I lie, Fill my soul with per - fect love.

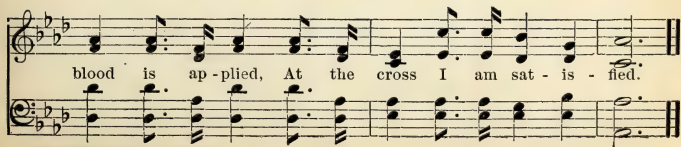
CHORUS.



At the cross I'll a - bide, At the cross I'll a - bide, At the cross I'll a - bide, At the cross I'll a - bide,



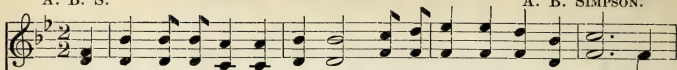
I'll a - bide; I'll a - bide; At the cross I'll a - bide, There His



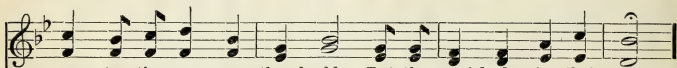
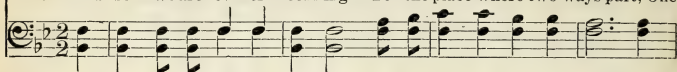
blood is ap - plied, At the cross I am sat - is - fied.

A. B. S.

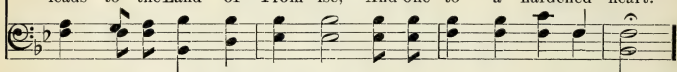
A. B. SIMPSON.



1. They came to the gates of Ca - naan, But they nev - er en - tered in; They
 2. On the morrow they would have en - tered, But God had shut the gate. They
 3. And so we are ev - er com - ing To the place where two ways part, One



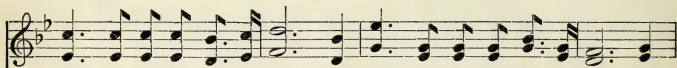
came to the ver - y thresh - old, But they perished in their sin.
 wept, they rash - ly ven - tured, But a - las! it was too late.
 leads to the Land of Prom - ise, And one to a hardened heart.



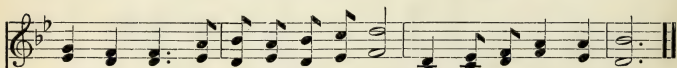
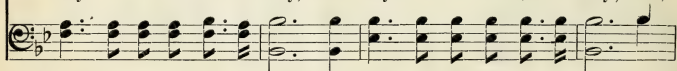
CHORUS.



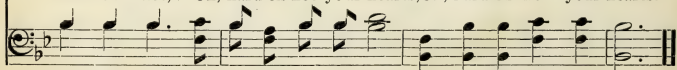
Oh, heark - en to the Ho - ly Ghost, To - day if ye will hear His voice, To -



day while it is call'd to - day, To - day while it is called to - day; Oh,



hard - en not, Oh, hard - en not your hearts, Oh, hard - en not your hearts.



- 4 Oh, brother, give heed to the warning, 5 Oh, come in complete surrender,
 And obey His voice today; Oh, turn from thy doubt and sin;
 The Spirit to thee is calling, Pass on from Kadesh to Canaan,
 Oh, do not grieve Him away. And a crown and kingdom win.

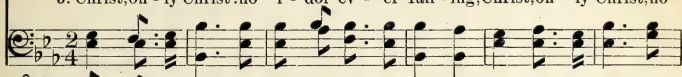
Not I, But Christ.

A. A. F.

A. B. SIMPSON.



1. Not I, but Christ, be honored, loved, ex - alt - ed, Not I, but Christ, be
 2. Not I, but Christ, to gen - tly soothe in sor - row, Not I, but Christ, to
 3. Christ, on - ly Christ! no i - dol ev - er fall - ing, Christ, on - ly Christ, no



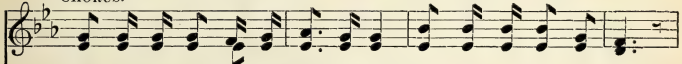
seen, be known, be heard, Not I, but Christ, in ev - ery look and
 wipe the fall - ing tear, Not I, but Christ, to lift the wea - ry
 need - less bust - ling sound, Christ, on - ly Christ, no self - im - port - ant



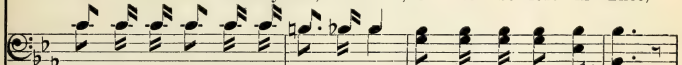
ac - tion, Not I, but Christ, in ev - ery thought and word.
 bur - den, Not I, but Christ to hush a - way all fear,
 bear - ing, Christ, on - ly Christ, no trace of "I" be found,



CHORUS.



O to be saved from my-self, dear Lord, O to be lost in Thee,



G that it might be no more I, but Christ, that lives in me.



5 Not I, but Christ, my every need supply-
 ing, [health to be;
 Not I, but Christ, my strength and
 Christ, only Christ, for body, soul, and
 spirit, [in me.
 Christ, only Christ, live then Thy life

5 Christ, only Christ, ere long will fill my
 vision;
 Glory excelling soon, full soon I'll see
 Christ, only Christ, my every wish ful-
 filling—
 Christ, only Christ, my all in all to be.

251.

Love Divine.

C. WESLEY.

Tune, MCKENDREE, 8s & 7s, D.

FINE

1. { Love di - vine, all love ex - cell - ing, Joy of heav'n, to earth come down, }
 { Fix in us Thy hum - ble dwell - ing; All Thy faith - ful mer - cies crown. }
 D.C. Vis - it us with Thy sal - va - tion; En - ter ev - 'ry trem - bling heart.

Je sus, Thou art all com - pas - sion, Pure, unbound - ed love Thou art.

- 2 Breathe, O breathe Thy loving Spirit,
 Into every troubled breast;
 Let us all in Thee inherit;
 Let us find that second rest.
 Take away our bent to sinning;
 Alpha and Omega be;
 End of faith, as its beginning,
 Set our hearts at liberty,
- 3 Come, Almighty, to deliver,
 Let us all Thy life receive;
 Suddenly return, and never,
 Never more Thy temples leave;
 Thee we would be always blessing,
 Serve Thee as Thy hosts above,
 Pray, and praise Thee without ceasing,
 Glory in Thy perfect love.

Upon their pilgrim journey
 Triumphantly may sing,—
 Of a Saviour who redeemed them
 And delivers from all sin,—
 His blood now makes me clean.

CHO.—Glory, glory, hallelujah! :||
 His blood now keeps me clean.

- 4 Finish then Thy new creation;
 Pure and spotless let us be;
 Let us see Thy great salvation,
 Perfectly restored in Thee:
 Changed from glory into glory,
 Till in heaven we take our place,—
 Till we cast our crowns before Thee,
 Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

- 2 On the mountain tops of Beulah land,
 Or in the vale below,
 Where temptation's wildest hurricanes
 Their fiercest tempests blow,
 In sorrow or in conflict now
 His grace He doth bestow,—
 His blood now makes me clean!

- 3 He that dwelleth in the covert
 Of the highest of the high,
 Abides in perfect safety
 And the devil's hosts defies,
 As 'neath Jehovah's mighty wings
 No evil can come nigh,—
 His blood now makes me clean.

- 4 As the past I can't live over,
 Nor insure the coming years,
 I claim the now salvation,—
 Nor live in future fears;
 Cross no bridges till I reach them,
 And I shed no borrowed tears,—
 His blood now makes me clean.

252. There's a Highway.

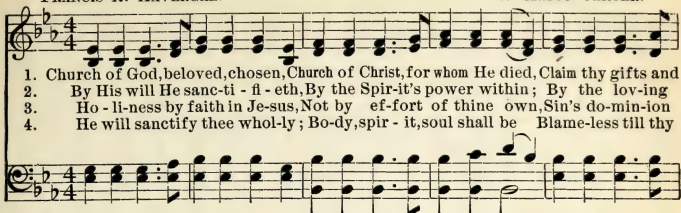
- 1 There's a highway for the ransomed
 Where the children of the King,

Sanctified.

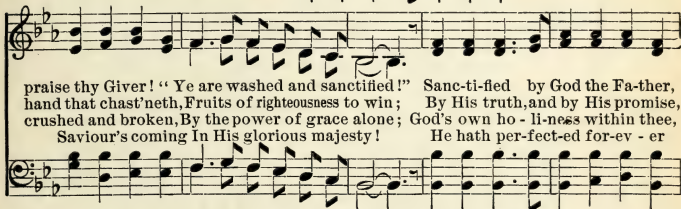
"Sanctified in Christ Jesus." 1 Cor. 1: 2.

FRANCIS R. HAVERGAL.

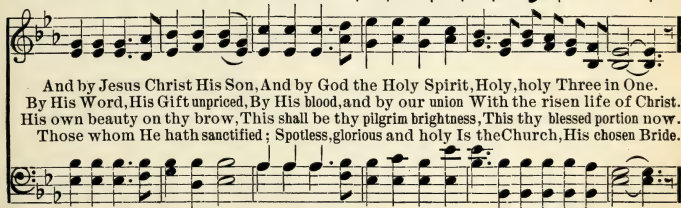
R. KELSO CARTER.



1. Church of God, beloved, chosen, Church of Christ, for whom He died, Claim thy gifts and
 2. By His will He sanc-ti - fi - eth, By the Spir-it's power within; By the lov-ing
 3. Ho - li-ness by faith in Je-sus, Not by ef-fort of thine own, Sin's do-min-ion
 4. He will sanctify thee whol-ly; Bo-dy, spir - it, soul shall be Blame-less till thy

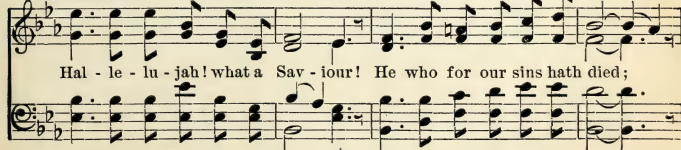


praise thy Giver! "Ye are washed and sanctified!" Sanc-ti-fied by God the Fa-ther,
 hand that chast'neth, Fruits of righteousness to win; By His truth, and by His promise,
 crushed and broken, By the power of grace alone; God's own ho - li-ness within thee,
 Saviour's coming In His glorious majesty! He hath per-fect-ed for-ev - er

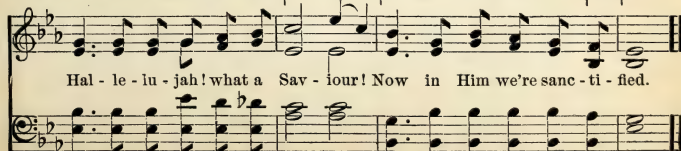


And by Jesus Christ His Son, And by God the Holy Spirit, Holy, holy Three in One.
 By His Word, His Gift unpriced, By His blood, and by our union With the risen life of Christ.
 His own beauty on thy brow, This shall be thy pilgrim brightness, This thy blessed portion now.
 Those whom He hath sanctified; Spotless, glorious and holy Is the Church, His chosen Bride.

REFRAIN.



Hal - le - lu - jah! what a Sav - iour! He who for our sins hath died;



Hal - le - lu - jah! what a Sav - iour! Now in Him we're sanc - ti - fied.

Present Victory.

"Stand ye still, and see the salvation of the Lord." 2 Chor. xx: 17.

R. K. C.

R. KELSO CARTER.

1. On life's rag - ing o - cean sail - ing, Je - sus' name I sought to bear;
 2. Wea - ry of myself de - ceiv - ing, Then His truth broke like a flood;
 3. In the world much trib-u - la - tion Must ye have, but be of cheer;
 4. Christ a - lone the vic-t'ry giv - eth, Oh! how sweet, by faith to cry, —

But my doubts and fears prevail - ing, Filled my soul with anx - ious care.
 I go on - ward, just be - liev - ing, Trust - ing in my Saviour's blood.
 I have o - ver - come temp - ta - tion, I have conquered, do not fear.
 "Sure - ly my Re - deem - er liv - eth, He hath conquered, and not I."

Fall - ing al - ways, al - ways cry - ing, "Help me! save me! grace al - low;"
 Now the wa - ters wild are sleep - ing, Je - sus speaks, the tem - pest stills;
 Long a - go the bat - tle end - ed, Now the flag of peace un - furled;
 Strike my harp with loud thanksgiv - ing, Bind the lau - rel round my brow;

Came the an - swer sweet re - ply - ing, "Je - sus saves thee, saves thee now."
 And a ho - ly peace comes creeping Like the sun - light down the hills.
 Wide pro - claims of Christ as - cend - ed; I have o - ver - come the world.
 I was dead, but now am liv - ing, Je - sus saves me, saves me now.

D.S. Glo - ry in the high - est, glo - ry! Je - sus saves me, saves me now.

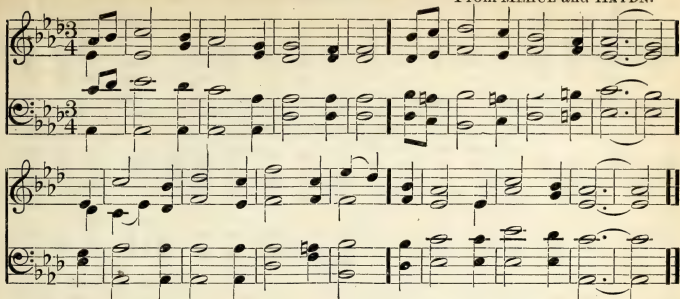
REFRAIN.

D.S. :S:

Shout in triumph, shout the sto - ry; Nev - er more a doubt al - low;

Manoah. C. M.

From MEHUL and HAYDN.



255.

Tune, Manoah.

- 1 Oh, how the thought of God attracts
And draws the heart from earth;
And sickens it of passing shows
And dissipating mirth.
- 2 'T is not enough to save our souls,
To shun eternal fires;
The thought of God will move the heart
To win sublime desires.
3. The freedom from all wilful sin
The Christians daily task,—
Are then our graces far below
What longing love would ask?
- 4 The perfect way is hard to flesh;
It is not hard to love;
If thou wert sick for want of God
How swiftly wouldst thou move!
- 5 A trusting faith, a glowing eye,
Can win their way above;
If mountains can be moved by faith,
Is there less power in love?

FREDERICK FABER.

256.

Oh, Bliss.



- 1 Oh, bliss of the purified, bliss of the
free,
I plunge in the crimson tide opened for
me;
O'er sin and uncleanness exulting I stand,
And point to the print of the nails in his
hand.

CHO.—Oh, sing of His mighty love,
||: Sing of His mighty love, :||
Mighty to save.

- 2 Oh, bliss of the purified, Jesus is mine,
No longer in dread condemnation I pine;
In conscious salvation I sing of His grace,
Who lifteth upon me the light of His face.
- 3 Oh, bliss of the purified, bliss of the
pure,
No wound hath the soul that His blood
cannot cure;
No sorrow-bowed head but may sweetly
find rest,
No tears but may dry them on Jesus'
breast.
- 4 O Jesus the crucified, Thee will I sing,
My blessed Redeemer, my God and my
King.
My soul filled with rapture shall shout o'er
the grave,
And triumph in death in the "Mighty to
Save."

REV. F. BOTTOME.

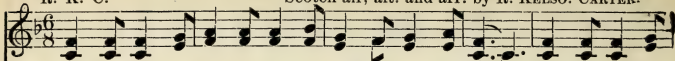
257.

Dear Lord, Baptize.

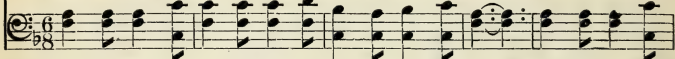
- 1 Dear Lord, baptize my soul with fire,
Burn out all dross, refine,
And sanctify, and then inspire
With love, this heart of mine.
- 2 Blest Saviour, at Thy feet I wait —
Wait for Thy blessing Lord;
Transform my soul, the work complete,
According to Thy word.
- 3 I feel Thy sanctifying grace,
Which Thou dost now impart;
Gladly that love I now embrace,
E'en now within my heart.
- 4 'T is sweet, dear Saviour, here to rest,
To trust Thy blessed name;
To lean upon Thy sacred breast
And Thy sure promise claim.

R. K. C.

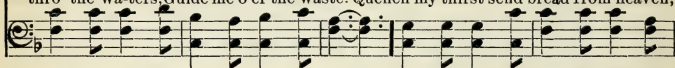
Scotch air, alt. and arr. by R. KELSO. CARTER.



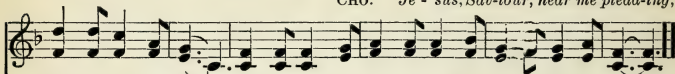
1. Je - sus, with di-vine com-pas-sion, Hear my help-less cry; From sin's ru - in
2. Torn with strivings and conten tion, Toss'd by fierce a-larms; Stretch, with mighty
3. Let me with God's sons and daughters, Bondage leave in haste; Cut my pathway



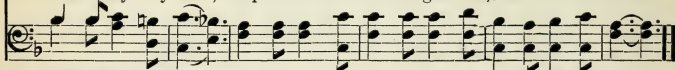
Thou canst fashion Work meet for Thine eye. Ush - er in Thy new cre - a - tion,
in - ter-ven-tion, Thine e - ter - nal arms. Look up - on my deep con-tri-tion,
thro' the wa-ters, Guide me o'er the waste. Quench my thirst send bread from heaven,



CHO. Je - sus, Sav-iour, hear me plead-ing,



Call it ver - y good; Light of life, send now sal - va - tion, Thro' the cleansing blood.
Give me per-fect rest; Raise me from my lost con-di-tion, Fold me to Thy breast.
Hold me by Thy Law; Keep me from the doubting leaven, Lead to Jordan's shore.



Copyright, 1886, by R. Kelso Carter.

Cleanse me now with-in; Hear the Spir-it's in - ter-ced-ing, Save me from all sin.

- 4 On the verge, in faith I'm standing,
Cloud and fire gone,
Waiting for Thy voice commanding,
Ark of God lead on.
Speak again the word of power,
Hold me by Thy hand;
Lead me, Lord this very hour
To the promised land.
- 5 In the land, beset by danger,
Every foe cast out;
Even then I'll dwell a stranger,
Though with victor's shout.
Looking for the consummation
O'er the bursting clod;
For the city with foundation
Made and built by God.
- 2 Stronger His love than death or hell;
Its riches are unsearchable;
The first-born Sons of light
Desire in vain its depths to see;
They cannot reach the mystery,
The length, the breadth, the height.
- 3 God only knows the love of God;
O that it now were shed abroad
In this poor stony heart;
For love I sigh, for love I pine;
This only portion, Lord, be mine
Be mine this better part.
- 4 O that I could forever sit
With Mary at the Master's feet!
Be this my happy choice;
My only care, delight, and bliss,
My joy, my heaven on earth, be this,
To hear the Bridegroom's voice.
- 5 O that I could, with favored John
Recline my weary head upon
The dear Redeemer's breast!
From, care and sin, and sorrow free,
Give me, O Lord, to find in thee
My everlasting rest.

259.

0 Love Divine.

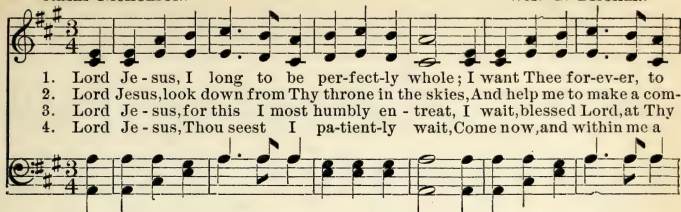
Tune Ariel, p. 111.

- 1 O love divine, how sweet thou art!
When shall I find my willing heart
All taken up by Thee?
I thirst, I faint, I die to prove
The greatness of redeeming love,
The love of Christ to me.

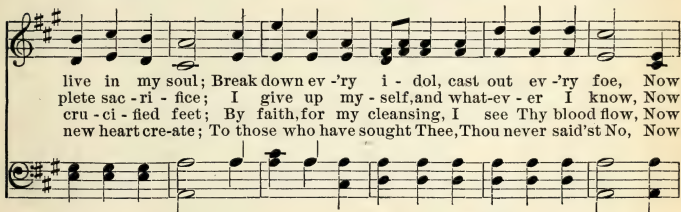
Whiter Than Snow.

JAMES NICHOLSON.

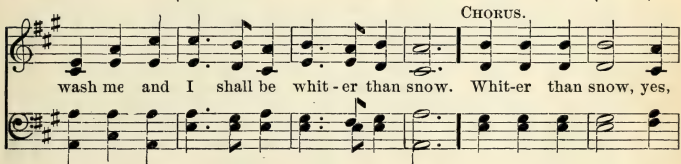
WM. G. FISCHER.



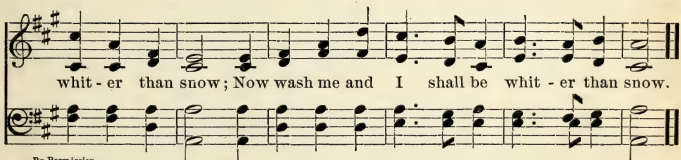
1. Lord Je-sus, I long to be per-fect-ly whole; I want Thee for-ev-er, to
 2. Lord Jesus, look down from Thy throne in the skies, And help me to make a com-
 3. Lord Je-sus, for this I most humbly en-treat, I wait, blessed Lord, at Thy
 4. Lord Je-sus, Thou seest I pa-tient-ly wait, Come now, and within me a



live in my soul; Break down ev-'ry i-dol, cast out ev-'ry foe, Now
 plete sac-ri-fice; I give up my-self, and what-ev-er I know, Now
 cru-ci-fied feet; By faith, for my cleansing, I see Thy blood flow, Now
 new heart cre-ate; To those who have sought Thee, Thou never said'st No, Now



CHORUS.
 wash me and I shall be whit-er than snow. Whit-er than snow, yes,



whit-er than snow; Now wash me and I shall be whit-er than snow.

By Permission.

Tune, Beulah Land. Key G.

- 1 My soul with steadfast hope believes,
 From Jesus daily strength receives,
 So in the strife I overcome,
 Gain foretastes of the heavenly home.

CHORUS.

From Beulah land, sweet Beulah land,
 I soon shall gain the heavenly strand.
 Across the waters, comes to me,
 While visions pure and bright I see,

- A voice that speaks of rest and home,
 With Him by whom I overcome.
 2 The soul that thirsts for righteousness,
 In spotless garments fain would dress,
 With "hidden manna" may be fed,
 In robes of righteousness arrayed.
 3 My dear Redeemer still the same,
 Will gently whisper my new name,
 And call His child to rest and home,
 If to the end I overcome.

FRANCES BARROWS.

262.

Abiding and Confiding.

Rev. A. B. SIMPSON.

J. H. BURKE.



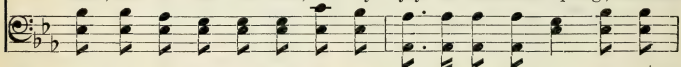
1. I have learn'd the wondrous secret Of a - bid - ing in the Lord; I have
2. I am cru - ci - fied with Je - sus, And He lives and dwells with me; I have
3. All my sick-ness-es I bring Him, And He bears them all a - way; All my
4. For my words I take His wisdom, For my works His Spirit's pow'r; For my



found the strength and sweetness Of con - fid - ing in His word; I have
ceased from all my struggling, 'Tis no long - er I, but He. All my
fears and griefs I tell Him, All my cares from day to day, All my
ways His cease-less Pres-ence, Guards and guides me ev - ry hour. Of my



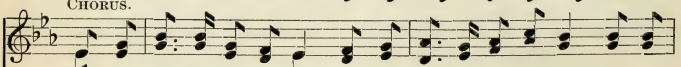
tast - ed life's pure fount-ain, I am drink-ing of His blood; I have
will is yield-ed to Him, And His Spir - it reigns with-in; And His
strength I draw from Je - sus, By His breath I live and move; E'en His
heart, He is the Por - tion, Of my joy the boundless Spring; Sav-iour



lost my - self in Je - sus, I am sink - ing in - to God.
pre - cious blood each mo - ment, Keeps me cleansed and free from sin.
ver - y mind He gives me, And His faith, and life and love.
Sanc - ti - fi - er, Heal - er, Glo - rious Lord and com - ing King.



CHORUS.



I'm a - bid - ing in the Lord, And con - fid - ing in His word; And I'm



hid-ing in the bos-om of His love. Yes, a-bid-ing in the
of His love.

Lord, And con-fid-ing in His word, And I'm hiding in the bos-om of His love.

263. Crucified with Christ. S. M. D.

R. K. C.

K. KELSO CARTER.

1. My God so loved the world, He gave His on-ly Son; The hosts of hell were-
2. As Mos-es lift-ed up The ser-pent on the pole, So Christ on Cal-v'ry
3. Be-set and sore-ly tried, He saves from sin and pain; I am with Je-sus
4. Oh, fight the fight of faith! The prom-ise is for you; What-ev-er Christ our

backward hurled, The bat-tle fought and won. My soul in faith re-ceives, In
drained the cup, To save my sin-ful soul. As I be-hold Him die, My
cru-ci-fied, And yet I live a-gain. For me He hath suf-ficed, From
Sav-iour saith, Be-lieve it to be true. Now reck-on on His word, That

spite of sin and strife, That who-so-ev-er Him be-lieves Hath ev-er-last-ing life.
heart from e-vil turns; The Spir-it an-sw-ers to my cry, The fire with-in me burns.
ev-ry care set free, I live by faith in Je-sus Christ, Who gave Himself for me.
you are pure within, A-live, in Je-sus Christ, to God, And dead indeed to sin.

264.

What would Jesus do?

A. B. S.

A. B. SIMPSON.

1. What to do we often wonder, As we seek some watchword true, Lo! the answer God hath
 2. When the shafts of fierce temptation, With their fiery darts pursue, This will be your heavenly
 3. When He comes we shall be like Him, We may now be like Him too, All our life to others

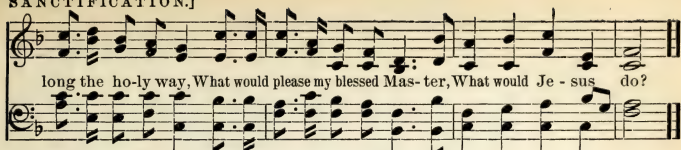
giv - en, What would Je-sus do? Ev - 'ry ques-tion this will set-tle, Ev-'ry
 arm - or, What would Je-sus do? When the paths of sa-cred du-ty, Fie-ry
 show-ing, What would Je-sus do? How our lives would speak for Je-sus, If we

tangled maze un-do; Just to pause and ask each moment, What would Jesus do?
 tri-als lead you thro', Shrink not, faint not, but remember, What would Jesus do?
 ev - er kept in view, Ev'ry word and thought and action, What would Jesus do?

REFRAIN.

In the footsteps of the Saviour I would walk from day to day, I would follow Je-sus

on - ly all I think or do, or say; This my sa-cred watchword ever, All a -

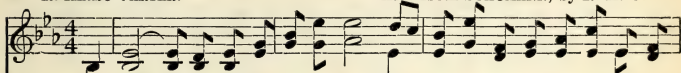


long the ho-ly way, What would please my blessed Mas-ter, What would Je - sus do?

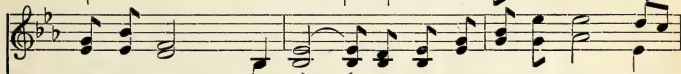
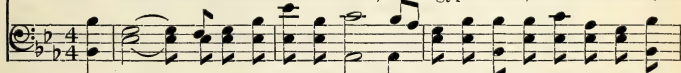
265. The Jordan Crossing.

R. KELSO CARTER.

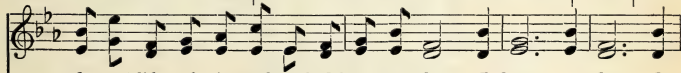
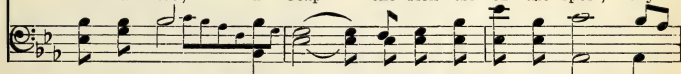
Arr. from SCHUMANN, by R. K. C.



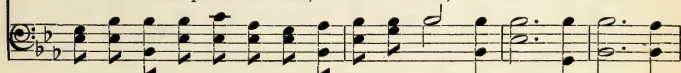
1. By Jor - dan's rushing stream I stand; The roll-ing tide is deep and wide, I
2. The pil - lar sheds its glowing light On corn and wine, on fields that shine In
3. I look in vain for Mos-es' rod, Yet on the brink I will not shrink, Nor
4. I find the corn and wine and oil; No Egypt's taste, no des-ert waste, No



see no way; I long to reach the promised land; The
fair-est dress; But turns its cloud of dark-est night, To
fear the tide; Th'e-ter - nal word, the ark of God, Goes
man-na here; I reap the rich-est of the spoil; My



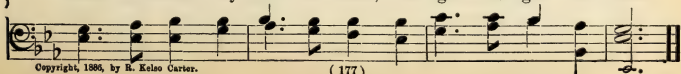
de-sert life of inward strife I leave to - day; I leave to - day, O
sighs and tears of wea-ry years My wil - der-ness; My wil - der-ness. With
on be - fore; from shore to shore, The floods di-vide, The floods di- vide. I
feet now stand up - on the land, No foes I fear, No foes I fear. I



rit - e - dim.

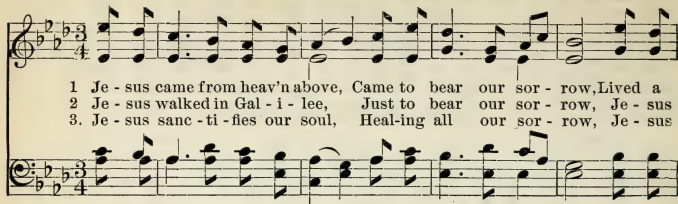


Lord! from sin grant full re - lease, Give me Thy per - fect peace.
God be - hind and God be - fore, I'll reach the far - ther shore.
reck - on I am dead to sin; God's word gives peace with - in.
trust in what my Josh - ua saith, And fight the fight of faith.



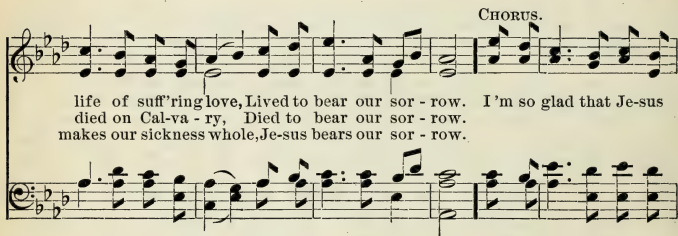
A. B. S.

Rev. A. B. SIMPSON.

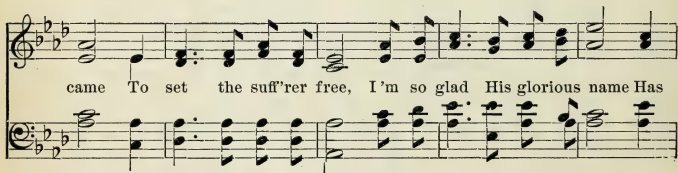


1 Je - sus came from heav'n above, Came to bear our sor - row, Lived a
 2 Je - sus walked in Gal - i - lee, Just to bear our sor - row, Je - sus
 3. Je - sus sanc - ti - fies our soul, Heal - ing all our sor - row, Je - sus

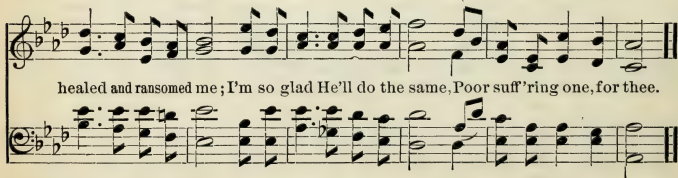
CHORUS.



life of suff'ring love, Lived to bear our sor - row. I'm so glad that Je - sus
 died on Cal - va - ry, Died to bear our sor - row.
 makes our sickness whole, Je - sus bears our sor - row.



came To set the suff'rer free, I'm so glad His glorious name Has



healed and ransomed me; I'm so glad He'll do the same, Poor suff'ring one, for thee.

Copyright, 1891, by A. B. Simpson.

4 Jesus weeps with all our woes,
 Jesus feels our sorrow,
 Jesus meets for us our foes,
 Jesus bears our sorrow.

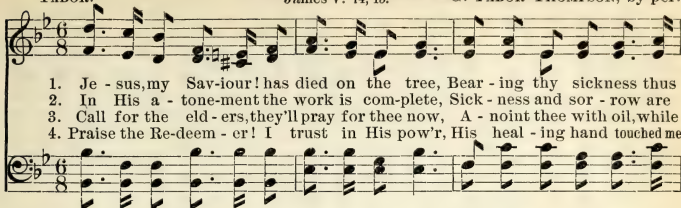
5 Jesus soon will come again,
 Come to end our sorrow;
 Then we'll sing in louder strain,
 Jesus bore our sorrow

Jesus Thy Healer.

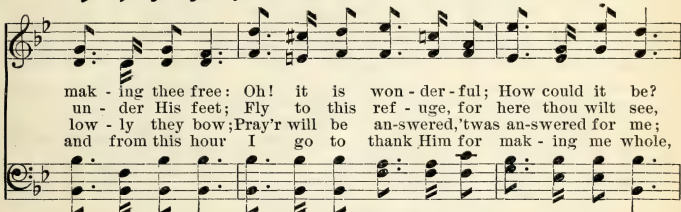
TABOR.

James v: 14, 15.

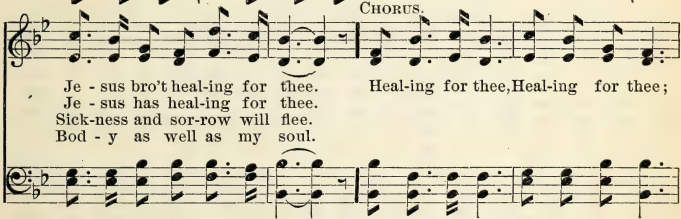
G. TABOR THOMPSON, by per.



1. Je - sus, my Sav-iour! has died on the tree, Bear - ing thy sickness thus
 2. In His a - tone-ment the work is com-plete, Sick - ness and sor - row are
 3. Call for the eld - ers, they'll pray for thee now, A - noint thee with oil, while
 4. Praise the Re-deem - er! I trust in His pow'r, His heal - ing hand touched me



mak - ing thee free: Oh! it is won - der - ful; How could it be?
 un - der His feet; Fly to this ref - uge, for here thou wilt see,
 low - ly they bow; Pray'r will be an-swered, 'twas an-swered for me;
 and from this hour I go to thank Him for mak - ing me whole,

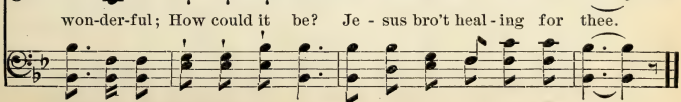


CHORUS.

Je - sus bro't heal-ing for thee. Heal-ing for thee, Heal-ing for thee;
 Je - sus has heal-ing for thee.
 Sick-ness and sor-row will flee.
 Bod - y as well as my soul.



In His a - tone - ment is heal - ing for thee; Oh! it is



won - der - ful; How could it be? Je - sus bro't heal - ing for thee.

"Himself took our infirmities and bare our sicknesses." Matt. viii: 17.

R. K. C.

R. KELSO CARTER.

1. Je - sus, Thou ev - er art the same, To-day and yes-ter-day are one; The glo-ries
2. In Thine own bo - dy on the tree My guilt and inbred sin were borne; My sickness-
3. Is Thine arm shorten'd by the years? Thy promises outlaw'd by time? Canst Thou not

REFRAIN.

of 'Thy mighty name For-ev-er mark God's ris-en Son. For me the Lord was cruci-
were laid on Thee, For me Thy loving heart was torn.
see the suff'rer's tears That flow in ev'ry land and clime?

fied, For me He suf-f'ed, bled, and died; My Je - sus bore it all for me,

rit.
My sin and sick - ness on the tree.

Copyright, 1884, by John J. Hood.

4 Is anything too hard for Thee?
O God of all the earth, canst Thou
Give to my spirit liberty,
But cannot heal my body now?

5 Away, my fears, I come to Christ
Soul, spirit, body, by Thy word,
Thro' Thee, who once was sacrificed,
Be wholly sanctified to God,

269. Christ the Healer.

Tune above.

1 Tho' eighteen hundred years are past,
Since Thou didst in the flesh appear,
Thy tender mercies ever last,
And still Thy healing power is here.

2 O Christ, Thou art the Saviour still,
In every place and age the same,
Thou never hast forgot Thy skill,
Or lost the virtue of Thy name.

3 Faith in Thy changeless name I have,
My good and kind Physician Thou,

From all disease Thy hand can save,
To perfect health restore me now.

4 All my disease, my every sin,
To Thee, O Jesus, I confess;
Pardon my faults, my cure begin,
And perfect me in holiness.

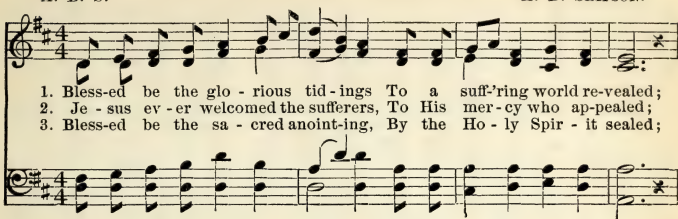
5 Be it according to Thy Word,
Accomplish now the work in me,
And so shall I, with health restored,
Devote my every power to Thee.

From "Songs of Perfect Love," by per. John J. Hood.

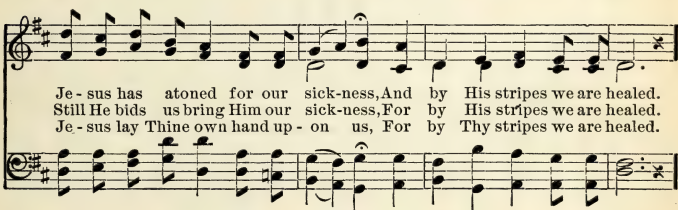
270. Blessed Be the Great Atonement.

A. B. S.

A. B. SIMPSON.

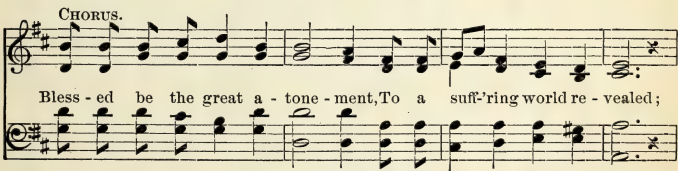


1. Bless-ed be the glo - rious tid - ings To a suff-'ring world re-vealed;
 2. Je - sus ev - er welcomed the sufferers, To His mer - cy who ap - pealed;
 3. Bless-ed be the sa - cred anoint-ing, By the Ho - ly Spir - it sealed;



Je - sus has atoned for our sick-ness, And by His stripes we are healed.
 Still He bids us bring Him our sick-ness, For by His stripes we are healed.
 Je - sus lay Thine own hand up - on us, For by Thy stripes we are healed.

CHORUS.



Bless - ed be the great a - tone - ment, To a suff-'ring world re - vealed;



Bless-ed be the great Phy - si - cian, For by His stripes we are healed.

Copyright, 1891, by A. B. Simpson.

4 Saviour, mid the arrows of Satan,
 Be our refuge and our shield;
 Safely shall we walk through all danger,
 For by Thy stripes we are healed.

5 Jesus to Thy glory forever,
 All our members we would yield;
 Never let us cease to remember,
 That by Thy stripes we are healed.

FRANK GOULD.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Je - sus the Sav-iour is pass-ing this way, Come, there is
 2. Je - sus is pa - tient-ly call-ing to - day, Come, there is
 3. Je - sus is pass - ing, oh, fall at His feet, Come, there is
 4. Je - sus will save thee if thou wilt be - lieve, Come, there is

heal-ing for thee; . . . Rise at His bid-ding, oh, why wilt thou stay?
 heal-ing for thee; . . . Now He is wait-ing no long-er de-lay,—
 heal-ing for thee; . . . Fly to thy ref-uge, thy on - ly re-treat,
 heal-ing for thee; . . . Haste, and the rap-ture of par-don re-ceive,
 Yes, heal-ing for thee. . . .

CHORUS.
 Come, there is heal-ing for thee. . . . Healing for thee, sin-ner, for
 Yes, healing for thee.

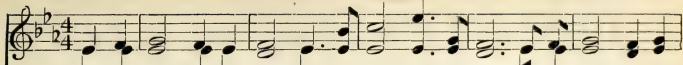
thee, Now there is heal-ing for thee; Je - sus the Saviour is
 Yes, heal-ing for thee;

pass-ing this way; Come, there is heal-ing for thee. . . .
 Yes, heal-ing for thee.

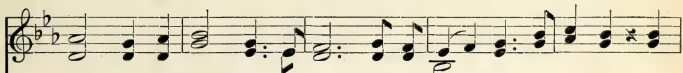
Healing In Jesus.

A. B. S.


A. B. SIMPSON.



1. There is cleans-ing in Je - sus, for guilt and for sin, There's a fount-ain that
 2. There is heal-ing in Je - sus, the same as of old, There is heal-ing for
 3. There is glad-ness in Je - sus that nev-er grows old, There's a sunshine that

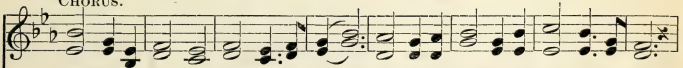


wash-es us whit-er than snow, There's a Spir-it that's will-ing To
 all who be-lieve and o-bey, For the love and com-pas-sion, that
 nev-er shall van-ish a-way; Oh, the rest and the sweetness can




fill us with-in Till the depths of our-be-ing His cleansing shall know.
 nev-er grow cold, Are as a-ble and will-ing to help us to-day.
 nev-er be told, Of the hearts that have learned to be-lieve and obey.

CHORUS.



Healing in Je - sus, heal-ing for thee, Healing for all who believe and o - bey;



Heal-ing in Je - sus, Healing for me, Je - sus I take Thee, for healing to-day.

W. J. K.

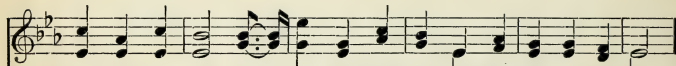
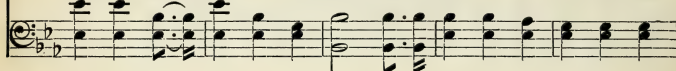
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



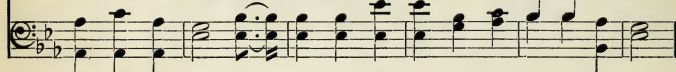
1. Hear the footsteps of Je - sus, He is now pass-ing by, Bearing balm for the
2. 'T is the voice of that Sav-iour, Whose mer - ci - ful call Free-ly of - fers sal-
3. Are you halting and struggling, O'erpower'd by your sin, While the wa-ters are
4. Blessed Sav-iour, as-sist us To rest on Thy word; Let the soul-healing



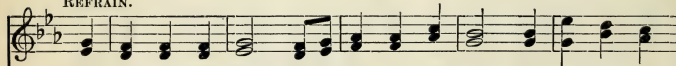
wounded, Healing all who ap - ply; As He spake to the suff-'rer Who
va-tion To one and to all; He is now beck'ning to Him Each
troubled Can you not en - ter in? Lo, the Sav-iour stands waiting To
pow-er On us now be out-poured; Wash a-way ev - ry sin-spot, Take



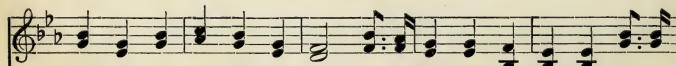
lay at the pool, He is say-ing this moment, "Wilt thou be made whole?"
sin-taint-ed soul, And lov-ing-ly ask-ing, "Wilt thou be made whole?"
strengthen your soul, He is ear-nest-ly plead-ing, "Wilt thou be made whole?"
per-fect con-trol, Say to each trust-ing spir-it, "Thy faith makes thee whole."



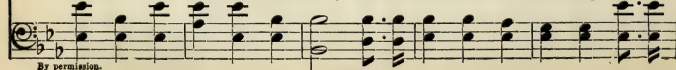
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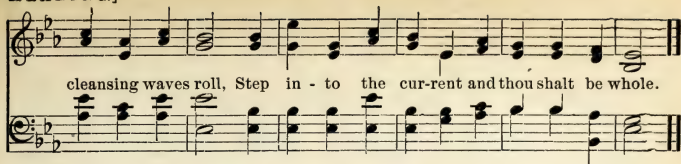


Wilt thou be made whole? Wilt thou be made whole? Oh, come, wea-ry



suff-'rer, Oh, come, sin-sick soul; See, the life-stream is flow-ing, See, the





cleansing waves roll, Step in - to the cur-rent and thou shalt be whole.

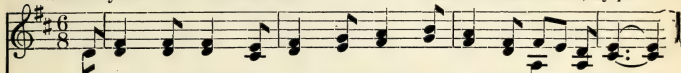
274.

The Healing Touch.

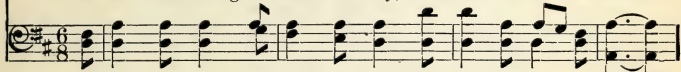
"When she heard of Jesus, came in the press behind, and touched his garment." Mark v: 27.

Words by Mrs. E. C. ELLSWORTH.

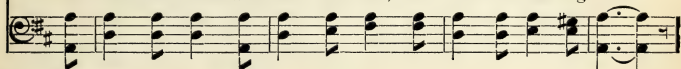
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK, by per.



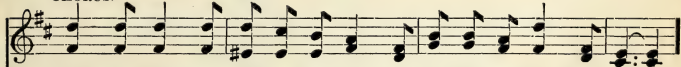
1. An ea - ger, rest - less crowd drew near, And round the Sav-iour press'd:
2. The mul - ti - tude, with cu - rious eyes, Just gaz'd up-on His face;
3. Oh, near to Christ the man - y came, In that most fa - vor'd hour!
4. Of all who throng His courts to - day, Who shall re - ceive His word?



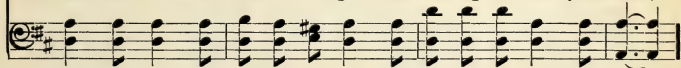
But *one*, with warm and lov - ing faith, His heal-ing pow'r confessed.
But she glanced up with hope, and love, To feel His sav - ing grace.
But one stretch'd out the hand of faith, And touch'd His healing power.
Who shall reach forth with faith sin - cere, To touch the heal-ing Lord?



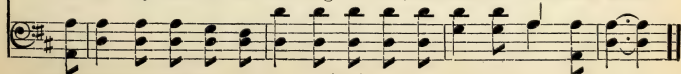
CHORUS.



She had touched the hem of His gar - ment, Trusting with all her soul;
last v. Come and touch the hem of His gar - ment, Trusting with all your soul;



For ev - 'ry touch of the lov - ing Je - sus, Can make the wounded whole.



275.

Healing. L. M.

Prof. THOMAS C. UPHAM.

R. KELSO CARTER.

1. Oh, when shall sickness and disease, Their per-se - cu - ting war-fare cease; And
 2. Doubt not that bet-ter day is near, The suf-f'ring sons of earth to cheër; Dis -
 3. Let Christ, descending from a - bove, Be - come in - car - nate in Thy love; The
 4. Let the great Heal-er make Thee free, From sins cor-rod-ing mal-a-dy; And

weak-ness die, and grief and pain, And death it - self at last be slain?
 sease and pain are borne of sin. Their rem - e - dy is found with - in.
 in - ward ills and wrong sub-due, And make Thy fal - len na - ture 'new.
 then the life that's in the soul, Shall make the suf-f'ring bod - y whole.

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276.

The Great Physician.

Rev. WM. HUNTER.

Arr. by Rev. J. H. STOCKTON, by per.

1. { The great Phy - si - cian now is near, The sym - pa - thiz - ing Je - sus, }
 He speaks the droop - ing heart to cheer, Oh! hear the voice of Je - sus, }
 2. { Your man - y sins are all for-given, Oh! hear the voice of Je - sus, }
 Go on your way in peace to heav'n, And wear a crown with Je - sus, }

D. C. Sweet - est car - ol ev - er sung, Je - sus, bless - ed Je - sus.
 REFRAIN. D. C.

Sweet - est note in ser - aph song, }
 Sweet - est name on mor - tal tongue, }

- 3 All glory to the dying Lamb!
 I now believe in Jesus;
 I love the blessed Saviour's name,
 I love the name of Jesus.
- 4 His name dispels my guilt and fear,
 No other name but Jesus:
 Oh! how my soul delights to hear
 The charming name of Jesus.

277. At Evening. L. M.

Tune, *Healing*.

- 1 At evening when the sun was set,
 The sick, O Lord, around Thee lay,
 Oh, with what various pains they meet!
 Oh, with what joy they went away!
- 2 Once more 't is evening, Lord and we,
 Oppressed with various ills, draw near.
 What though Thy face we cannot see?
 We feel and know that Thou art near.
- 3 O gracious Lord, our woes dispel!
 For some are sick, and some are sad,
 And some have never loved Thee well,
 And some have lost the love they had.
- 4 Thy touch has still its ancient power,
 No word of Thine can fruitless fail.
 Hear, in this solemn evening hour,
 And, in Thy mercy, heal us all.

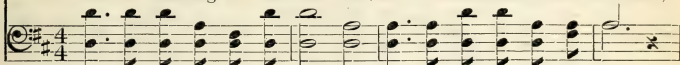
Healing at the Fountain.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

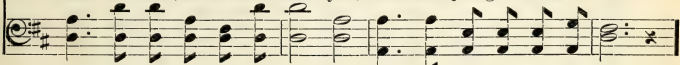
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK, by per.



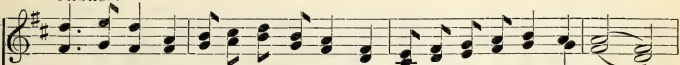
1. There is heal-ing at the foun-tain, Come, be-hold the crim-som tide,
2. There is heal-ing at the foun-tain, Come and find it wea-ry soul,
3. There is heal-ing at the foun-tain, Look to Je-sus now and live,
4. There is heal-ing at the foun-tain, Pre-cious fountain filled with blood;



Flow-ing down from Calvary's mountain, Where the Prince of Glo-ry died.
 There your sins may all be cov-ered; Je-sus waits to make you whole.
 At the cross lay down thy bur-den; All thy wanderings He'll forgive.
 Come, O come, the Sav-iour calls you, Come and plunge beneath its flood.



CHORUS.



O the foun-tain? blessed heal-ing fountain! I am glad 't is flow-ing free;



O the fount-ain! pre-cious, cleans-ing fountain! Praise the Lord, it cleanseth me.



Copyright, 1885, by Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

279.

He Healeth me.

Key of D.

- 1 He healeth me, O bless His name!
 I want to spread abroad his fame;
 From dread disease He sets me free,
 The Lord my healer, strong is He.

CHORUS.

He healeth me, He healeth me,
 By power divine He healeth me;
 He healed the sick in Galilee,
 And now by faith he healeth me.

- 2 He healeth me, my simple faith
 Believes the word that Jesus saith.
 And takes the place of ardent hope,
 Believes the Lord will raise me up.

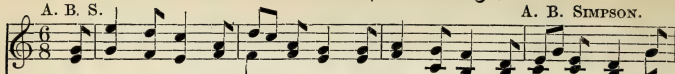
- 3 He healeth me, I touch for cure
 The border of His garment pure,
 And virtue through my being flows,
 A healing balm for nature's woes.
- 4 He healeth me, as when of yore,
 Their sins and sicknesses He bore,
 Nor has He lost His power and skill,
 Our blessed Christ is living still.
- 5 He healeth me, O oft I sought
 This healing power but found it not,
 But now I trust with all my soul,
 And now thro' faith He makes me whole.

280.

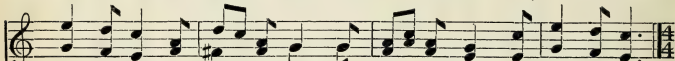
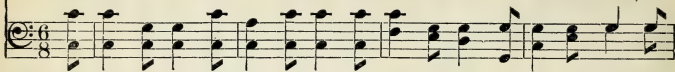
The Branch of Healing.

A. B. S.

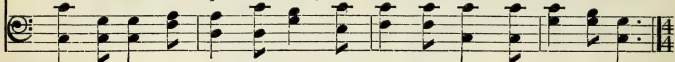
A. B. SIMPSON.



1. There is a heal-ing branch that grows Where ev-'ry bit - ter Ma-rah flows; This
2. There is an old ap - pointed way For those who 'hearken and o - bey;" A-
3. There is "an ordinance" that has stood Since Israel crossed the parted flood, It
4. There is a great Phy - si - cian still Whose hand has all its an-cient skill; At



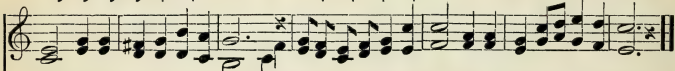
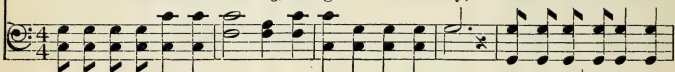
is our health re - new-ing tree, "I am the Lord that heal - eth thee."
 bove the gate these words we see, "I am the Lord that heal - eth thee."
 stands to-day for you and me, "I am the Lord that heal - eth thee."
 His command our pains will flee, "I am the Lord that heal - eth thee."



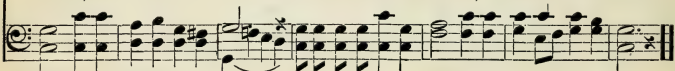
CHORUS.



Blessed be the branch of heal - ing, That grew on Calva - ry, Blessed be the law of



Marah, That sets the suff'rer free. Blessed be His name for-ev-er, The Lord that healeth me.



Copyright, 1891, by A. B. Simpson.

281. We may not climb.

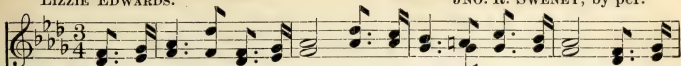
Tune, Azmon, p. 16.

- 1 We may not climb the heavenly steep
To bring the Lord Christ down;
In vain we search the lowest deep
For Him who fills Heaven's throne.
- 2 But to the contrite spirit yet
A present help is He;
And faith has yet its Olivet,
And love its Galilee.
- 3 The healing of His seamless dress
Is by our beds of pain;
We touch Him in life's throng and
And we are whole again. [press,
- 4 Through Him the first fond prayers are
Our lips of childhood frame; [said,
The last low whispers of our dead
Are burdened with His name.
- 5 O Lord and Saviour of us all,
Whate'er our name or sign,
We own Thy sway, we hear Thy call,
And form our lives by Thine.
- 6 We faintly hear, we dimly see,
In different phrase we pray;
But, dim or clear, we own in Thee,
The Truth, the Life, the Way.

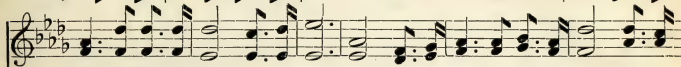
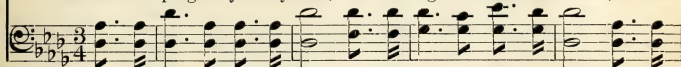
In the Morning.

LIZZIE EDWARDS.

JNO. R. SWENEY, by per.



1. We are pil-grims looking home, Sad and wea - ry oft we roam, But we
2. O these ten - der brok - en ties, How they dim our ach - ing eyes, But like
3. When our fettered souls are free, Far be - yond the nar - row sea, And we
4. Thro' our pil-grim journey here, Tho' the night is sometimes drear, Let us

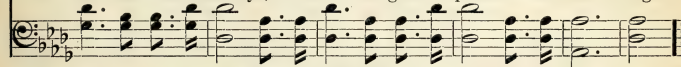


know 't will all be well in the morning; When our anchor firm - ly cast, Ev - ry
 jew - els they will shine in the morning; When our vic - tor palms we bear, And our
 hear the Saviour's voice in the morning; When our golden sheaves we bring To the
 watch and per - se - vere till the morning; Then our highest tribute raise, For the



FINE.

storm - y wave is past, And we gath - er safe at last in the morn - ing.
 robes im - mor - tal wear, We shall know each other there in the morn - ing.
 feet of Christ, our King, What a cho - rus we shall sing in the morn - ing.
 love that crowns our days, And to Je - sus give the praise in the morn - ing.



D.S. sun - ny re - gion bright, When we hail the bless - ed light of the morn - ing.

CHORUS.



When we all meet a - gain in the morn - ing, On the sweet blooming



D.S.

hills in the morn - ing; Nev - er - more to say good night In that



Art Thou Weary.

J. M. NEALE, D.D. Chorus by R. K. C.

Arranged from M. LINDSEY.



1. Art thou wea - ry, art thou lan - guid, Art thou sore dis - tress'd? "Come to
 2. Hath He di - a - dem as mon - arch, that His brow a - dorns? Yes, a
 3. If I ask Him to re - ceive me, Will He say me nay? Not till
 4. If I find Him, if I fol - low What His guer - don here? Many a



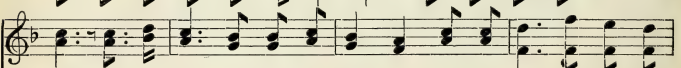
me," saith one, And com - ing, Be at rest, Be at rest.
 crown in very sur - e - ty, But of thorns, But of thorns.
 earth, and not till heav - en, Pass a - way, Pass a - way.
 sor - row, many a la - bor, Many a tear, Man - y a tear.



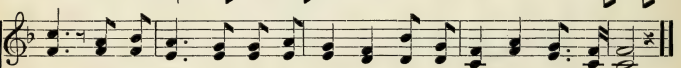
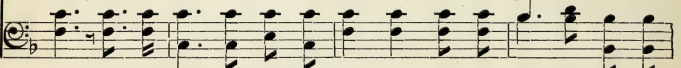
CHORUS.



Depths of love and mer - cy show - ing, From all sin He grants re -



lease; Like a riv - er, ev - er flow - ing, Je - sus gives me per - fect



peace, Like a riv - er, ev - er flow - ing, Je - sus gives me per - fect peace.



Copyright, 1891, by R. Kelo Carter.

5 If I still hold closely to Him,
 What hath He at last?
 Sorrow vanquished, labors ended,
 || :Jordan past. :||

6 Finding, following, keeping, fighting,
 Is He sure to bless?
 Saints, apostles, prophets, martyrs,
 || :Answer, yes! :||

Flee as a Bird.

MARY S. B. DANA, 1840.

Expression.

1. Flee as a bird to your moun - tain, Thou who art wea-ry of sin;
2. He will protect thee for - ev - er, Wipe ev - 'ry fall - ing tear;

Go to the clear flowing foun - tain, Where you may wash and be clean;
He will for-sake thee, oh, nev - er, Shel-tered so ten - der - ly there!

f agitato.

Fly for th'aveng - er is near thee, Call, and the Sav - iour will
Haste then, the hours are fly - ing, Spend not the mo - ments in

a tempo.

hear thee; He on His bos - om will bear thee, O
sigh - ing, Cease from your sor - row and cry - ing, The

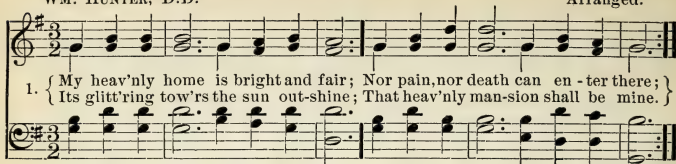
rit.

thou, who art wea - ry of sin, O thou, who art wea - ry of sin.
Sav - iour will wipe ev - 'ry tear, The Sav - iour will wipe ev - 'ry tear.

285. I'm Going Home to Die No More.

WM. HUNTER, D.D.

Arranged.



CHO. { I'm go - ing home, I'm go - ing home, I'm go - ing home to die no more!
 To die no more; I'm go - ing home, I'm go - ing home to die no more! }

2 My Father's house is built on high,
 Far, far above the starry sky;
 When from this earthly prison free,
 That heavenly mansion mine shall be.

3 While here, a stranger far from home,
 Affliction's waves may round me foam;
 Although like Lazarus, sick and poor,
 My heavenly mansion is secure.

4 Let others seek a home below,
 Which flames devour, or waves o'erflow;
 Be mine a happier lot to own
 A heavenly mansion near the throne.

5 Then fail this earth, let stars decline,
 And sun and moon refuse to shine,
 All nature sink and cease to be,
 That heavenly mansion stands for me

286.

Pisgah. C. M.

Arranged.

CHORUS.



287. When I Can Read My Title Clear.

1 When I can read my title clear
 To mansions in the skies,
 I bid farewell to every fear,
 And wipe my weeping eyes.

2 Should earth against my soul engage,
 And fiery darts be hurled,
 Then I can smile at Satan's rage,
 And face a frowning world.

3 Let cares like a wild deluge come,
 Let storms of sorrow fall,
 So I but safely reach my home,
 My God, my heaven, my all.

4 There I shall bathe my weary soul
 In seas of heavenly rest,
 And not a wave of trouble roll
 Across my peaceful breast.

Weary, Heavy-Laden Soul.

W. M.

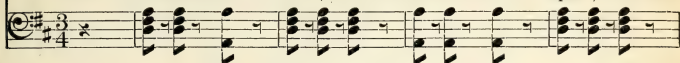
DUETT.

W. MACOMBER.

Arr. by R. K. CARTER.



1. Wea-ry, heav-y-la-den soul, Je-sus will thy bur-den bear; Glad-ly
2. Why to-mor-row cloud with fears, Lift your heart to Him in prayer; Joy will
3. Storms will gath-er, yet they flee, Leav-ing us a rain-bow fair; So the
4. He's a Friend that ev-er lives, Thou need'st never know de-spair; Take the



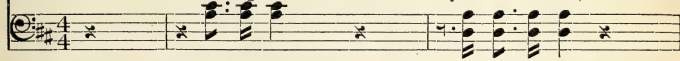
will He take the whole, Cast on Him thy ev-ry care.
 come in-stead of tears, If you'll cast on Him your care.
 light will beam on thee, If thou'lt cast on Him thy care.
 strength that Je-sus gives, Cast on Him thy ev-ry care.



CHORUS.



Cast-ing all your care on Him; Oh, the
 Cast-ing all your care on Him;



rest that Je-sus gives, Earth-ly pleas-ures soon grow
 Oh, the rest that Je-sus gives, Earthly joys

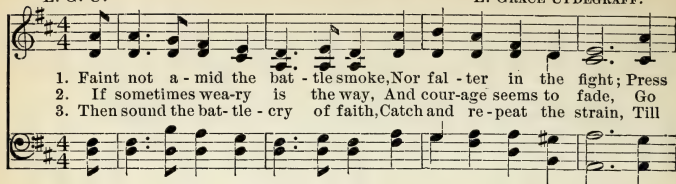


dim; When you cast, your care on Him.
 soon grow dim; When you cast, when you cast, your care on Him, cast on Him.

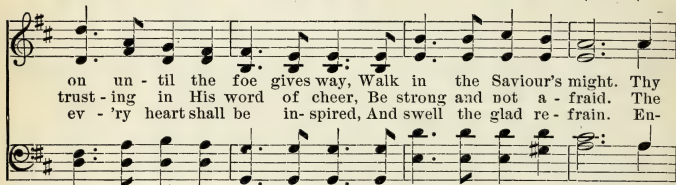


E. G. U.

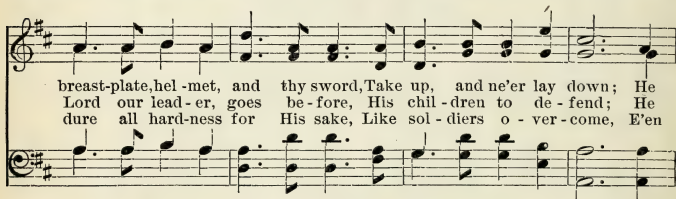
E. GRACE UPDEGRAFF.



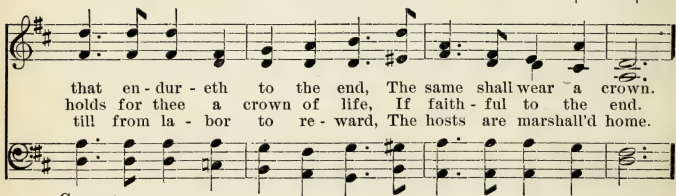
1. Faint not a - mid the bat - tlesmoke, Nor fal - ter in the fight; Press
 2. If sometimes wea - ry is the way, And cour - age seems to fade, Go
 3. Then sound the bat - tle - cry of faith, Catch and re - peat the strain, Till



on un - til the foe gives way, Walk in the Saviour's might. Thy
 trust - ing in His word of cheer, Be strong and not a - fraid. The
 ev - 'ry heart shall be in - spired, And swell the glad re - frain. En -



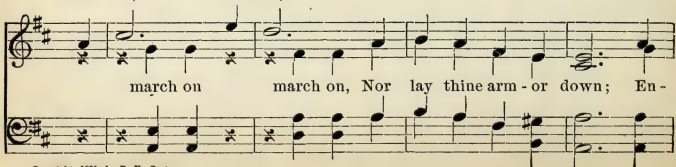
breast - plate, hel - met, and thy sword, Take up, and ne'er lay down; He
 Lord our lead - er, goes be - fore, His chil - dren to de - fend; He
 dure all hard - ness for His sake, Like sol - diers o - ver - come, E'en



that en - dur - eth to the end, The same shall wear a crown.
 holds for thee a crown of life, If faith - ful to the end.
 till from la - bor to re - ward, The hosts are marshall'd home.

CHORUS.

March on, march on,



march on march on, Nor lay thine arm - or down; En -

dur - ing brave-ly to the end, Be-yond there is a crown.

290.

Afterwards.

THOMAS MACKELLAR.

R. KELSO CARTER.

Slow, with expression.

1. Af - ter the darkness of the night, Light com - eth in the morn-ing;
2. Af - ter the tempest's course is run, A calm pervades the wa - ters;

Af - ter the win - ter and its blight, Spring wakes in new a - dorn-ing.
Af - ter the work of life is done, God calls His sons and daughters.

Af - ter the sowing of the seeds, The har-vest greets the reap-er; Af - ter the
Af - ter the closing of the eye, They wake with Christ in heav-en; Af - ter the

day of loving deeds, Soft rest enfolds the sleeper.
fin-al victo - ry, The crown of life is giv-en. Af - ter, Af - ter, Af - ter.

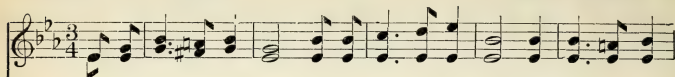
291.

Home of the Soul.

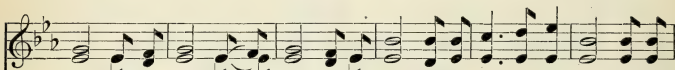
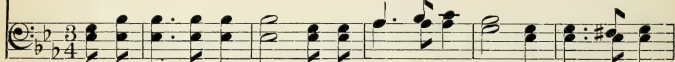
MRS. ELLEN H. GATES.

JOHN 14:2.

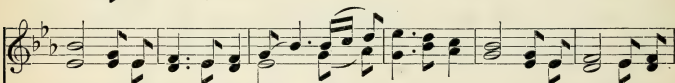
PHILLIP PHILLIPS.



1. I will sing you a song of that beau-ti-ful land, The far-a-way
2. Oh, that home of the soul in my vi-sions and dreams, Its bright, jas-per
3. That unchange-a-ble home is for you and for me, Where Je-sus of
4. Oh, how sweet it will be in that beau-ti-ful land, So free from all



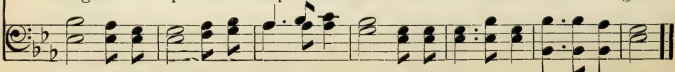
home of the soul, Where no storms ev-er beat on the glit-ter-ing strand, While the
walls I can see; Till I fan-cy but thin-ly the vail in-ter-venes Be-
Naz-ar-eth stands; The King of all kingdoms for-ev-er is He, And He
sor-row and pain; With songs on our lips and with harps in our hands To



years of e-ter-ni-ty roll, While the years of e-ter-ni-ty roll; Where no
tween the fair cit-y and me, Be-tween the fair ci-ty and me; Till I
hold-eth our crowns in His hands, And He hold-eth our crowns in His hands; The
meet one an-oth-er a-gain, To meet one an-oth-er a-gain: With



storms ev-er beat on the glit-ter-ing strand, While the years of e-ter-ni-ty roll.
fan-cy but thin-ly the vail in-ter-venes Be-tween the fair ci-ty and me.
King of all kingdoms for-ev-er is He, And He holdeth our crowns in His hands.
songs on our lips and with harps in our hands To meet one an-oth-er a-gain.



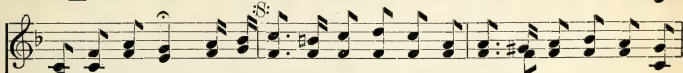
There'll Be Crowns.

R. K. C.

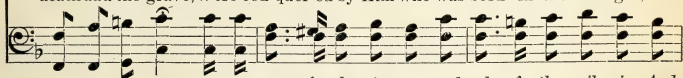
R. KELSO CARTER.



1. When weary and worn with the sor-row and sigh-ing, Of hearts that are broken with
 2. The bat-tle is won, and the con-flict is o-ver, To him who has faith in the
 3. Then stand in the dark-ness, fear not in the dan-ger, No foe can withstand thee, e'en



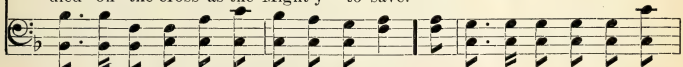
an-guish and woe; 'Mid the cries of the wounded and groans of the dy-ing, O
 sin-cleas-ing blood; His crown is in view, and an-gel-ic wings hov-er, To
 death and the grave, Were con-quer-ed by Him who was born in the man-ger, And



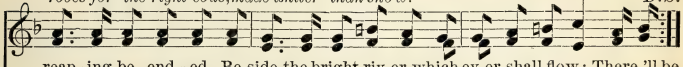
D.S. crowns for the vic-tor, and palms for the pil-grim, And
 FINE. CHORUS.



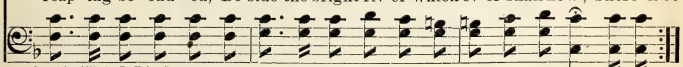
look for the com-fort that God can be-stow. The sow-ing will cease and the
 car-ry him home to the ci-ty of God.
 died on the cross as the Might-y to save.



robes for the right-eous, made whiter than snow.



reap-ing be end-ed, Be-side the bright riv-er which ev-er shall flow; There'll be



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What a Friend.

Key of F.

- 1 What a friend we have in Jesus,
 All our sins and griefs to bear;
 What a privilege to carry
 Everything to God in prayer?
 Oh, what peace we often forfeit,
 Oh, what needless pain we bear—
 All because we do not carry
 Everything to God in prayer.
 2 Have we trials and temptations?
 Is there trouble anywhere?
 We should never be discouraged,
 Take it to the Lord in prayer.

- Can we find a friend so faithful,
 Who will all our sorrows share?
 Jesus knows our every weakness,
 Take it to the Lord in prayer.
 3 Are we weak and heavy laden,
 Cumbered with a load of care?
 Precious Saviour, still our refuge,
 Take it to the Lord in prayer.
 Do thy friends despise, forsake thee?
 Take it to the Lord in prayer;
 In His arms He'll take and shield thee,
 Thou wilt find a solace there.

G. O.

Rev. GEO. ORBIN, by per.

1. All ye who sigh for rest, Op-pressed with anxious care, Who fain would lean on
 2. This world no aid can lend To fos-ter growth in grace. In Christ a-lone we
 3. Af-flic-tions sore and long May bear up - on the heart; And in the hours of
 4. The voy-age rough may be, And heav-ing bil-lows foam, While o'er the dark and

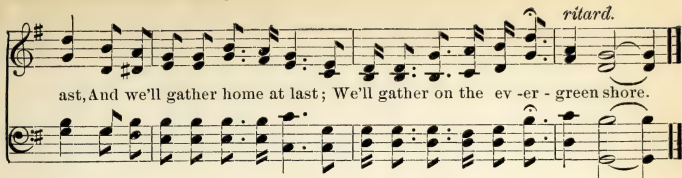
Je-sus' breast, And find sweet com-fort there. Soon, soon will end this strife, Your
 must de-pend, All thro' the Christian race. The foe will e'er as-sail With
 mirth and song, Our joys may quick de-part. Our dear-est friends may die And
 track-less sea, Our wand'ring bark shall roam. We'll trust the Mighty One, And

toils and cares be o'er; Then crown'd with everlasting life, You shall weep and sigh no more.
 might on ev'-ry hand; But Jesus' strength will never fail Till we reach the heav'nly land.
 we be left a-lone; We'll hope to meet them in the sky, Around our Father's throne.
 on-ward plod our way; Still watching for the breaking dawn Of the great Eternal day.

CHORUS.

Soon the storms will all be past, And we'll gath-er home at last, We'll

gath-er with the dear ones gone be - fore. . . . Soon the storms will all be



ritard.

ast, And we'll gather home at last; We'll gather on the ev - er - green shore.

295. A Little While Longer.

A. FRANCIS.

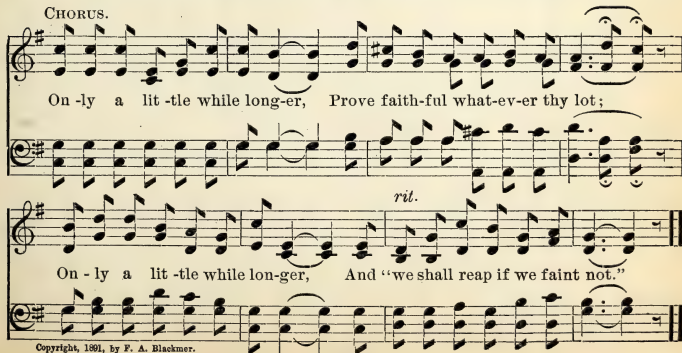
F. A. BLACKMER, by per.



1. On - ly a lit - tle while long - er To toil in the field of the Lord;
 2. On - ly a lit - tle while long - er To fol - low the cross bearing way;
 3. On - ly a lit - tle while long - er To toil on by sor - rows op - prest;
 4. On - ly a lit - tle while long - er Up - hold us and guide us, O Lord;

On - ly a lit - tle while long - er, And He shall be - stow the re - ward.
 Just a few days and this darkness, Shall merge in - to glo - ri - ous day.
 Soon shall we cease from our la - bors, And en - ter the heav - en - ly rest.
 Grace to the end of the jour - ney, In plen - ti - ful meas - ure af - ford.

CHORUS.



On - ly a lit - tle while long - er, Prove faith - ful what - ev - er thy lot;

rit.

On - ly a lit - tle while long - er, And "we shall reap if we faint not."

R. K. C.

R. KELSO CARTER.

1. When the wea - ry day is drag - ging To a close of deep - est
 2. When our cares, like mount - ains press - ing On the heart, a weight of
 3. When without a pang or quiv - er, When from ev - 'ry care set
 4. "Let light be!" our God hath spok - en, Day or move - ment must pre

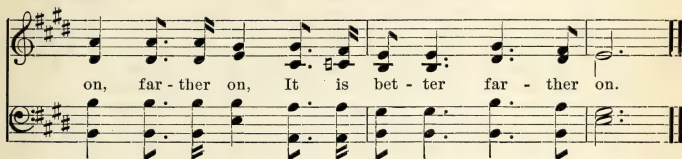
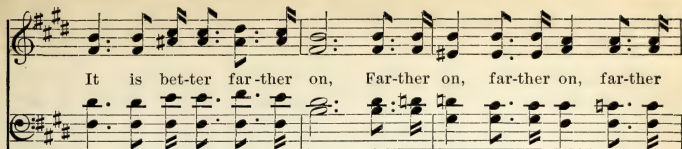
gloom, And the heart throbs faint - ly lag - ging, Whisp - er
 woe, Blind the soul to ev - 'ry bless - ing, And our
 free: When our peace flows like a riv - er, On - ward
 vail; Night of death, the hor - rid tok - en, Light shall

of the si - lent tomb: When the hand of death draws nearer, Life and
 eyes with grief o'er - flow; When the ear is deaf with sor - row, And the
 to e - ter - ni - ty; Lis - ten to hope's wondrous sto - ry, Sing - ing
 van - quish with - out fail; Oh! 'tis not a si - ren sing - ing, But be -

ev - 'ry pros - pect gone; sings sweet hope, with accents clear - er, It is
 cheek with watch - ing wan; Lis - ten! hope sings of the mor - row, It is
 of a bet - ter dawn; Onward press from faith to glo - ry; It is
 lieve, and night is gone; Lis - ten! hear hope's mus - ic ring - ing, It is

CHORUS.

bet - ter far - ther on, It is bet - ter far - ther on, brother!



297.

Contrast. 8.

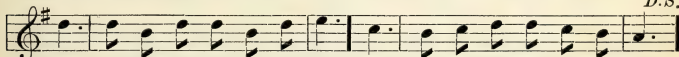
LEWIS EDSON.



1. How te-dious and tasteless the hours When Je-sus no long-er I see! FINE.



Sweet prospects, sweet birds, and sweet flowers, Have all lost their sweetness for me;
D.S. But when I am hap-py in Him, De-cem-ber's as pleas-ant as May. D.S.



The mid-sum-mer sun shines but dim, The fields strive in vain to look gay;

1 How tedious and tastless the hours
When Jesus no longer I see!
Sweet prospects, sweet birds, sweet
flowers,
Have all lost their sweetness to me;
The midsummer sun shines but dim,
The fields strive in vain to look gay:
But when I am happy in Him,
December's as pleasant as May.

2 His name yields the richest perfume.
And sweeter than music His voice;
His presence disperses my gloom,
And makes all within me rejoice;
I should, were He always thus nigh,
Have nothing to wish or to fear;
No mortal so happy as I,
My summer would last all the year.

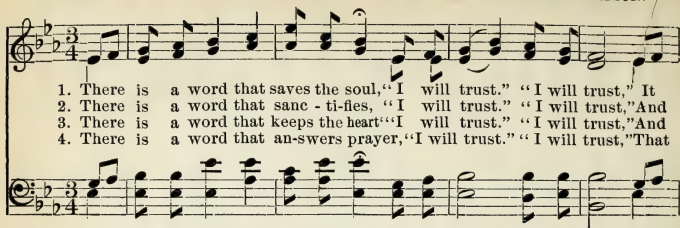
3 Content with beholding His face,
My all to His pleasure resigned,
No changes of season or place
Would make any change in my mind:
While blest with a sense of His love,
A palace a toy would appear;
And prisons would palaces prove,
If Jesus would dwell with me there.

4 My Lord, if indeed I am Thine,
If Thou art my sun and my song,
Say, why do I languish and pine?
And why are my winters so long?
O drive these dark clouds from my sky,
Thy soul-cheering presence restore;
Or take me to Thee up on high,
Where winter and clouds are no more.

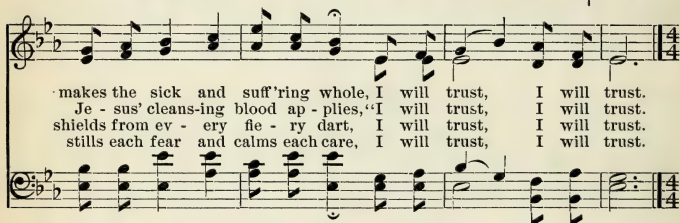
JOHN NEWTON.

A. B. S.

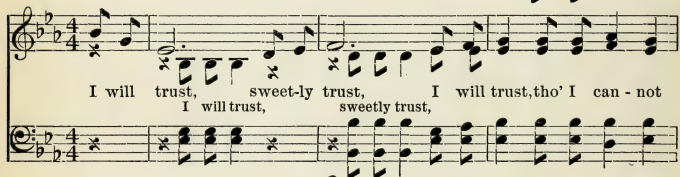
Rev. A. B. SIMPSON.



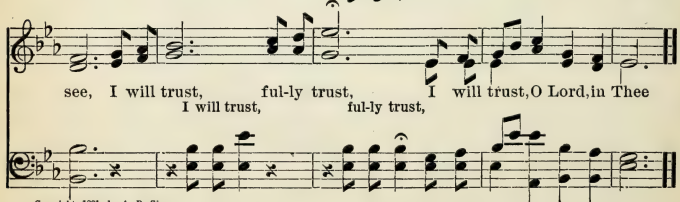
1. There is a word that saves the soul, "I will trust." "I will trust," It
 2. There is a word that sanc - ti - fies, "I will trust." "I will trust," And
 3. There is a word that keeps the heart, "I will trust." "I will trust," And
 4. There is a word that an - swers prayer, "I will trust." "I will trust," That



· makes the sick and suff'ring whole, I will trust, I will trust.
 Je - sus' cleans - ing blood ap - plies, "I will trust, I will trust.
 shields from ev - ery fie - ry dart, I will trust, I will trust.
 stills each fear and calms each care, I will trust, I will trust.



I will trust, sweet - ly trust, I will trust, tho' I can - not
 I will trust, sweetly trust,



see, I will trust, ful - ly trust, I will trust, O Lord, in Thee
 I will trust, ful - ly trust,

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- 5 There is a word of power divine,
 "I will trust."
 For God hath said "All things are mine,"
 "While I trust."
- 6 There is a word that death defies,
 "I will trust."
 It mounts above the grave and cries,
 "I will trust."

Jesus Is Victor.

"For He hath put all things under His feet." 1 Cor. xv: 27.

R. K. C.

R. KELSO CARTER.

1. Je - sus is vic - tor! His work is complete, Crush - ing all en - e - mies
 2. Je - sus is vic - tor! the bat - tle is won, We can do noth - ing for
 3. Je - sus is vic - tor! without and with - in, Sav - ing and cleans - ing and

un - der His feet; Je - sus is vic - tor! He died not in vain,
 all has been done; Je - sus is vic - tor! the foe from the dust,
 keep - ing from sin; Je - sus is vic - tor! Oh, Heav - en - ly Dove,

REFRAIN.

Ris - en and glo - ri - fied, Je - sus doth reign. Je - sus is vic - tor!
 Nev - er can rise a - gain, if we but trust.
 Come to a - bide and make per - fect in love.

vic - tor! vic - tor! Ev - er - more His flag's un - furled;

Je - sus hath conquered! conquered! conquered! The dev - il, the flesh, and the world.

Copyright, 1891, by R. Kelso Carter.

4 Jesus is victor! effects of the fall,
 Trials and weakness, Himself bare them
 all;

Jesus is victor! though sickness assail,
 He's the physician that never can fail.

5 Jesus is victor! the heavens shall ring,
 Dread King of terrors, oh, where is thy
 sting?

Jesus is victor! we'll shout o'er the grave,
 Glory to God! He is mighty to save.

300.

God Knoweth. L. M.

R. K. C.

R. KELSO CARTER.

1. Thou knowest Lord, I can not know The dangers that a-round me lie; Thou
 2. Thou se-est Lord, I can not see, To-mor-row I may not descry; With
 3. Thou hear-est Lord, I can not hear, As round me swells the bat-tle cry; Thy
 4. Thou Lord, Thyself, art my reward, With-out Thee, nothing now am I; In

bringest good from weal or woe, I trust Thee while my days go by.
 Thy right hand Thou lead-est me, I trust Thee while my days go by.
 word brings peace, and calms all fear, I trust Thee while my days go by.
 Je - sus, more than conquer'r, Lord, I trust Thee while my days go by.

CHO.—rest on Thine e - ter - nal word I trust Thee while my days go by.

CHORUS.

I trust Thee, dear-est Lord, My treas - ure is on high; I
 I trust Thee, dear-est Lord, My treasure is on high.

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301.

Resting In Christ.

"There remaineth therefore a rest to the people of God." Heb. iv: 9.

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL.

R. KELSO CARTER.

1. Rest-ing on the faith-ful-ness of Christ our Lord, Rest-ing on the
 2. Rest-ing 'neath His guid-ing hand for un-tracked days, Rest-ing 'neath His
 3. Rest-ing in the fort-ress while the foe is nigh, Rest-ing in the

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ful-ness of His own sure word, Rest-ing on His wis-dom, on His
shad-ow from the noontide rays, Rest-ing at the e-ven-tide be-
life-boat while the waves roll high, Rest-ing in His char-iot for the

love and power, Rest-ing on His cov-e-nant from hour to hour.
neath His wing, In the fair pa-vil-ion of our Sav-iour King.
swift glad race, Rest-ing, al-ways rest-ing, in His boundless grace.

- 4 Resting in the pastures and beneath the rock, [flock;
Resting by the waters where He leads His [press,
Resting, while we listen, at His glorious [eousness;
feet, [plete! Resting on Himself, the Lord our right-
Resting in His very arms! Oh, rest com- sing,— Resting and rejoicing, let His saved ones [King.”
- “Glory, glory, glory be to Christ our

302. My Faith Looks Up to Thee.

RAY PALMER.

L. MASON.

1. My faith looks up to Thee, Thou Lamb of Cal-va-ry, Sav-iour di-vine!
2. May Thy rich grace impart Strength to my fainting heart, My zeal in-spire!

{ Now hear me while I pray; } Oh, let me from this day Be whol-ly Thine!
{ Take all my sins a-way; }
{ As Thou hast died for me, } Pure, warm, and changeless be—A living fire!
{ Oh, may my love to Thee }

- 3 While life's dark maze I tread,
And griefs around me spread,
Be Thou my guide;
Bid darkness turn to day,
Wipe sorrow's tears away,
Nor let me ever stray
From Thee aside.

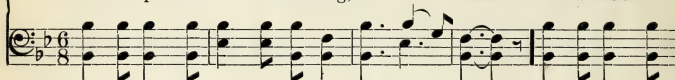
- 4 When ends life's transient dream,
When death's cold sullen stream
Shall o'er me roll,
Blest Saviour! then, in love,
Fear and distrust remove;
Oh, bear me safe above—
A ransomed soul!

A. B. S.

A. B. SIMPSON.



1. Hark! a voice from heav'n proclaiming, "It is done." Faith re-peats the
2. Hear the bleeding Sav-iour cry-ing, "It is done." Claim His finished
3. Yield thy-self in con - se - cra-tion, "It is done." Take the Lord for
4. Claim the promise of His heal-ing, "It is done." Trust without a



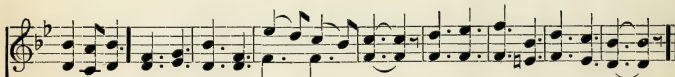
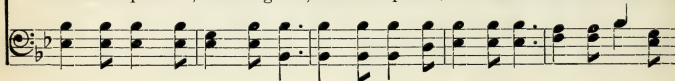
CHORUS.



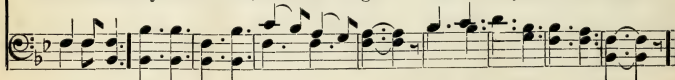
ech - o claim-ing, "It is done." Hear the mes-sage from the throne,
 work, re - ply-ing, "It is done."
 full sal - va-tion, "It is done."
 sign or feel-ing, "It is done."



Claim the promise, doubting one; God hath spoken, "It is done." Faith has answer'd,



"It is done." Pray'r is o - ver, Praise be - gun. Hal-le - lu-jah, "It is done."



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5 Say of every promised blessing,

"It is done."

Rest upon His word confessing,

"It is done."

6 This the secret of receiving,

"It is done."

Take Him at His word believing,

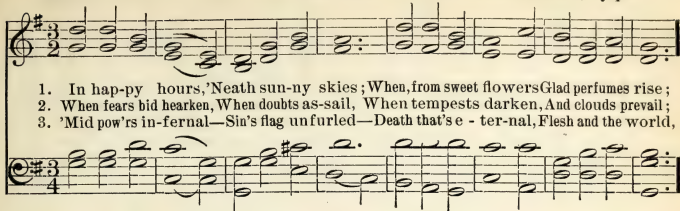
"It is done."

Have Faith in God.

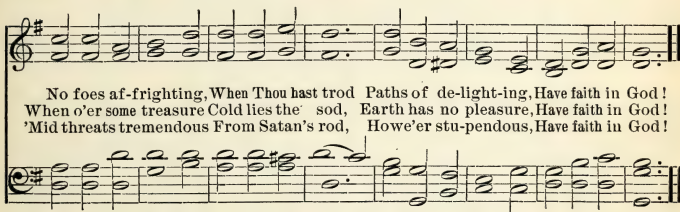
R. K. C.

Mark xi: 22.

R. KELSO CARTER, by per.



1. In hap-py hours, 'Neath sun-ny skies; When, from sweet flowers Glad perfumes rise;
2. When fears bid hearken, When doubts as-sail, When tempests darken, And clouds prevail;
3. 'Mid pow'rs in-fernal—Sin's flag unfurled—Death that's e - ter-nal, Flesh and the world,

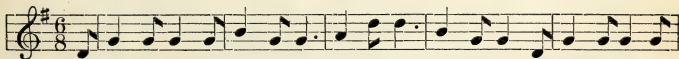


No foes af-frighting, When Thou hast trod Paths of de-light-ing, Have faith in God!
 When o'er some treasure Cold lies the sod, Earth has no pleasure, Have faith in God!
 'Mid threats tremendous From Satan's rod, Howe'er stu-pendous, Have faith in God!

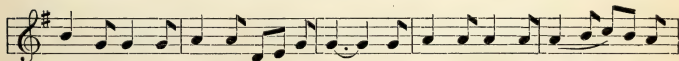
4 Foes all reproving,—
 By grace set free,
 Mountains removing
 Cast in the sea:
 God's sons and daughters,
 Walking dry-shod,—
 Pass through the waters,
 Have faith in God!

5 O'er death victorious,
 Conq'ring the grave;
 With Christ—the glorious,
 Mighty to save—
 Ended life's story,
 Through bursting clod,
 Sweeping to glory—
 Have faith in God!

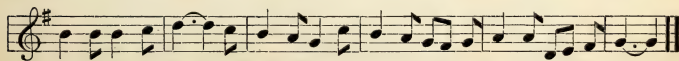
305. The Blood of Jesus Cleanseth Me.



The blood of Je-sus cleanseth me, Cleanseth me, cleanseth me, The blood of Jesus



cleanseth me, Just now while I be-lieve; Just now while I be-lieve, Just



now while I be-lieve, The blood of Jesus cleanseth me, Just now while I be-lieve.

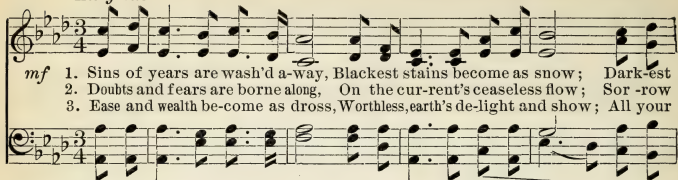
306.

Believing and Receiving.

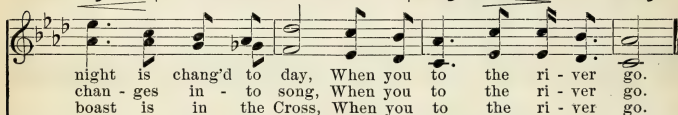
H. H. B.

Allegretto.

Commandant HERBERT BOOTH.



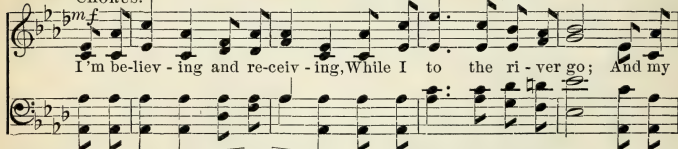
mf 1. Sins of years are wash'd a-way, Blackest stains become as snow; Dark-est
2. Doubts and fears are borne along, On the cur-rent's ceaseless flow; Sor-row
3. Ease and wealth be-come as dross, Worthless, earth's de-light and show; All your



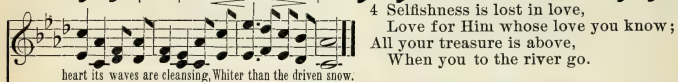
night is chang'd to day, When you to the ri-ver go.
chan-ges in-to song, When you to the ri-ver go.
boast is in the Cross, When you to the ri-ver go.



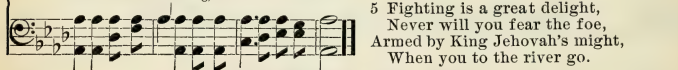
CHORUS.



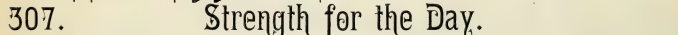
mf I'm be-liev-ing and re-ceiv-ing, While I to the ri-ver go; And my



heart its waves are cleansing, Whiter than the driven snow.



4 Selfishness is lost in love,
Love for Him whose love you know;
All your treasure is above,
When you to the river go.



5 Fighting is a great delight,
Never will you fear the foe,
Armed by King Jehovah's might,
When you to the river go.

307.

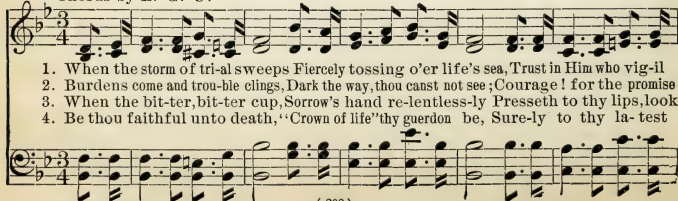
Strength for the Day.

"God hath sent forth strength for thee."—Ps. 68: 20, Cranmer's translation. DEUT. 33: 25.

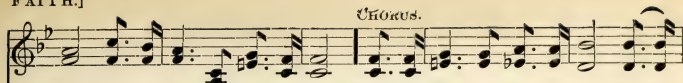
R. KELSO CARTER.

E. GRACE UPDEGRAFF.

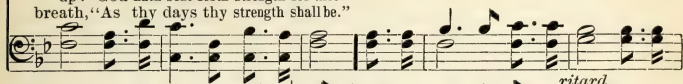
Chorus by E. G. U.



1. When the storm of tri-als sweeps Fiercely tossing o'er life's sea, Trust in Him who vig-il
2. Burdens come and trou-ble clings, Dark the way, thou canst not see; Courage! for the promise
3. When the bit-ter, bit-ter cup, Sorrow's hand re-lentless-ly Presseth to thy lips, look
4. Be thou faithful unto death, "Crown of life" thy guerdon be, Sure-ly to thy la-test



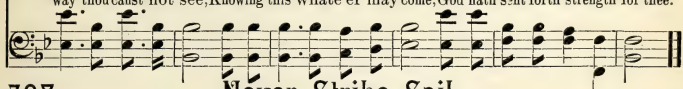
keeps; "God hath sent forth strength for thee." Trust in Him, and Him a-lone, Tho' the rings; "As thy days thy strength shall be." up! "God hath sent forth strength for thee." breath, "As thy days thy strength shall be."



ritard.



way thou canst not see, Knowing this whate'er may come, God hath sent forth strength for thee.



308. Never Strike Sail.

R. K. C.

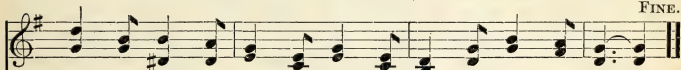
R. KELSO CARTER.



1. When tossed up - on the foam-ing wave, Be-neath a low'-ring sky; When
2. In faith your course hold steadfastly, When storms would over - whelm; The
3. A - mid the tem-pest soft - ly sleep, As though on heav-en's strand; Rocked
4. Thro' night, and gloom, and storm endure, Sail on, be not a - larmed; The



CHO.—By FINE.



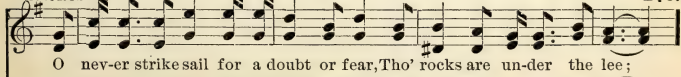
none can suc - cor, none can save, Fear not, the Lord is nigh.
all - wise Pi - lot of the sea, Him-self is at the helm.
in the cra - dle of the deep, The hol - low of God's hand.
shore is near, the har - bor sure, And ev - 'ry wave is charmed



faith thro' night and dan - ger steer, For God is on the sea.

CHORUS.

D. S.



O nev-er strikes sail for a doubt or fear, Tho' rocks are un-der the lee;



R. K. C.

R. KELSO CARTER.

1. Stand - ing on the prom - is - es of Christ our King, Thro' e - ter - nal
 2. Stand - ing on the prom - is - es that can - not fail, When the kowling
 3. Stand - ing on the prom - is - es I now can see Per - fect, present

a - ges let His prais - es ring: Glo - ry in the highest, I will shout and sing,
 storms of doubt and fear as - sail, By the liv - ing word of God I shall pre - vail,
 cleansing in the blood for me; Standing in the lib - er - ty where Christ makes free,

CHORUS.

Stand - ing, stand - ing,
 Standing on the promises of God, Standing on the promise, Standing on the promise,

Stand - ing,
 Standing on the prom - is - es of God my Sav - iour; Standing on the promise,

Stand - ing,
 Standing on the promise, I'm standing on the prom - is - es of God.

From "The Silver Trumpet" by per. John J. Hood.

4 Standing on the promises of Christ the Lord,
 Bound to Him eternally by love's strong cord,

Overcoming daily with the Spirit's sword,
 Standing on the promises of God.

5 Standing on the promises I cannot fall,
 Listening every moment to the Spirit's call;

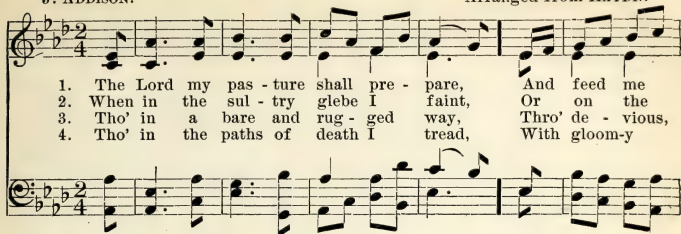
Resting in my Saviour as my all in all,
 Standing on the promises of God.

310. The Lord My Pasture Shall Prepare.

The Lord is my Shepherd.—Ps. 23: 1.

J. ADDISON.

Arranged from HAYDN.



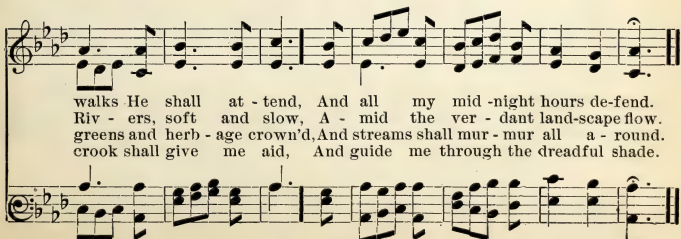
1. The Lord my pas - ture shall pre - pare, And feed me
 2. When in the sul - try glebe I faint, Or on the
 3. Tho' in a bare and rug - ged way, Thro' de - vious,
 4. Tho' in the paths of death I tread, With gloom-y



with a shep-herd's care; His pres-ence shall my wants sup-ply,
 thirs - ty moun-tain pant, To fer - tile vales and dew - y meads,
 lone - ly wilds I stray, Thy boun - ty shall my pains be - guile;
 hor - rors o - ver - spread, My stead-fast heart shall fear no ill,



And guard me with a watch - ful eye; My noon - day
 My wea - ry, wan - d'ring steps He leads, Where peace - ful
 The bar - ren wil - der - ness shall smile, With sud - den
 For Thou, O Lord, art with me still, Thy friend - ly



walks He shall at - tend, And all my mid - night hours de - fend.
 Riv - ers, soft and slow, A - mid the ver - dant land - scape flow.
 greens and herb - age crown'd, And streams shall mur - mur all a - round.
 crook shall give me aid, And guide me through the dreadful shade.

SIMPSON.

J. H. BURKE.

1. Je - sus on - ly is our Mes-sage, Je - sus all our themeshall be;
 2. Je - sus on - ly is our Sav-iour, All our guilt He bore a - way,
 3. Je - sus is our Sanc-ti-fi - er, Cleansing us from self and sin,
 4. Je - sus on - ly is our Heal-er, All our sick-ness - es He bare,

We will lift up Je - sus ev - er, Je - sus on - ly will we see.
 All our right-eous-ness He gives us, All our strength from day to day.
 And with all His Spir-it's full-ness, Fill-ing all our hearts within.
 And His ris - en life and full-ness, All His mem-bers still may share.

CHORUS.

Je - sus on - ly, Je - sus ev - er, Je - sus all in all we sing,

Saviour, Sanc - ti - fi - er, Heal - er, Glorious Lord and com-ing King.

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5 Jesus only is our Power,
 His the gift of Pentecost;
 Jesus, breathe Thy power upon us,
 Fill us with the Holy Ghost.

6 And for Jesus we are waiting,
 Listening for the Advent Call;
 But 't will still be Jesus only,
 Jesus ever, all in all.

312. In the Shadow of His Wings.

Rev. J. B. ATCHINSON.

E. O. EXCELL, by per.

1. In the shad-ow of His wings There is rest, sweet rest; There is
 2. In the shad-ow of His wings There is peace, sweet peace, Peace that
 3. In the shad-ow of His wings There is joy, glad joy, There is

rest from care and la - bor, There is rest for friend and neigh - bor,
 pass-eth un - der - stand - ing, Peace, sweet peace that knows no end - ing,
 joy to tell the sto - ry, Joy ex - ceed - ing, full of glo - ry;

In the sha - dow of His wings, There is rest, sweet rest, In the
 In the sha - dow of His wings, There is peace, sweet peace, In the
 In the sha - dow of His wings, There is joy, glad joy, In the

CHORUS.

shadow of His wings, There is rest, (sweet rest,) There is rest, There is
 shadow of His wings, There is peace, (sweet peace,)
 shadow of His wings, There is joy, (glad joy,) sweet rest,

peace, There is joy In the shadow of His wings, shadow of His wings.
 sweet peace; glad joy;

313. 1 Stand upon the Promises.

ETTA K. POPE.

R. KELSO CARTER.

1. I stand up - on the prom-is - es, His word of truth to me, All
 2. I stand up - on the prom-is - es, To make and keep me pure: His
 3. I stand up - on the prom-is - es, When heart and flesh are weak; I
 4. I stand up - on the prom-is - es, So cer - tain and com-plete; I

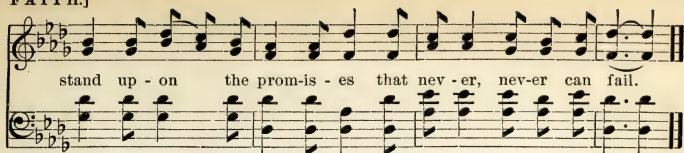
who be - lieve up - on His name, Shall saved and pardoned be. The
 grace in ev - 'ry hour of need, Will help me to en - dure; And
 lis - ten for the cheer-ing words, I know that He will speak; For
 bow be - side the Saviour's cross, And wor-ship at His feet. And

blood of Christ rolls o'er my soul, I feel its sur - ges swell, It
 when the storms and tempests beat, Their strength will not pre-vail; Tho'
 cleans - ing, par - don, life, and health, Are in the Sav - iour's blood; And
 there in hum - ble faith and prayer, I bring the loved and lost; I

cleans - es all my sin a - way, Praise God I know it well.
 heaven and earth should pass a - way, His word can nev - er fail.
 for the weak-ness of my flesh, I have the strength of God.
 feel I know, that He will hear. And save them at the cross.

CHORUS.

I stand on the word, The word of the Lord, I
 on the word, on the word, of the Lord, of the Lord,

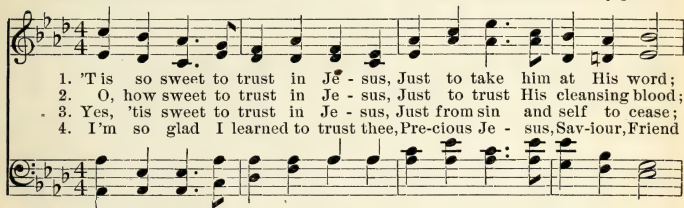


stand up - on the prom-is - es that nev - er, nev - er can fail.

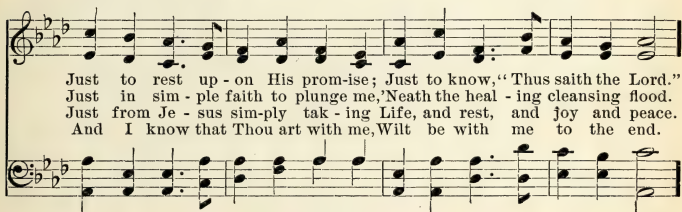
314. 'Tis so Sweet to Trust in Jesus.

Mrs. LOUISA M. R. STEAD.

W. J. KIRKPATRICK, by per.

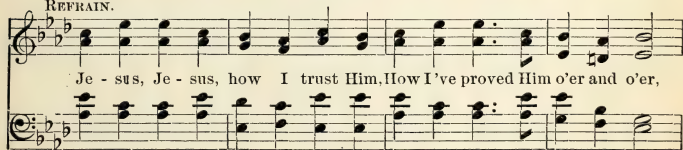


1. 'Tis so sweet to trust in Je - sus, Just to take him at His word;
2. O, how sweet to trust in Je - sus, Just to trust His cleansing blood;
3. Yes, 'tis sweet to trust in Je - sus, Just from sin and self to cease;
4. I'm so glad I learned to trust thee, Pre-cious Je - sus, Sav-iour, Friend

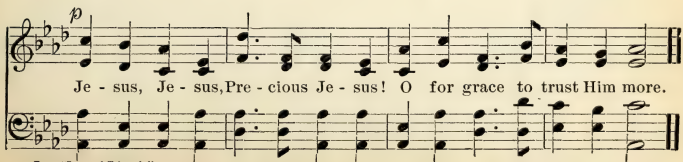


Just to rest up - on His prom-ise; Just to know, "Thus saith the Lord."
 Just in sim - ple faith to plunge me, 'Neath the heal - ing cleansing flood.
 Just from Je - sus sim - ply tak - ing Life, and rest, and joy and peace.
 And I know that Thou art with me, Wilt be with me to the end.

REFRAIN.



Je - sus, Je - sus, how I trust Him, How I've proved Him o'er and o'er,



p
 Je - sus, Je - sus, Pre - cious Je - sus! O for grace to trust Him more.

315.

How Firm a Foundation.

GEORGE KEITH.

Tune, PORTUGUESE HYMN.

1. How firm a foun-da-tion, ye saints of the Lord, Is laid for your
 2. "Fear not, I am with thee, O be not dis-mayed, For I am thy
 3. "When thro' the deep wa-ters I call thee to go, The riv-ers of
 4. "When thro' fie-ry tri-als thy path-way shall lie, My grace all suf-

faith in His ex-cel-lent word; What more can He say than to
 God, I will still give thee aid; I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and
 sor-row shall not o-ver-flow; For I will be with thee thy
 fi-cient, shall be thy sup-ply, The flame shall not hurt thee; I

you He hath said, To you, who for ref-uge to Je-sus have
 cause thee to stand, Up-held by my gra-cious om-ni-po-tent
 tri-als to bless, And sanc-ti-fy to thee thy deep-est dis-
 on-ly de-sign Thy dross to con-sume, and thy gold to re-

fied? To you, who for ref-uge to Je-sus have fled?
 hand, Up-held by my gra-cious, om-ni-po-tent hand.
 tress, And sanc-ti-fy to thee thy deep-est dis-tress.
 fine, Thy dross to con-sume, and thy gold to re-fine.

5 "E'en down to old age all my people shall prove
 My sovereign, eternal, unchangeable love;
 And when hoary hairs shall their temples adorn,
 Like lambs they shall still in my bosom be

6 "The soul that on Jesus hath leaned
 for repose,
 I will not, I will not desert to His foes;
 That soul, though all hell should endeavor
 shake,
 I'll never, no never, no never forsake!"

The Everlasting Arms.

A. B. S.

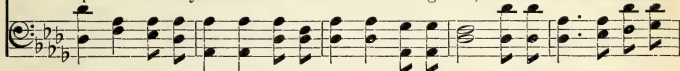
A. B. SIMPSON.



1. Art thou sunk in depths of sor-row Where no arm can reach so low? There is
2. Other arms grow faint and weary, These can never faint, nor fail, Others
3. Un-der-neath us, O how eas-y We have not to mount on high. But to
4. Arms of Je-sus! fold me clos-er, To Thy strong and loving breast, Till my



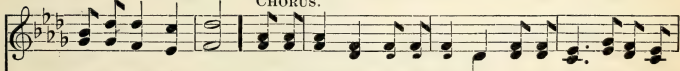
One whose arms almighty, Reach be-yond thy deepest woe. God th'Eternal is thy
reach our mounts of blessing These our lowest loneliest vale. O that all might know His
sink in-to His fullness, And in trustful-weakness lie. And we find our humbling
spir-it on Thy bo-som Finds its ev-er-last-ing rest; And when time's last sands are



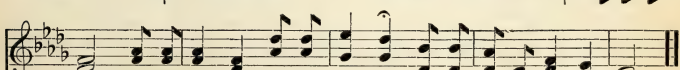
ref-uge, Let it still thy wild a-larms; Underneath thy deepest sor-row, Are the
friendship! O that all might see His charms! O that all might have beneath them Jesus'
fail-ures save us from the strength that harms, We may fail but underneath us, Are the
sink-ing, Shield my heart from all alarms, Softly whispering, "Underneath Thee, Are the



CHORUS.



ev-er-last-ing arms. Underneath thee, underneath thee, Are the ev-er-last-ing



arms, Ev-er-last-ing, Ev-er-last-ing, Are the ev-er-last-ing arms.



317.

Trust and Obey.

"The secret of the Lord is with them that fear Him." Ps. 25: 14.

Rev. J. H. SAMMIS.

D. B. TOWNER, by per.

1. When we walk with the Lord In the light of His word, What a glo - ry He
 2. Not a shad-ow can rise, Not a cloud in the skies, But His smile quickly
 3. Not a bur-den we bear, Not a sor-row we share, But our toil He doth

sheds on our way! While we do His good will, He a-bides with us
 drives it a - way; Not a doubt nor a fear, Not a sigh nor a
 rich - ly re - pay; Not a grief nor a loss, Not a frown nor a

CHORUS.

still, And with all who will trust and o - bey. Trust and o - bey, for there's
 tear, Can a - bide while we trust and o - bey.
 cross, But is blest if we trust and o - bey.

no oth - er way To be hap - py in Je - sus, but to trust and o - bey.

Copyright, 1887, by D. B. Towner.

4 But we never can prove
 The delights of His love,
 Until all on the altar we lay;
 For the favor He shows,
 And the joy He bestows,
 Are for them who will trust and obey.

5 Then in fellowship sweet
 We will sit at His feet,
 Or we'll walk by His side in the way;
 What He says we will do,
 Where He sends we will go,
 Never fear, only trust and obey.

318. Trust Him Today.

Tune, Trust and Obey.
Malachi 3: 10.

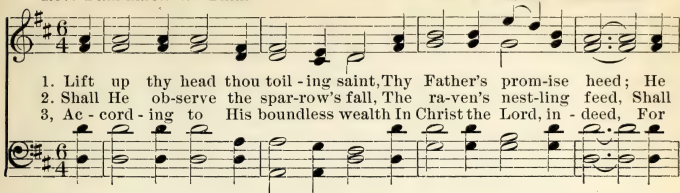
1 In the strength of my King,
 To the storehouse I bring
 Every tithe that would keep me away
 From my Saviour and Friend,
 And the joy He doth send
 Unto all who will trust Him today.

CHORUS.

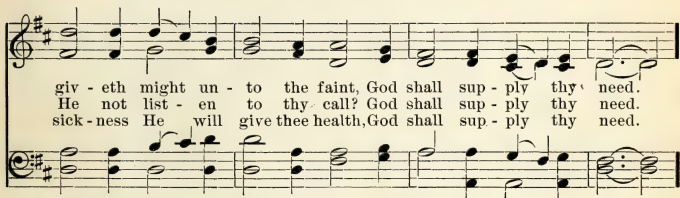
Trust Him today,
 His command now obey;
 In His love be made perfect,
 Fully trust Him today.

God Shall Supply Thy Need.

"My God shall supply all your need, according to the riches of His glory in Christ Jesus." Phil. iv: 19.
 Rev. FREDERICK W. FARR. E. GRACE UPDEGRAFF.

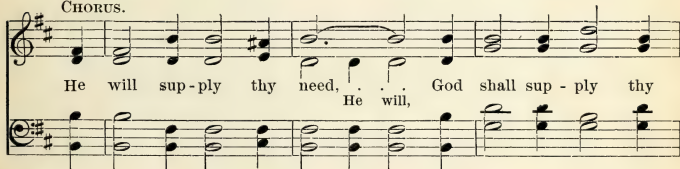


1. Lift up thy head thou toil-ing saint, Thy Father's prom-ise heed; He
 2. Shall He ob-serve the spar-row's fall, The ra-ven's nest-ling feed, Shall
 3. Ac-cord-ing to His boundless wealth In Christ the Lord, in - deed, For

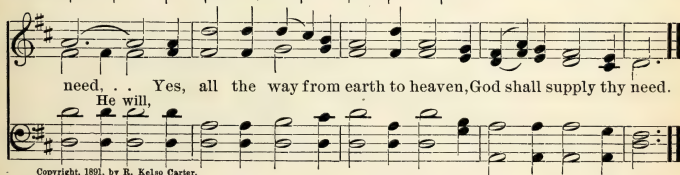


giv-eth might un-to the faint, God shall sup-ply thy need.
 He not list-en to thy call? God shall sup-ply thy need.
 sick-ness He will give thee health, God shall sup-ply thy need.

CHORUS.



He will sup-ply thy need, He will, God shall sup-ply thy



need, . . . Yes, all the way from earth to heaven, God shall supply thy need.
 He will,

Copyright, 1891, by R. Kelso Carter.

4 If from His altar and His cross
 Thou wilt not e'er recede,
 No grace or glory shall be lost,
 God shall supply thy need.

5 His love inspires thy fleeting breath,
 His wounds, His sorrows plead;
 Oh, cling to Him in life and death,
 He will supply thy need.

Concluded from opposite page.

2 As before Him I kneel,
 In my heart I can feel
 Every doubt has been driven away;
 By His power divine,
 In this poor heart of mine
 He has perfected my love today.

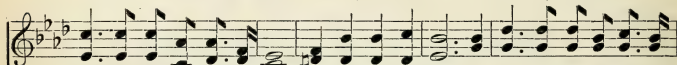
3 Oh, the wondrous love!
 From the windows above
 He is pouring like showers of rain;
 While we do all His will,
 How our hearts He does fill!
 With love we can hardly contain.

PARKER.

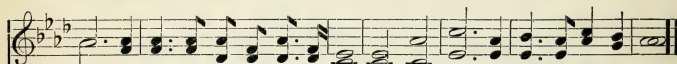
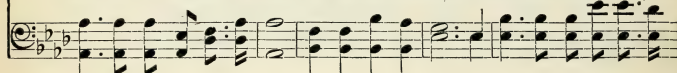
R. KELSO CARTER.



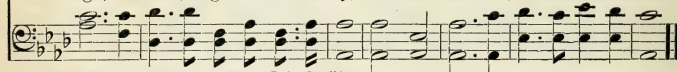
1. I'm more than con-q'ror thro' His blood, Je - sus saves me now; I
 2. Be - fore the bat - tle lines are spread, Je - sus saves me now; Be -
 3. I'll ask no more that I may see, Je - sus saves me now; His



rest be-neath the shield of God, Je-sus saves me now. I go a kingdom to ob -
 fore the boast-ing foe is dead, Je - sus saves me now. I win the fight tho' not be-
 prom-ise is e-nough for me, Je - sus saves me now. Tho' foes be strong and walls be



tain, I shall thro' Him the vict'ry gain, Je - sus saves me, Je-sus saves me now.
 gun, I'll trust and shout, still marching on, Je - sus saves me, Je-sus saves me now.
 high, I'll shout, He gives the vic-to-ry, Je - sus saves me, Je-sus saves me now.



Copyright, 1886, by John J. Hood. From "Songs of Perfect Love" by per.

4 Why should I ask a sign from God?

Jesus saves me now;

Can I not trust the precious blood?

Jesus saves me now.

Strong in His word I meet the foe,

And, shouting, win without a blow,

Jesus saves me now.

5 Should Satan come like 'whelming

Jesus saves me now; [waves,

Ere trials crush, my Father saves,

Jesus saves me now.

He hides me till the storm is past,

For me He tempers every blast,—

Jesus saves me now.

I dare not trust the sweetest frame,

But wholly lean on Jesus' name.

CHORUS.

On Christ, the solid rock, I stand;

All other ground is sinking sand,

All other ground is sinking sand.

2 When darkness veils His lovely face,

I rest on His unchanging grace;

In every high and stormy gale,

My anchor holds within the veil.

3 His oath, His covenant, His blood,

Support me in the whelming flood;

When all around my soul gives way,

He then is all my hope and stay.

4 When He shall come with trumpet sound,

O, may I then in Him, be found;

Drest in His righteousness alone,

Faultless to stand before the throne!

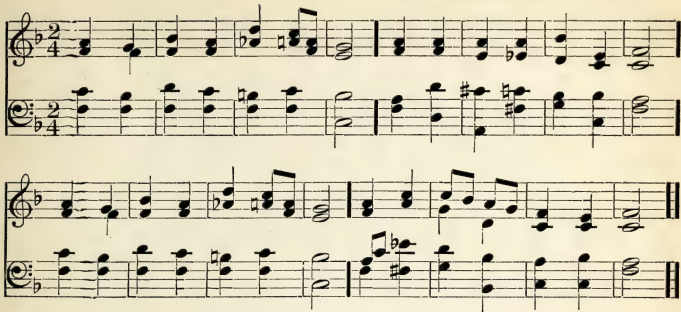
321. The Solid Rock.

*"The Lord is my defence, and rock of my refuge." Ps. 94: 22. Key of G.

1 My hope is built on nothing less
 Than Jesus' blood and righteousness;

Seymour. 7s.

FROM CARL MARIA VON WEBER.



322. The Lord's time.

Is. lx: 22.

- 1 In His time! O precious word
Spoken by the glorious Lord,
Little one! leave all to me,
I will hasten it for thee.
- 2 In His time! the aching heart
E'en will lose its pain and smart;
And the thorn that wounds the feet
Shall give place to roses sweet.
- 3 In His time! the harvest hour
When the pruning days are o'er,
When the worthless twigs are gone,
Golden fruitage shall be borne.
- 4 In His time! the answered prayer,
Vanished all the load of care;
In His time! the crowning hour
When my Lord will come in power.
- 5 In His time! yes, precious word,
Spoken by my glorious Lord,
All I leave — aye, all to Thee,
Thou wilt hasten it for me.

C. L. HAMLEN,

323. Lord, I believe.

Tune Eventide, p. 25.

- 1 Yes, I do feel, my God, that I am Thine!
Thou art my joy — myself mine only
grief, — [shrine,
Hear my complaint, low bending at Thy
"Lord, I believe, help Thou mine un-
belief!"

- 2 Unworthy even to approach so near,
My soul lies trembling like a summer
leaf;
Yet, O forgive! I doubt not, tho' I fear,
"Lord, I believe, help Thou mine un-
belief!"
- 3 Oh draw me nearer! for too far away,
The beamings of Thy brightness are
too brief,
While faith tho' fainting, still hath
strength to say,
"Lord, I believe, help Thou mine un-
belief!"

J. S. B. MONSELL. L.L.D.

324. Say not. S. M.

Tune, Boylston, p. 7.

- 1 Say not, my soul, from whence
Can God relieve thy care?
Remember that Omnipotence
Has servants everywhere.
- 2 God's help is always sure,
His methods seldom guessed,
Delay will make our pleasure pure,
Surprise will give it zest.
- 3 His wisdom is sublime,
His heart profoundly kind;
God never is before His time,
And never is behind.

THOMAS A. LYNCH.

325. Thou thinkest, Lord, of Me.

E. D. MUND.

F. S. LORENZ.

1. A - mid the tri - als which I meet, A - mid the thorns that pierce my feet,
 2. The cares of life come thronging fast, Up - on my soul their shadows cast;
 3. Let shadows come, let shadows go, Let life be bright or dark with woe,

One thought remains su - preme-ly sweet, Thou think-est, Lord, of me!
 Their gloom reminds my heart at last, Thou think-est, Lord, of me!
 I am con-tent, for this I know, Thou think-est, Lord, of me!

CHORUS.

Thou thinkest, Lord, of me, of me, Thou thinkest, Lord, of me, of me,

What need I fear since Thou art near, And think-est, Lord, of me.

From "Songs of Refreshing," by per.

326. My God, the Spring. C. M.

Tune, Mear, p. 45.

- 1 My God, the spring of all my joys,
 The life of my delights,
 The glory of my brightest days,
 And comfort of my nights!
- 2 In darkest shades, if Thou appear,
 My dawning is begun;
 Thou art my soul's bright morning star,
 And Thou my rising sun.
- 3 The opening heavens around me shine
 With beams of sacred bliss,

- If Jesus shows His mercy mine,
 And whispers I am His.
- 4 My soul would leave this heavy clay
 At that transporting word,
 Run up with joy the shining way,
 To see and praise my Lord.
- 5 Fearless of hell and ghastly death,
 I'd break through every foe;
 The wings of love and arms of faith
 Would bear me conqueror through.

ISAAC WATTS.

Risen with Christ.

A. B. SIMPSON.

Miss F. L. SHEPARD.

1. Rise with Thy ris-en Lord, As-cend with Christ a-bove, And in the heav'nlies
 2. Walk as a heav'n-ly race, Prin-ces of roy-al blood; Walk as the chil-dren
 3. Your full re-demp-tion rights With ho-ly bold-ness claim, And to its ut-most

walk with Him Whom seeing not, you love. Look on your tri-als here, As
 of the light. The sons and heirs of God. Fear not to take your place, With
 full-ness prove The pow'r of Je-sus' name. Your life is hid-den now, Your

He be-holds them now, Look on this world as it will seem When glory crowns your brow.
 Je-sus on the throne, And bid the pow'rs of hell and earth, His sovereign scepter own.
 glo-ry none can see, But when He comes His bride will shine, All glorious as He.

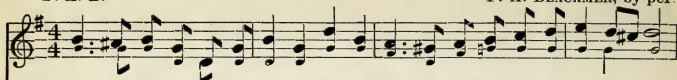
REFRAIN.

I am ris-en with Christ, I am dwelling above, I am walk-ing with Je-sus be-low, I am
 shed-ding the light of His glo-ry and love, A-round me where-ev-er I go.

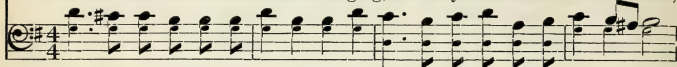
Suggested by the work of Messrs. Moody and Wooley in Boston, 1891.

F. A. B.

F. A. BLACKMER, by per.



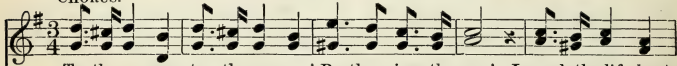
1. See! a sail a-mid the fearful breakers Yon-der, wav-ing sig-nals of dis-tress;
2. High-er, fierc-er yet the tem-pest ra-ges, Can the life-boat live in such a sea;
3. See the forms un-to the old wreck cling-ing, Now they beckon to the shore for aid;



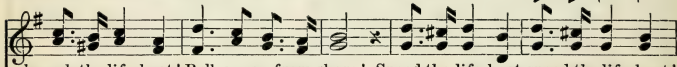
Haste! make read-y at the sav-ing sta-tion, Man the life-boat, praying God to bless!
Yes, for God who rules the storm, shall guide it Till im-per-illed souls in safe-ty be.
Now their cry for help your ears is greet-ing! Sure-ly you would not the call e-vade.



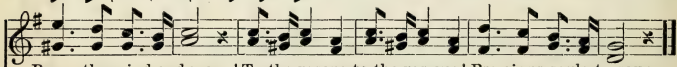
CHORUS.



To the res-cue, to the res-cue! Brother, sieze the oar! Launch the life-boat,



launch the life-boat! Pull a-way from shore! Speed the life-boat, speed the life-boat!



Brave the wind and wave! To the rescue, to the res-cue! Pre-cious souls to save.



Copyright, 1891, by F. A. Blackmer.

4 Sin is rampart and its billows raging,
And these human wrecks are every-
where;
Brother, do not lose a single moment!
Heaven's message to them quickly
bear.

5 Go and tell them Christ has died to
win them, [care;
Bid them cast on Him their load of
Bid them hope, tho' neath the wave now
sinking, [there.
Tell them Christ can save them even

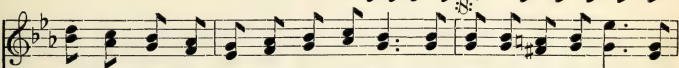
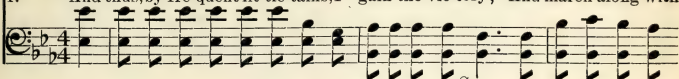
A Little Talk With Jesus.

ANON.

Arr. for this Work.



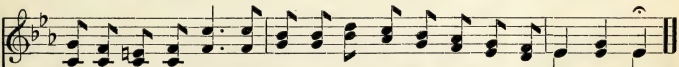
1. While fight-ing for my Sav-iour here, The devil tries me hard; He uses all his
 2. Tho' dark the night and clouds look black And stormy overhead, And trials of all - most
 3. When those who once were dearest friends Begin to persecute, And more who once pro -
 4. And thus, by fre-quent lit-tle talks, I gain the vic-tory; And march along with



migh-ty pow'r, My pro-gress to re-tard; He's up to ev-'ry move, And
 ev-'ry kind A-cross my path are spread; How soon I con-quer all, As
 fessed to love, Have si-lent grown and mute; I tell Him all my grief, He
 cheer-ful song, En-joy-ing lib-er-ty; With Je-sus as my Friend, I'll



trials of ev-'ry kind, Praise



yet thro' all I prove A lit-tle talk with Je-sus makes it right, all right.
 to the Lord I call, A lit-tle talk with Je-sus makes it right, all right.
 quick-ly sends re-lief, A lit-tle talk with Je-sus makes it right, all right.
 prove un-til the end, A lit-tle talk with Je-sus makes it right, all right.



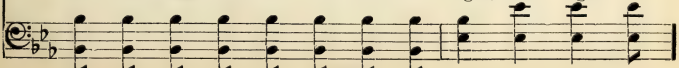
God I al-ways find, A lit-tle talk with Je-sus makes it right, all right.
 CHORUS.



A lit-tle talk with Je-sus makes it right, all right; A



lit-tle talk with Je-sus makes it right, all right. In



330.

The Beautiful Light.

R. K. CARTER.

JNO. R. SWENEY, by per.

1. Je - sus is the light, the way, We are walk - ing in the light, We are
 2. We who know our sins for - given, We are walk - ing in the light, We are
 3. As we jour - ney here be - low, We are walk - ing in the light, We are
 4. We will sing His power to save, We are walk - ing in the light, We are

walk - ing in the light; Shining brighter day by day, We are walking in the
 walk - ing in the light; Find on earth the joy of heav'n, We are walking in the
 walk - ing in the light; O what joy and peace we know, We are walking in the
 walk - ing in the light; We will tri - umph o'er the grave, We are walking in the

REFRAIN.
 beautiful light of God. We are walk - - ing in the light, We are
 walking in the light beautiful light of God,

walk - - ing in the light, We are walk - ing in the
 Walking in the light, beautiful light of God, Walking in the light.

light, . . . We are walk - ing in the beau - ti - ful light, of God.
 Walking in the light.

The Blood-Washed Pilgrim.

R. KELSO CARTER.

REV. J. MATTHIAS.

1. { I saw a blood-wash'd pil - grim, A sin - ner saved by grace,
Temp - ta - tions sore be - set him, But noth - ing could af - fright,

Up - on the king's great high-way, With peace-ful, shin - ing face. }
He said, "The yoke is ea - sy, The bur - den, it is light." }

CHORUS.

Oh! palms of vic-to-ry, crowns of glo-ry, Palms of vic - to-ry I shall wear,

Copyright, 1886, by R. K. Carter.

2 His helmet was Salvation,
A simple Faith His shield,
And Righteousness His breast-plate;
The Spirit's sword he'd wield.
All fiery darts arrested,
And quenched their blazing flight;
He cried "The yoke is easy,
The burden, it is light."—Cho.

3 I saw Him in the furnace,
He doubted not, nor feared,
And in the flames beside him
The Son of God appeared,
Though seven times 'twas heated
With all the tempter's might,
He said, "The yoke is easy,
The burden, it is light."—Cho.

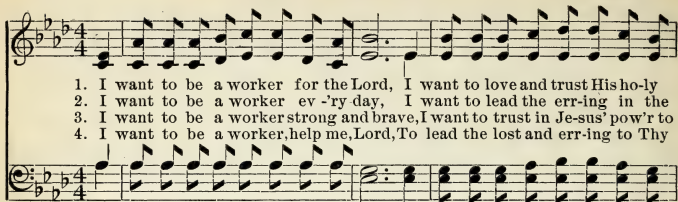
4 Mid storms, and clouds, and trials,
In prison, at the stake,
He leaped for joy, rejoicing,
'Twas all for Jesus' sake.
That God should count him worthy,
Was such supreme delight,
He cried, "The yoke is easy,
The burden, it is light."—Cho.

5 I saw him overcoming,
Through all the swelling strife,
Until he crossed the threshold
Of God's Eternal Life.
The Crown, the Throne, the Sceptre,
Th' Name, the Stone so White,
Were his, who found, in Jesus,
The yoke and burden light.—Cho.

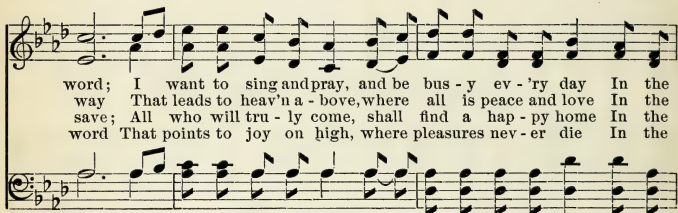
I. B.

"The laborers are few."—MATT. ix. 27.

I. BALTZELL.

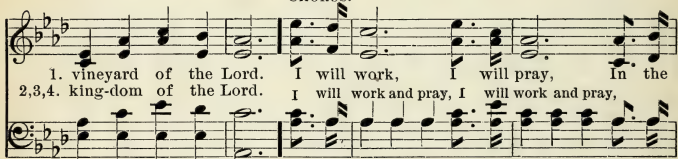


1. I want to be a worker for the Lord, I want to love and trust His ho-ly
 2. I want to be a worker ev-'ry day, I want to lead the err-ing in the
 3. I want to be a worker strong and brave, I want to trust in Je-sus' pow'r to
 4. I want to be a worker, help me, Lord, To lead the lost and err-ing to Thy

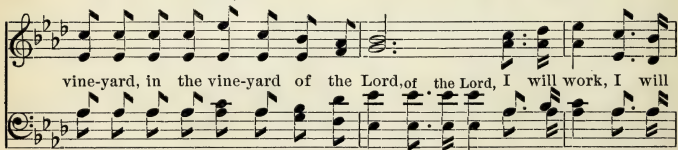


word; I want to sing and pray, and be bus-y ev-'ry day In the
 way That leads to heav'n a-bove, where all is peace and love In the
 save; All who will tru-ly come, shall find a hap-py home In the
 word That points to joy on high, where pleasures nev-er die In the

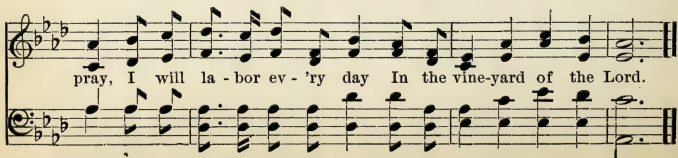
CHORUS.



1. vineyard of the Lord. I will work, I will pray, In the
 2,3,4. king-dom of the Lord. I will work and pray, I will work and pray,



vine-yard, in the vine-yard of the Lord, of the Lord, I will work, I will



pray, I will la-bor ev-'ry day In the vine-yard of the Lord.

The King of Glory.

R. K. C.

Ps. xxiv.

R. KELSO CARTER.

1. Onward marching, Who, who is He? Jesus, Saviour, Bringing victory.
 2. Christian soldier, Follow the Lord; He will conquer, With His mighty sword.
 3. Hills and mountains All pass away; But His promise Standeth day by day.
 4. Blood-washed victors In ev'ry strife, We shall praise Him Round the tree of life.

CHORUS.

Lift your heads, ye heav'nly por - tals! Lift your heads, ye gates of pearl!
 Lift your heads, ye heav'nly portals! Lift your heads, ye gates of pearl; For

Love and peace to err-ing mor - tals, On His banner now He doth unfurl. The
 love and peace to err-ingmen, On His ban-ner now He doth un - furl. The

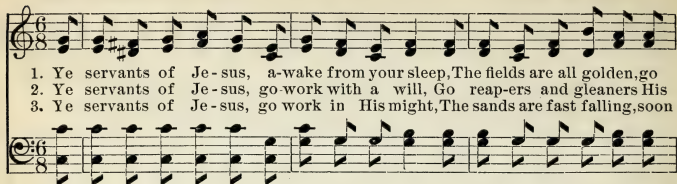
King of glo - ry fail-eth nev - er, Praise Him while the heavens ring;
 King of glo - ry fail-eth nev-er, Praise Him while the heavens ring;

He hath conquer'd and for ev - er We'll shout ho-san-nah to our King.
 He hath con - quered and we'll shout ho - san - nah to our King.

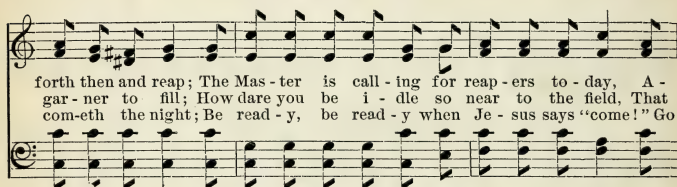
334. Ye Servants of Jesus, Awake.

Mrs. HARRIET E. JONES.

FRANK M. DAVIS.

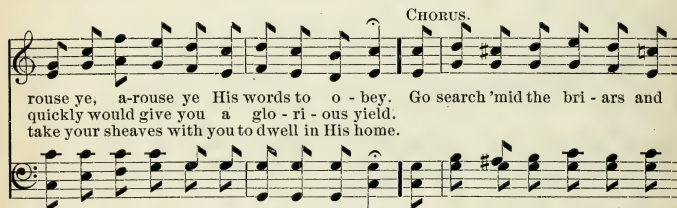


1. Ye servants of Je-sus, a-wake from your sleep, The fields are all golden, go
 2. Ye servants of Je-sus, go-work with a will, Go reap-ers and gleaners His
 3. Ye servants of Je-sus, go work in His might, The sands are fast falling, soon

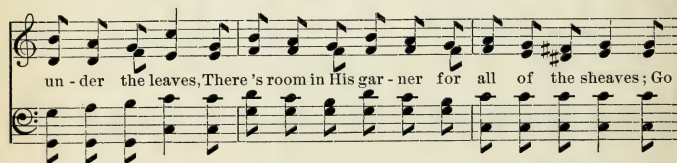


forth then and reap; The Mas-ter is call-ing for reap-ers to-day, A-gar-ner to fill; How dare you be i-dle so near to the field, That com-eth the night; Be read-y, be read-y when Je-sus says "come!" Go

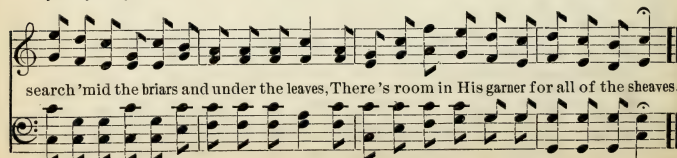
CHORUS.



rouse ye, a-rouse ye His words to o-bey. Go search 'mid the bri-ars and quickly would give you a glo-ri-ous yield. take your sheaves with you to dwell in His home.



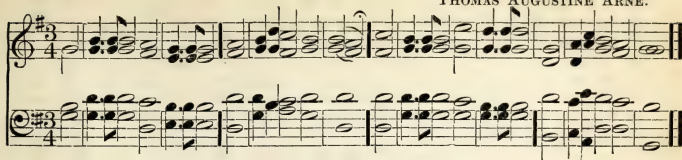
un-der the leaves, There's room in His gar-ner for all of the sheaves; Go



search 'mid the briars and under the leaves, There's room in His garner for all of the sheaves.

Arlington. C. M.

THOMAS AUGUSTINE ARNE.



335. Faith sees the Final Triumph.

- 1 Am I a soldier of the cross,
A follower of the Lamb,
And shall I fear to own His cause,
Or blush to speak His name?
- 2 Must I be carried to the skies
On flowery beds of ease,
While others fought to win the prize,
And sailed through bloody seas?
- 3 Are there no foes for me to face?
Must I not stem the flood?
Is this vile world a friend to grace,
To help me on to God?
- 4 Sure I must fight if I would reign;
Increase my courage, Lord;
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by Thy word.
- 5 Thy saints in all this glorious war
Shall conquer, though they die:
They see the triumph from afar,
By faith they bring it nigh.
- 6 When that illustrious day shall rise,
And all Thy armies shine
In robes of victory through the skies,
The glory shall be Thine.

ISAAC WATTS.

336. The Race for Glory.

- 1 Awake, my soul, stretch every nerve,
And press with vigor on;
A heavenly race demands thy zeal,
And an immortal crown.
- 2 A cloud of witnesses around
Hold thee in full survey;
Forget the steps already trod,
And onward urge thy way.

- 3 'T is God's all-animating voice
That calls thee from on high;
'T is His own hand presents the prize
To thine aspiring eye:—

- 4 That prize, with peerless glories bright,
Which shall new lustre boast, [gem
When victors' wreaths and monarchs'
Shall blend in common dust.

- 5 Blest Saviour, introduced by Thee,
Have I my race begun;
And, crowned with victory, at Thy feet
I'll lay my honors down.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE.

337. Missionary Hymn.

Tune, Contrast. p. 201.

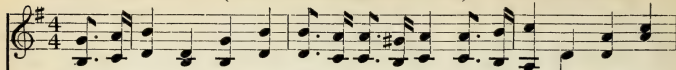
- 1 Let us go to the dusky Hindoo,
Who is bowing to wood and to stone;
Let us tell him the news 't was for you,
That Jesus abandoned His throne.
Let us go to the isles of the sea,
Where the Cannibal thirsteth for blood,
And the Savage shall hear such as he
May plunge in the soul-cleansing flood.
- 2 Let us go to the regions of ice,
Where the Esquimaux dwells in the cold,
Tell him Jesus has bought with a price,
The souls that for naught have been sold.
Let us go unto Africa's race,
Ethiopia shall stretch out her hands,
And Egypt shall hear of His grace,
Be loosed from her sin and her bands.
- 3 Let us go to the busy Chinese,
To the Empire of lovely Japan;
Let us go everywhere — o'er all seas,
Wherever there dwelleth a man.
Let us go through our own christian lands,
Where churches and bibles abound;
Let us stretch to the lost helping hands,
And tell what a Saviour we've found.

MANIE PAYNE FERGUSON.

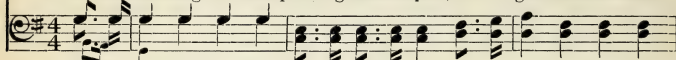
FANNY J. CROSBY.

(WE ARE MARCHING ON.)

WM. B. BRADBURY.



1. We are marching on with shield and banner bright, We will work for God and
2. We are marching on, our Cap-tain, ev - er near, Will pro-tect us still, His
3. We are marching on the straight and narrow way, That will lead to life and
4. We are marching on and pressing t'ward the prize, To a glo-rious crown be -



D.C.—We are marching on - ward, sing-ing as we go, To the prom-ised land where



bat - tle for the right, We will praise His name, re - joic-ing in His might, And we'll
gen - tle voice we hear: Let the foe ad-vance, we'll nev-er, nev-er fear, For we'll
ev - er-last-ing day, To the smil - ing fields that nev - er will de-cay, But we'll
yond the glowing skies, To the ra - diant fields where pleasure never dies, And we'll

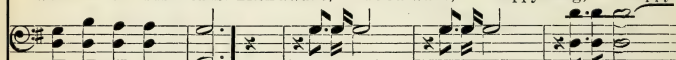


liv - ing wa-ters flow; Come and join our ranks as pilgrims here be-low, Come and

FINE.

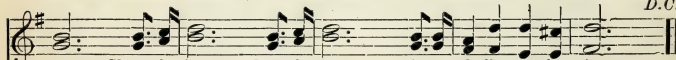


work till Je - sus calls. Then awake, then a-wake, happy song, happy

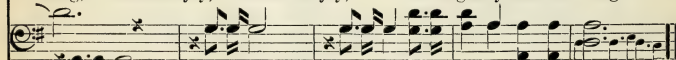


work till Je - sus calls. Then awake, then awake, happy song, . . .

D.C.



song, Shout for joy, shout for joy, As we gladly march a - long.



happy song.

Shout for joy.

Shout for joy.

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339.

He Leadeth Me.

Key D.

- 1 He leadeth me! O blessed thought!
O words with heavenly comfort fraught!
Whate'er I do, where'er I be,
Still 't is God's hand that leadeth me.

CHO.—He leadeth me, He leadeth me:
By His own hand He leadeth me:
His faithful follower I would be,
For by His hand He leadeth me.

- 2 Sometimes 'mid scenes of deepest gloom,
Sometimes where Eden's bowers bloom,
By waters still, o'er troubled sea,—
Still 't is His hand that leadeth me!

3 Lord, I would clasp Thy hand in mine,
Nor ever murmur nor repine,
Content, whatever lot I see,
Since 't is my God that leadeth me!

(232)

J. H. GILMORE.

A Missionary Cry.

Rev. A. B. SIMPSON.

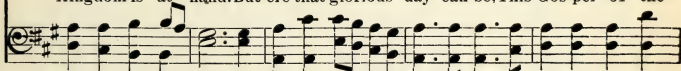
J. H. BURKE.



1. A hundred thou-sand souls a day, Are pass-ing one by one a - way, In
2. O Ho - ly Ghost, Thy people move, Baptize their hearts with faith and love, And
3. Ar-mies of pray'r your promise claim, Prove the full pow'r of Je-sus' name, And
4. The Master's com-ing draweth near, The Son of Man will soon ap-pear, His



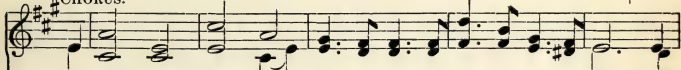
Christless guilt and gloom. Without one ray of hope or light, With future dark as
con-se-crate their gold. At Je-sus feet their millions pour, And all their ranks u-
take the vic-to-ry. Your conquer-ing Captain leads you on, The glorious fight may
Kingdom is at hand. But ere that glorious day can be, This Gos-pel of the



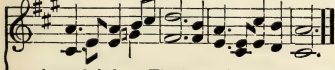
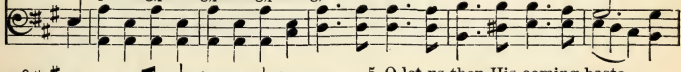
end-less night, They're passing to their doom, They're passing to their doom.
nite once more, As in the days of old, As in the days of old.
still be won, This ver-y cen-tu-ry, This ver-y cen-tu-ry.
King-dom, we Must preach in ev-ry land, Must preach in ev-ry land.



CHORUS.



They're pass-ing, pass-ing fast a-way, In thousands day by day, They're
pass-ing, passing, passing, passing,



passing to their doom, They're passing to their doom



- 5 O let us then His coming haste,
O let us end this awful waste.
Of souls that never die.
A thousand millions still are lost,
A Saviour's blood has paid the cost,
O, hear their dying cry.

- 6 They're passing, passing fast away,
A hundred thousand souls a day,
In Christless guilt and gloom,
O Church of Christ, what wilt thou say
When in the awful judgment day,
They charge thee with their doom?

341.

The Volunteer's Song.

R. K. C.

R. KELSO CARTER.

1. A cry comes up from the dark-ness, A wail of ag-o-ny rolls
 2. Oh, who can tell this sal-va-tion? The judgment thun-der rolls;
 3. Oh, who will go to the res-cue? The world mere pit-tan-ces doles;
 4. From east to west we will tell it, To all men between the poles;

Thro' the night of sin, in this world of ours, 'T is the cry of per-ish-ing souls.
 Who will bear the news of redemp-tion down To the helpless per-ish-ing souls.
 'T is the Christian sav'd by redeem-ing love Who must help the perishing souls.
 We can tell it best, we who feel it most, For we were per-ish-ing souls.

CHORUS.

Are you saved? ful-ly saved? Has Je-sus wash'd your sins away, a-way?
 are you saved? ful-ly saved?

Then work, brother, work; the night is coming on; Oh, work, work for souls to-day.

Copyright, 1890, by R. Kelso Carter.

342. Be Watchful. S. M.

Tune, *Laban*, p. 244.

1 My soul, be on thy guard
 Ten thousand foes arise;
 The hosts of sin are pressing hard
 To draw thee from the skies.

2 Oh, watch, and fight, and pray;
 The battle ne'er give o'er;

Renew it boldly every day,
 And help divine implore.

3 Ne'er think the victory won,
 Nor lay thine armor down;
 The work of faith will not be done,
 Till thou obtain the crown.

GEORGE HEATH, 1781.

From Greenland's Icy Mountains. 7s, 6s.

MASON.



343. From Greenland's Icy Mountains.

Drop it where thorns and thistles grow,
Scatter it on the rock!

1 From Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand;
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand;
From many an ancient river,
From many a balmy plain,
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain.

3 The good, the fruitful ground
Expect not here nor there;
O'er hill and dale and plain 'tis found,
Go forth, then, everywhere!

2 Shall we whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,
Shall we, to men benighted,
The lamb of life deny?
Salvation! oh, salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till earth's remotest nation
Has learned Messiah's name.

4 And duly shall appear,
In verdure, beauty, strength,
The tender blade, the stalk, the ear,
And the full corn at length.

5 Thou canst not toil in vain:
Cold, heat, and moist and dry,
Shall foster and mature the grain
For garnerers in the sky.

JAMES MONTGOMERY, 1825.

345. Prayer for Light.

Tune, McKendree, p. 168

1 Light of those whose dreary dwelling
Borders on the shades of death,
Rise on us, Thyself revealing;
Rise, and chase the clouds beneath.
Thou, of life and light creator,
In our deepest darkness rise;
Scatter all the night of nature,
Pour the day upon our eyes.

2 Still we wait for Thine appearing:
Life and joy Thy beams impart;
Chasing all our fears, and cheering
Every meek and contrite heart.
Save us, in Thy great compassion,
O thou God of peace and love!
Give the knowledge of salvation,
Fix our hearts on things above.

CHAS. WESLEY, 1745.

344. The Sower.

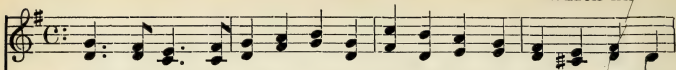
Tune, Laban, p. 244

HEBER.

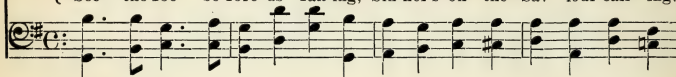
1 Sow in the morn thy seed,
At eve hold not thy hand;
To doubt and fear give thou no heed,
Broadcast it o'er the land!
2 Beside all waters sow,
The highway furrows stock,

346. The Christian Mission War Song.

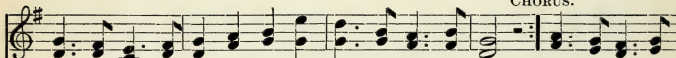
WELCH AIR.



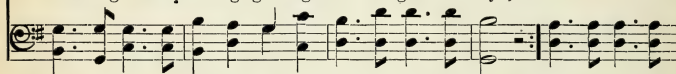
1. { Chris-tian, rouse thee! War is rag-ing, God and fiends are bat-tle wag-ing,
Dare ye still lie fond-ly dreaming, Wrapt in ease and world-ly scheming,
2. { Lord, we come, and from Thee never, Self nor earth our hearts shall sev-er,
To a world of reb-els dy-ing, Heav-en, and hell, and God defying,
3. { Hark! I hear the warriors shouting, Now the hosts of hell we're routing;
See the foe be-fore us fall-ing, Sin-ner's on the Sav-iour call-ing.



CHORUS.



Ev - 'ry ransom'd pow'r en-gag-ing, Break the tempter's spell, } Thro' the world re-
While the mul-ti-tudes are streaming Downwards in-to hell? }
Thine en-tire - ly, Thine for ev - er, We will fight and die.
Ev - 'ry-where we'll still be cry-ing, "Will ye per-ish—why?" }
Cour-age! onward! nev-er doubt-ing, We shall win the day. }
Throwing off the bond-age gall-ing—Join our glad ar-ray. }



sounding, Let the gos-pel sounding, Summon all at Je-sus' call, His



glorious cross sur-rounding. Sons of God, earth's trifles leaving, Be not faithless,



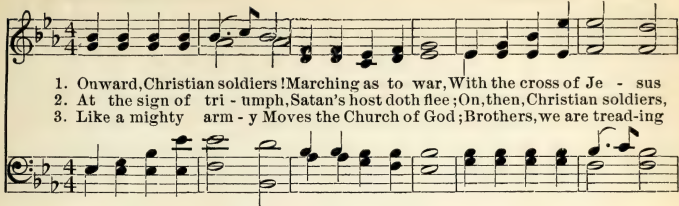
but be-liev-ing, To your conqu'ring Captain cleaving, For-ward to the fight.



Onward Christian Soldiers.

SABINE BARING-GOULD.

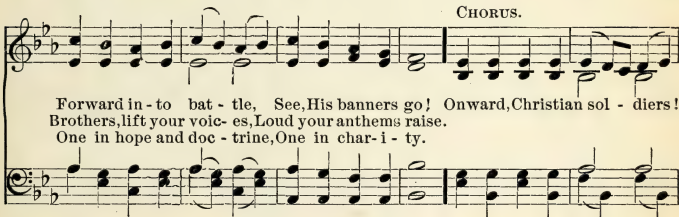
ARTHUR SULLIVAN.



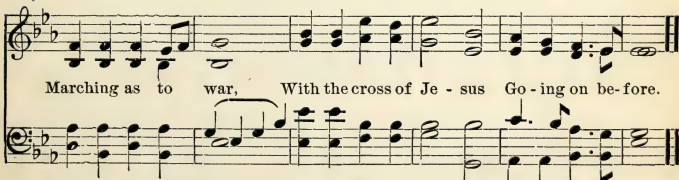
1. Onward, Christian soldiers! Marching as to war, With the cross of Je - sus
2. At the sign of tri - umph, Satan's host doth flee; On, then, Christian soldiers,
3. Like a mighty arm - y Moves the Church of God; Brothers, we are tread - ing



Go - ing on be - fore. Christ, the roy - al Mas - ter, Leads a - gainst the foe;
On to vic - to - ry! Hell's foundation's quiv - er At the shout of praise;
Where the saints have trod; We are not di - vid - ed, All one bod - y we,



CHORUS.
Forward in - to bat - tle, See, His banners go! Onward, Christian sol - diers!
Brothers, lift your voices, Loud your anthems raise.
One in hope and doc - trine, One in char - i - ty.



Marching as to war, With the cross of Je - sus Go - ing on be - fore.

4 Crowns and thrones may perish,
Kingdoms rise and wane,
But the Church of Jesus
Constant will remain;
Gates of hell can never
'Gainst that Church prevail;
We have Christ's own promise,
And that cannot fail.

♫ Onward, then, ye people!
Join our happy throng,
Blend with ours your voices
In the triumph-song;
Glory, laud, and honor
Unto Christ the King,
This through countless ages
Men and angels sing.

348.

Who Will Go?

A. B. S.

A. B. SIMPSON.

1. A voice from above is fall-ing, fall-ing, Solemn and sad and low; 'T is the
 2. A voice from the cross is falling, fall-ing, Sad-ly the ac-cents flow; 'T is the
 3. A voice from a-far is fall-ing, fall-ing, Fall-ing in tones of woe; 'T is the

voice of the Mas-ter call-ing, call-ing, Whom shall we send and who will go?
 dy - ing Sav - iour call-ing, call-ing, Ten-der - ly call - ing, "who will go?"
 wail of the heath-en call-ing, call-ing, Mournful - ly call - ing, "who will go?"

CHORUS.

Who, who will go? the Master is crying; Je-sus is call-ing, call-ing for thee.
 Lord, I will go, my heart is re-ply-ing, Lord, I am read-y,

read-y, send me! Ready, ready, Ready, ready, . Lord, I am ready, send me!

Copyright, 1891, by A. B. Simpson.

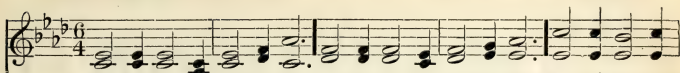
4 A voice from our midst is falling, falling,
 How can we answer no!
 'T is the voice of a mighty army calling,
 Oh, who will send us, we will go!

5 A voice from the heavens will soon be
 Shaking the earth below, [falling,
 'T is the voice of the Bridegroom calling,
 calling,
 Oh, who will haste it, who will go?

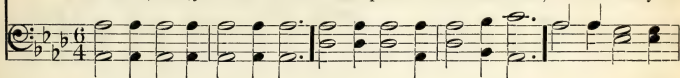
Soldiers of the Cross.

J. B. WATERBURY.

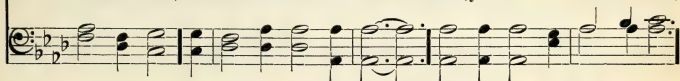
Tune, CALEDONIA, 7, 7, 7, 6.



1. Sol-diers of the cross a-rise ! Lo ! your Leader from the skies Waves before you
2. Now the fight of faith be-gin, Be no more the slaves of sin, Strive the victor's
3. Je-sus conquered when He fell, Met and vanquished earth and hell ; Now He leads you
4. Onward, then, ye hosts of God ! Jesus points the victor's rod ; Follow where your



- glo-ry's prize, The prize of vic - to - ry. Seize your ar - mor, gird it on ;
 palm to win, Trust-ing in the Lord. Gird ye on the armor bright,
 on to swell The triumphs of His cross. Though all earth and hell ap-pear,
 Lead-er trod ; You soon shall see His face. Soon, your en - e - mies all slain,



- Now the battle will be won ; See, the strife will soon be done ; Then struggle man-ful-ly.
 Warriors of the King of Light, Never yield nor lose by flight Your divine re-ward.
 Who will doubt, or who can fear ? God, our strength and shield is near ; We cannot lose our cause.
 Crowns of glo - ry you shall gain, Soon you'll join that glorious train Who shout their Saviour's praise.



350. Work, for the Night is Coming.

Key F.

- 1 Work, for the night is coming ;
 Work, through the morning hours ;
 Work, while the dew is sparkling ;
 Work 'mid springing flowers ;
 Work, when the day grows brighter,
 Work, in the glowing sun,
 Work, for the night is coming,
 When man's work is done.

- 2 Work, for the night is coming,
 Work through the sunny noon ;
 Fill brightest hours with labor,
 Rest comes sure and soon.

- Give every flying minute
 Something to keep in store,
 Work, for the night is coming,
 When man works no more.

- 3 Work, for the night is coming,
 Under the sunset skies ;
 While their bright tints are glowing,
 Work, for daylight flies.
 Work, till the last beam fadeth,
 Fadeth to shine no more ;
 Work, while the night is darkening,
 When man's work is o'er.

H. H. B

Commandant HERBERT BOOTH.

Allegro.

mf

1. When sorrows and storms are be-set-ting my track, And Sa - tan is whisp'ring "You'd
2. How eas - y when sailing the sea at a calm To trust in the strength of Je-

cres.

better go back," Oh, then I have prov'd it, tho' dark be the way, A lit-tle believing drives
hovah's great arm, But somehow I find when the waves swamp the boat, It takes some be-liev-ing to

CHORUS.

f

clouds right a - way. Lord, I believe! Lord, I be-lieve! Saviour, raise my
keep things a - float. Lord, I believe! Lord, I be-lieve! All my doubts I'll

1 2

faith in Thee till it can move a moun-tain. bu - ry in the Foun-tain.

352. By the Grace of God, I'll Meet You.

R. KELSO CARTER.

A. A.

Slow.

1. We are march-ing on to glo - ry, We are march-ing on to glo - ry,
 2. We must pass thro' trib-u - la - tion, We must pass thro' trib-u - la - tion,
 3. In the world we're o-ver-com - ers, In the world we're o-ver-com - ers,

CHO.—By the grace of God I'll meet you, By the grace of God I'll meet you.

We are march-ing on to glo - ry, Re-deemed by Je - sus' blood.
 We must pass thro' trib-u - la - tion, Re-deemed by Je - sus' blood.
 In the world we're o-ver-com - ers, Re-deemed by Je - sus' blood.

Copyright, 1899, by R. Kelso Carter.

By the grace of God I'll meet you, On Canaan's hap - py shore.

4 We will follow where He leadeth,
 We will follow where He leadeth,
 We will follow where He leadeth,
 Redeemed by Jesus' blood.

5 In His name we'll surely conquer,
 In His name we'll surely conquer,
 In His name we'll surely conquer,
 Redeemed by Jesus' blood.

Concluded from opposite page.

3 "I'll stand to the end," I have heard
 people say, [away;"
 "I'll fight till I die, and I'll ne'er run
 But when the temptations so fiercely as-
 sailed, [failed.
 They left off believing, and terribly

But right in the heat of the conflict with
 sin, [in.
 Instead of believing, they faint and give
 5 Oh, let us remember, in running our
 race,
 That faith is not feeling, and trust is not
 trace;

4 And others there are full of courage and
 zeal, [steel;
 Who go to the battle like warriors of

And when all 's seeming as black as the
 [night,
 We'll keep on believing, and go on with
 the fight.

Webb. 7s, 6s.

G. J. WEBB, 1830.



353. Webb. 7s & 6s.

1 Stand up! stand up for Jesus!
 Ye soldiers of the cross;
 Lift high His royal banner,
 It must not suffer loss;
 From victory unto victory
 His army He shall lead,
 Till every foe is vanquished,
 And Christ is Lord indeed.

2 Stand up! stand up for Jesus!
 Stand in His strength alone;
 The arm of flesh will fail you —
 Ye dare not trust your own;
 Put on the Gospel armor.
 And watching unto prayer,
 Where duty calls, or danger,
 Be never wanting there.

3 Stand up! stand up for Jesus!
 The strife will not be long;
 This day the noise of battle,
 The next the victor's song;
 To Him that overcometh,
 A crown of life shall be;

He with the King of Glory
 Shall reign eternally.

Rev. GEO. DUFFIELD, Jr., 1858.

354. The City of God.

Tune, McKendree, p 168

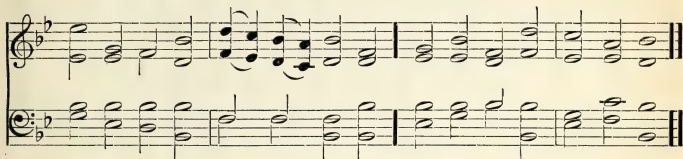
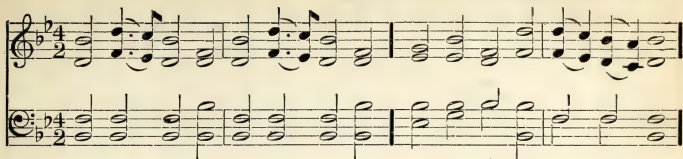
1 Glorious things of thee are spoken,
 Zion, city of our God;
 He, whose word cannot be broken,
 Formed thee for His own abode.
 On the rock of ages founded,
 What can shake thy sure repose?
 With salvation's walls surrounded,
 Thou mayst smile at all thy foes.

2 See! the streams of living waters,
 Springing from eternal love,
 Well supply Thy sons and daughters,
 And all fear of want remove.
 Who can faint while such a river
 Ever flows their thirst to assuage?—
 Grace, which like the Lord the Giver,
 Never fails from age to age.

JOHN NEWTON, 1779.

Wilmot. 8s & 7s.

CARL MARIA VON WEBER, 1786-1826



355. Cast Thy Bread Upon the Waters.

ECCLES. XI. 1.

1 Cast thy bread upon the waters,
Thinking not 't is thrown away;
God Himself saith, thou shalt gather
It again some future day.

2 Cast thy bread upon the waters,
Wildly though the billows roll;
They but aid thee as thou toilest,
Truth to spread from pole to pole.

3 As the seed, by billows floated
To some distant island lone,
So to human souls benighted,
That thou flingest may be borne.

4 Cast thy bread upon the waters;
Why wilt thou still doubting stand?
Bounteous shall God send the harvest,
If thou sow'st with liberal hand.

Mrs. J. H. HANAFORD, ab. 1852.

And, oh, Thy servant, Lord, prepare,
A strict account to give.

4 Help me to watch and pray,
And on Thyself rely,
Assured, if I my trust betray,
I shall forever die.

CHARLES WESLEY.

357. What Poor Despised Company.

Key F.

1 What poor despised company
Of travelers are these,
Who walk in yonder narrow way,
Along that rugged maze.

CHORUS.

I'd rather be the least of them,
Who are the Lord's alone,
|| :Than wear a royal diadem,
And sit upon a throne. :||

2 Ah! these are of a royal line,
All children of a King;
Heirs of immortal crowns divine,
And lo! for joy they sing.

3 But why keep they the narrow road,
That rugged, thorny maze?
Why, that's the way their Leader trod;
They love and keep His ways.

4 What, is there then no other road
To Salem's happy ground?
Christ is the only way to God;
None other can be found.

356. For Watchfulness.

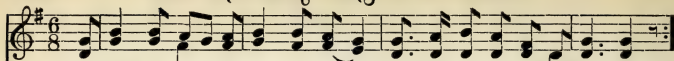
Tune, Laban, p. 244.

1 A charge to keep I have,
A God to glorify;
A never-dying soul to save,
And fit it for the sky.

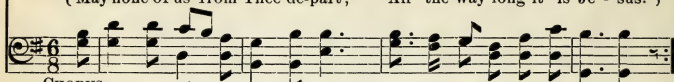
2 To serve the present age,
My calling to fulfil,—
Oh, may it all my powers engage,
To do my Master's will.

3 Arm me with jealous care,
As in Thy sight to live;

358. All the way long it is Jesus.



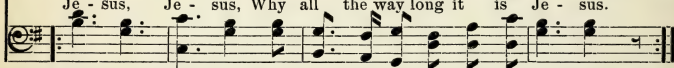
1. { O good old way, How sweet thou art! All the way long it is Je - sus; }
 { May none of us from Thee de-part; All the way long it is Je - sus. }



CHORUS.



Je - sus, Je - sus, Why all the way long it is Je - sus.

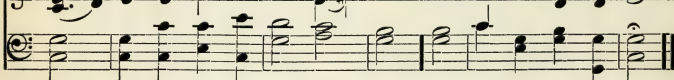
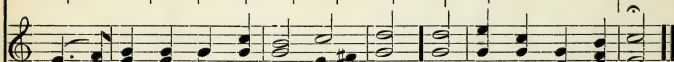
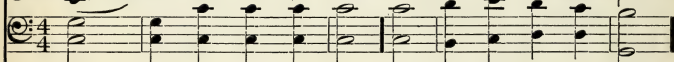
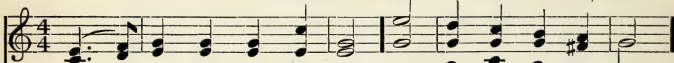


2 But may our actions always say
 We're marching in the good old way.

3 This note above the rest shall swell,
 That Jesus doeth all things well.

Laban. S. M.

LOWELL MASON, 1830.



359. Brightly Gleams Our Banner.

Tune, *Onward Christian Soldiers*, p. 237.

- 1 Brightly gleams our banner,
 Pointing to the sky,
 Waving wand'ers onward.
 To their home on high;
 Journeying o'er the desert,
 Gladly thus we pray,
 And with hearts united,
 Take our heavenward way.

CHORUS.

Brightly gleams our banner,
 Pointing to the sky,
 Waving wand'ers onward,
 To their home on high.

- 2 Jesus, Lord, and Master,
 At Thy sacred feet,
 Here with hearts rejoicing,
 See Thy children meet;
 Often have we left Thee,
 Often gone astray,

Keep us mighty Saviour,
 In the narrow way,

- 3 All our days direct us,
 In the way we go,
 Lead us on victorious
 Over ev'ry foe;
 Bid Thine angels shield us
 When the storm-clouds lower,
 Pardon Thou and save us
 In the last dread hour.

- 4 Then with saints and angels,
 May we join above,
 Offering endless praises,
 At Thy throne of love;
 When the toil is over,
 Then comes rest and peace,
 Jesus in His beauty;
 Songs that never cease.

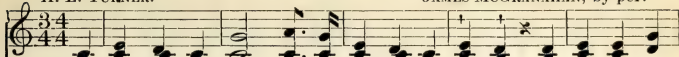
Rev. THOMAS J. POTTER.

Christ Returneth.

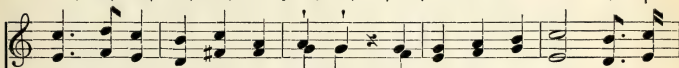
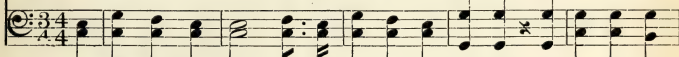
"I will come again, and receive you unto Myself."—John xv: 3.

H. L. TURNER.

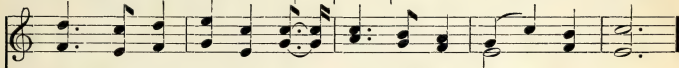
JAMES McGRANAHAN, by per.



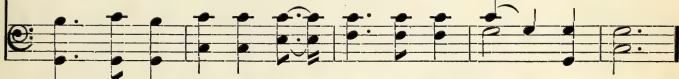
1. It may be at morn, when the day is a - wak - ing, When sunlight thro'
2. It may be at mid - day, it may be at twi - light, It may be, per -
3. While its hosts cry "ho - san - na", from heav - en de - scend - ing, With go - ri - fied
4. Oh, joy! oh, de - light! should we go with - out dy - ing, No sick - ness, no



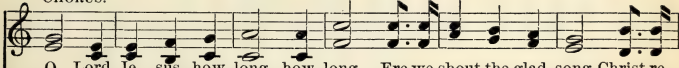
dark - ness and shad - ow is breaking, That Je - sus will come in the
 chance, that the blackness of midnight Will burst in - to light in the
 saints and the an - gels at - tend - ing, With grace on His brow, like a
 sad - ness, no dread and no cry - ing, Caught up thro' the clouds with our



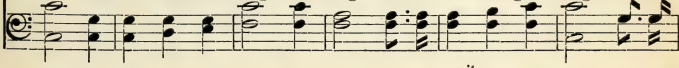
full - ness of glo - ry, To re - ceive from the world "His own."
 blaze of His glo - ry, When Je - sus re - ceives "His own."
 ha - lo of glo - ry, Will Je - sus re - ceive "His own."
 Lord in - to glo - ry, When Je - sus re - ceives "His own."



CHORUS.



O Lord Je - sus, how long, how long Ere we shout the glad song, Christ re -



turn - eth, hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! A - men, Hal - le - lu - jah! A - men.



361.

The Night is Almost Over.

R. K. C.

R. KELSO CARTER.

1. The night is al-most o-ver, and the day is drawing near, Christ is coming, Halle-
 2. The ver - y man of Nazareth, He, who came the lost to save, Christ is coming, Halle-
 3. The Bride is cloth'd and ready in her garments pure and white, Christ is coming, Halle-

lu - jah! The stars of promise van - ish as the sky is growing clear;
 lu - jah! Who heal'd the sick is com - ing with vic - t'ry o'er the grave;
 lu - jah! The lamps are trim'd and burn - ing, and the flame of love is bright;

CHORUS.
 Christ is coming, Hal - le - lu - jah! In the breaking of the morning to His

promise - es we cling; With the wedding march of Jesus heaven's vaulted arches ring; We are

watching ev'ry moment for the coming of the King, Christ is coming, Hal - le - lu - jah!

Copyright, 1891, by R. K. Carter.

- 4 The rocks and hills are trembling, and the heavens flee away,
 Christ is coming, Hallelujah! [tion day;
 The elements dissolving in the resurrec-
 Christ is coming, Hallelujah!
- 5 We'll rise from earth to meet Him for we know it by His word;
 Christ is coming, Hallelujah! [the Lord;
 And then we'll be forever, yes forever with
 Christ is coming, Hallelujah!

A Little While.

R. K. C.

Haggai ii: 6-9.

R. KELSO CARTER.

1. Lift your heads, O broth - ers, heark - en! Lift your heads, the day draws
 2. He shall shake the earth and heav - en, Shake the land and shake the
 3. Nev - er mind if shad - ows dark - en, Nev - er fear if foes are

near For the com - ing of the King - dom, When our Je - sus shall ap - pear.
 sea, Fill the lat - ter house with glo - ry; Come and reign e - ter - nal - ly.
 strong, Lift your heads and shout ho - san - nah! Praise the Lord! it won't be long.

CHORUS.

Praise the Lord! it won't be long, Till we see His ten - der, lov - ing

smile, Brothers, shout! lift up your heads, Praise the Lord it is a lit - tle

while, Brothers, shout! lift up your heads; Praise the Lord! it is a lit - tle while.

Copyright, 1886, by R. K. Carter.

- 4 Sound an anthem in your sorrows,
 Build a fortress of your fears;
 Throw a halo round your trials,
 Weave a rainbow of your tears.

- 5 Lift your heads, the morning breaketh;
 Praise the Lord! from all that's vile;
 Jesus comes to give deliverance,
 It is but a little while,

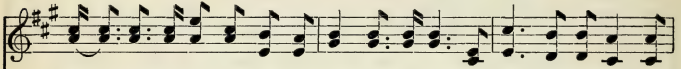
363.

Behold the Bridegroom.

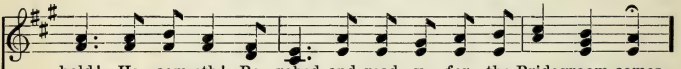
Words and music by R. E. HUDSON, by per.



1. Are you read-y for the Bridegroom When He comes, when He comes? Are you
2. Have your lamps trimmed and burning When He comes, when He comes; Have your
3. We will all go out to meet Him When He comes, when He comes; We will
4. We will chant al - le - lu - ias When He comes, when He comes; We will



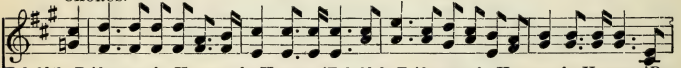
ready for the Bridegroom When He comes, when He comes? Behold! He cometh! Be-
lamps trimmed and burn-ing When He comes, when He comes; He quickly cometh, be
all go out to meet Him, when He comes, when He comes; He surely cometh! He
chant al - le-lu - ias When He comes, when He comes; Lo! now He cometh! Lo!



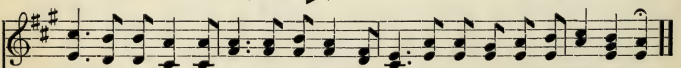
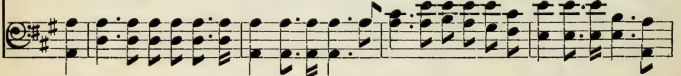
hold! He com-eth! Be robed and read - y, for the Bridegroom comes.
quick - ly com-eth, O soul! be read - y when the Bridegroom comes.
sure - ly com-eth! We'll go to meet Him when the Bridegroom comes.
now He com-eth! Sing al - le - lu - ia! for the Bridegroom comes.



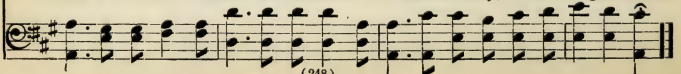
CHORUS.



Behold the Bridegroom, for He comes, for He comes! Behold the Bridegroom, for He comes, for He comes! Be-



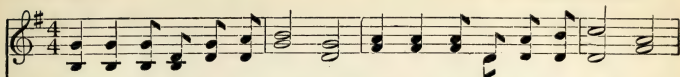
hold! He cometh! behold! He cometh! Be robed and ready, for the Bridegroom comes.



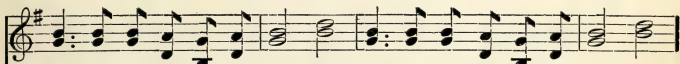
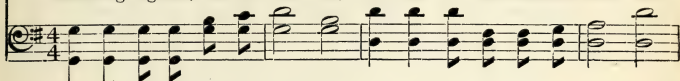
The King's Wedding March.

R. K. C.

R. KELSO CARTER.



1. Saints a - rise! in grace a - bound-ing, Hark! the wedding march is sound - ing;
2. In the sky His flam-ing ban - ner, Lift your heads and shout ho-san - nah!
3. Trumpets sounding, sev-en thun - ders, Op'n-ing heav-ens, crown-ing won - ders;
4. March-ing legions, heav-ens trem - ble, Sol-diers of the cross as - sem - ble!



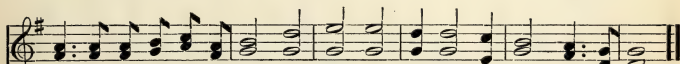
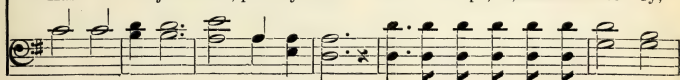
Read the times with quick dis-cern-ing, See the signs of Christ's re-turn - ing.
 Trump of God the tid-ings sum-meth, Saints, be-hoid! the Bridegroom cometh!
 Ush - er in the con-su - ma - tion, Mys-tery, merged in rev - e - la - tion.
 Lightnings sig-nal, thunders drum-ming, Wheel in line, THE KING is com - ing.



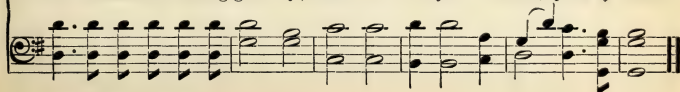
CHORUS.



Hal - le - lu - jah! Lord, quick-ly come! Bless-ed hope, oh, wondrous sto - ry,



Je - sus and the coming glo - ry; Hal - le - lu - jah! O Lord, quick-ly come!



365.

The Hope of the Ages.

R. KELSO CARTER.

E. GRACE UPDEGRAFF.

1. Je - sus comes, He comes in glo - ry, Ech-oes thro' the a - ges hoar - y;
 2. Je - sus comes, the dead are waking, Earth with mortal pangs is quak - ing;
 3. Je - sus comes, in clouds de-scend-ing, Sin re-straining, sor-row end - ing;
 4. Je - sus comes, all things re-stor - ing, Cry a-loud, His grace im - plor - ing;

Jesus comes!
 Blessed hope and thrill-ing sto - ry, Hal - le - lu - jah! Je - sus comes!
 Stars are fall - ing, heav-ens shak - ing, Hal - le - lu - jah! Je - sus comes!
 Broken ties for - ev - er mend-ing, Hal - le - lu - jah! Je - sus comes!
 Bow the knee, the King a - dor - ing, Hal - le - lu - jah! Je - sus comes!

CHORUS.

Hope of all . . . the a - ges past, . . . King of kings, . . . He comes at
 Blessed hope, Blessed hope, King of kings,

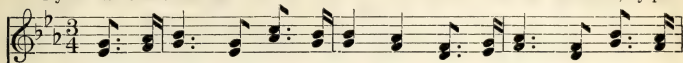
last. Je - sus comes. Up, ye saints of God a - wak - ing! See the
 morn - ing light is break-ing! Hal - le - lu - jah! Je - sus comes!

366. Hail Thou Coming King.

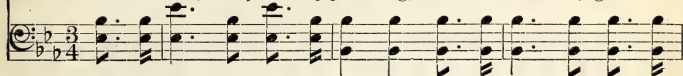
"Lift up your heads, O ye gates; and be ye lift up, ye everlasting doors; and the King of glory shall come in."—Ps. xxiv: 7.

By M. W. BATCHELDER.

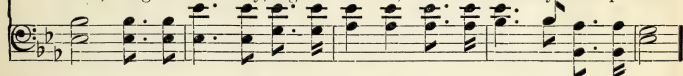
D. C. WRIGHT, by per.



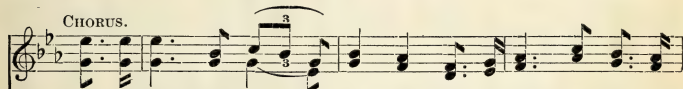
1. Hail, Thou com - ing King of Glo - ry, Hail, O bright, pro - pi - tious
2. Who, who is the King of Glo - ry? Prince, Im-man - uel, Son of
3. Yes, we greet you, ye redeemed ones, In that bless - ed choir a -
4. Hast - en Lord, Thy blest ap - pear - ing, Wide those heavenly gates un -



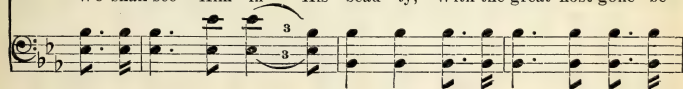
day, When those pearl - y gates are lift - ed, We'll be like our Lord al-way.
 God, Who hath purchased our re - demp - tion With His own most precious blood.
 above, Soon we'll share your ho - ly rap - ture, Ev - er chant - ing wondrous love,
 fold, King of Glo - ry, reign for - ev - er, Ev - er - more Thy tem - ple hold.



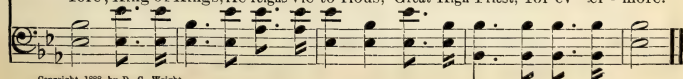
CHORUS.



We shall see Him in His beau - ty, With the great host gone be -



fore; King of Kings, He reigns vic - to - rious, Great High Priest, for - ev - er - more.



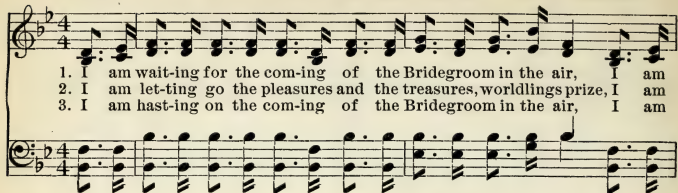
367.

Oh, the Glad Home-Coming.

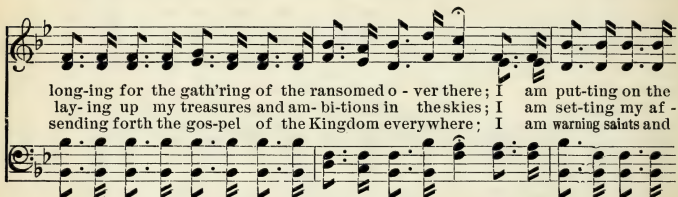
A. B. S.

HOME LONGING AND HOME COMING.

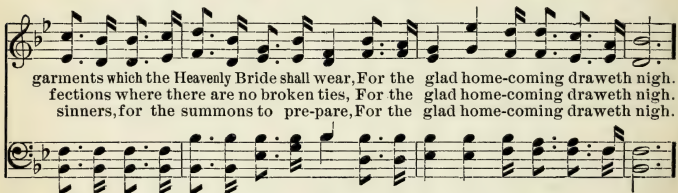
A. B. SIMPSON.



1. I am wait-ing for the com-ing of the Bridegroom in the air, I am
 2. I am let-ting go the pleasures and the treasures, worldlings prize, I am
 3. I am hast-ing on the com-ing of the Bridegroom in the air, I am

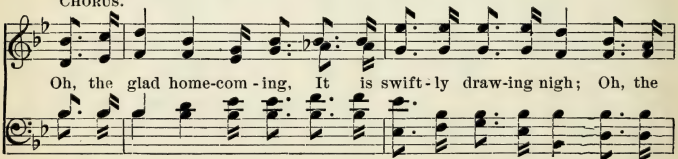


long-ing for the gath-ring of the ransomed o-ver there; I am put-ting on the
 lay-ing up my treasures and am-bi-tions in the skies; I am set-ting my af-
 sending forth the gos-pel of the Kingdom everywhere; I am warn-ing saints and

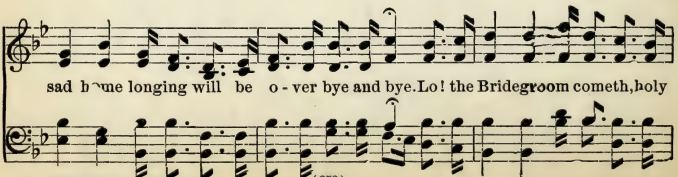


garments which the Heavenly Bride shall wear, For the glad home-coming draweth nigh.
 fections where there are no broken ties, For the glad home-coming draweth nigh.
 sinners, for the summons to pre-pare, For the glad home-coming draweth nigh.

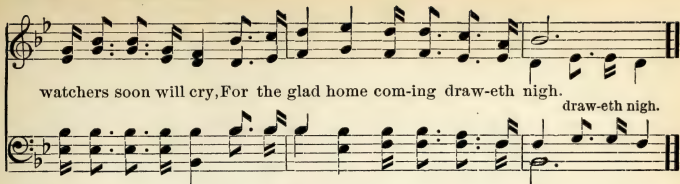
CHORUS.



Oh, the glad home-com-ing, It is swift-ly draw-ing nigh; Oh, the



sad home longing will be o-ver bye and bye. Lo! the Bridegroom cometh, holy



watchers soon will cry, For the glad home com-ing draw-eth nigh.
draw-eth nigh.

4 I am watching for the rising of the morning star's first ray,
In my heart its beams have risen as the harbinger of day;
Christ in me the hope of glory, every moment seems to say,
"Lo! the glad home-coming draweth nigh."

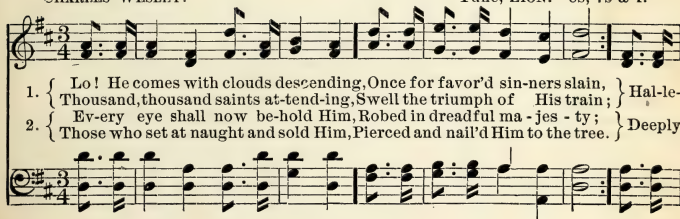
5 Oh, the joy of meeting Jesus and the loved ones gone before!
Oh, to be where sin and sorrow, pain and sickness come no more;
All my heart is turning ever to that everlasting shore,
Where the glad home-coming draweth nigh.

368.

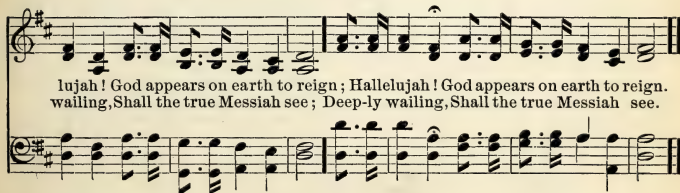
Lo! He Comes.

CHARLES WESLEY.

Tune, ZION. 8s, 7s & 4.



1. { Lo! He comes with clouds descending, Once for favor'd sin-ners slain, } Hal-le-
Thousand, thousand saints at-tend-ing, Swell the triumph of His train; }
2. { Ev-ery eye shall now be-hold Him, Robed in dreadful ma-jes-ty; } Deeply
Those who set at naught and sold Him, Pierced and nail'd Him to the tree. }



lujah! God appears on earth to reign; Hallelujah! God appears on earth to reign.
wailing, Shall the true Messiah see; Deep-ly wailing, Shall the true Messiah see.

3 All the tokens of His passion
Still His dazzling body bears;
Cause of endless exultation
To His ransom'd worshippers;
With what rapture
Gaze we on those glorious scars.

4 Yea, amen! let all adore Thee,
High on Thine eternal throne;
Saviour, take the power and glory;
Make Thy righteous sentence known:
Jah! Jehovah!
Claim the kingdom for Thine own.

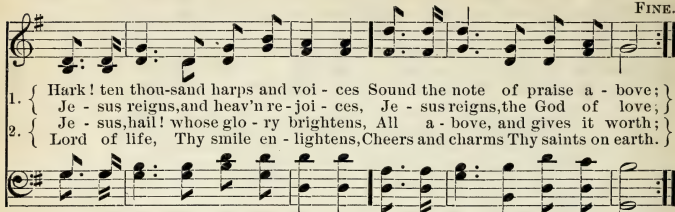
369.

Hark! Ten Thousand.

HARWELL. 8s & 7s.

LOWELL MASON, 1840.

FINE.



Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah, A - men.



3 King of glory, reign forever;
 Thine an everlasting crown;
 Nothing from Thy love shall sever
 Those whom Thou hast made Thine
 Happy objects of Thy grace, [own;
 Destined to behold Thy face.

4 Saviour, hasten Thine appearing;
 Bring, oh, bring the glorious day,
 When, the awful summons hearing,
 Heaven and earth shall pass away;
 Then with golden harps we'll sing,
 "Glory, glory to our King."

THOMAS KELLY, ab. 1804.

370.

In a Little While.

Tune Hendon, p. 257.

1 "Little while" what doth that mean,?
 Age on ages roll between;
 Lord! Thy going and return,
 What hast Thou for me to learn?

2 "Little while," how long it seems
 From earth's partings, fading dreams—
 To the time when Thou wilt come
 Bringing all Thy ransomed home.

3 "Little while," how short the time
 From the cross to life sublime;
 Scarcely had they dried their tears,
 When, behold! their Lord appears.

4 "Little while," oh, yes, I know
 Heaven and earth and all below,
 Soon will join in glad some song
 Praise to God — The Lord has come.

C. L. HAMLEN.

Music on opposite page.

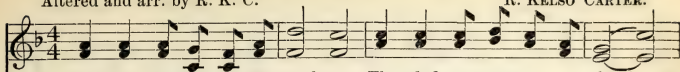
4 Ye who have the oil of wisdom,
 Are you ready now to-day?
 Are you watching for the Bridegroom?
 Waiting to be called away?
 If not ready, hasten quickly,
 To prepare, make no delay;
 Hear the cry, "Behold, He cometh!"
 Sounding in your ears to-day.

5 With what joy shall we behold Him,
 When He comes to take His Bride,
 To the mansions of His glory,
 Pardoned, cleansed and sanctified;
 Oh, the happy, joyful meeting!
 Come, come quickly, dearest Lord!
 For Thy coming, I am waiting,
 Living on Thy precious word.

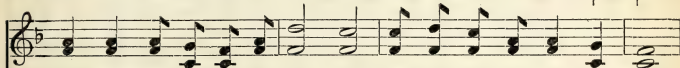
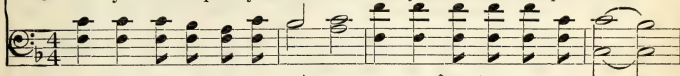
Ready and Waiting.

Altered and arr. by R. K. C.

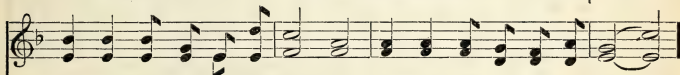
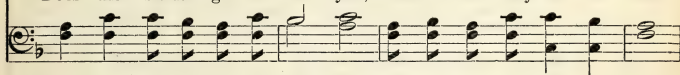
R. KELSO CARTER.



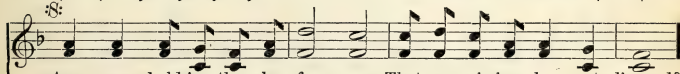
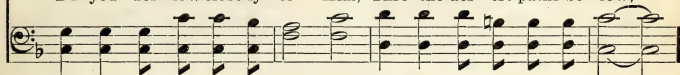
1. Chris-tian vir-gins, are you read - y, The glad summons to o - bey?
2. Have you on the wedding gar-ment? Are your robes made white and clean?
3. Are you sealed up-on your foreheads? Do your hearts His impress bear?



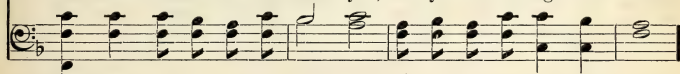
Are you watch-ing, are you wait - ing, Standing stead-fast by the way?
 Are they pure with snowy white - ness? Wash'd in Je - sus' blood from sin.
 Does the bri-dal gift a - dorn you, That His love may be our share?



Are your lamps all burn-ing bright-ly, Filled with oil and neat-ly trimmed?
 Are your hearts re - joic-ing great - ly, That the Bridegroom cometh soon?
 Do you fol - low close-ly to Him, Thro' the des - ert paths be - low,



Are you hold-ing them be - fore you, That your vis-ion be not dimmed?
 Does the glad-ness of His glo - ry Fill your souls at night and noon?
 Where so - e'er the Lamb doth lead you, Do you fol-low high and low?



CHO. Chris - tian vir - gins, are you read - y, Watch-ing till the Bridegroom comes.

CHORUS.

D. S.



Ready, Ready, Ready, Ready, Ready now and waiting till He comes.
 ready, ready, ready, ready,



372. When All the Saints get Home.

R. KELSO CARTER.

E. GRACE UPDEGRAFF.

1. There's a glad day com-ing, by and bye, A day that will sure-ly
 2. What a day of rapture that will be! We'll gath-er no more to
 3. When the sign of the com-ing Son of Man Shall flash thro' the heav-en's

come; When the ransom'd throng shall u-nite in song, When all the saints get home.
 roam; All our wand'rings o'er, we shall part no more, When all the saints get home.
 dome, How the Bride will rejoice at the Bridegroom's voice, When all the saints get home.

CHORUS.

When all the saints get home to glo-ry, When all the saints get home; His

prais-es we'll sing till the heav-en's ring, When all the saints get home.

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373. Millennial Hymn.

Tune, Harwell, p. 254.

1 Hark, the joyful anthem sounding
 From the ransomed far and wide!
 Faithful hearts with bliss are bounding,
 Praising Him, the Crucified!
 Banish now all tones of sadness,
 Bring fresh flowers to strew His way;
 Let your mourning turn to gladness,
Jesus reigns through endless day!

2 Hail, the grand prophetic warning!
Christ returns to bless His own!
 Hail, the great Millennial morning!
Jesus claims His earthly throne!

Angels bright are earthward winging,
 While glad hosts in bright array,
 Heaven's triumphant song are singing,
 "Jesus reigns through endless day."

3 Sound the glorious anthem higher,
 Precious offerings hither bring;
 Hail! our Saviour! Sanctifier!
 Hail! Blest Healer! Coming King!
 No more sorrow, no more sighing,
 God will wipe all tears away!
 No more pain, and no more dying!
Jesus reigns through endless day!

374.

Till He Come.

"For yet a little while and he that shall come will come, and will not tarry."—Heb. x: 37.
 Rev. ED H. BICKERSTETH. Dr. LOWELL MASON.

FINE.

1. "Till He come!" Oh, let the words Lin-ger on the trem-bling chords;
 D.C. Let us think how heav'n and home Lie be-yond that "Till He come!"
 2. When the wea-ry ones we love En-ter on that rest a-bove,
 D.C. Hush! be ev-'ry mur-mur dumb, It is on-ly, "Till He come!"

D.C.
 Let the "lit-tle while" be-tween, - In their gold-en light be seen;
 Then the words of love and cheer, Fall no long-er on our ear,

3 Clouds and darkness round us press;
 Would we have one sorrow less?
 All the sharpness of the cross,
 All that tells the world is loss,
 Death, and darkness, and the tomb,
 Pain us only "Till He come!"

4 See, the feast of love is spread,
 Drink the wine and eat the bread;
 Sweet memorials, till the Lord
 Call us round His heavenly board,
 Some from earth, from glory some,
 Severed only "Till He come!"

375.

Hendon. 7.

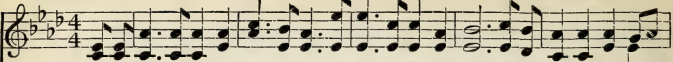
REV. HENRI ABRAHAM CÆSAR MALAN.

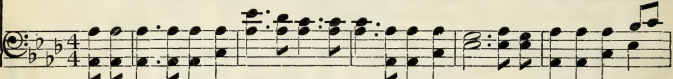
376.

We Shall Hear a Voice.

R. K. C.

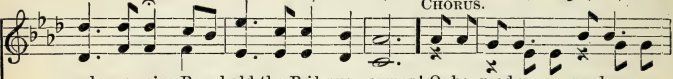
R. KELSO CARTER.

- 
1. We shall hear a voice, a wond'rous voice, Behold the Bridegroom comes! At the midnight hour thro'
 2. We shall hear a voice, a thrill-ing voice, Behold the Bridegroom comes! When the weary life seems
 3. We shall hear a voice, a might-y voice, Behold the Bridegroom comes! When the trumpet sounds the
 4. We shall hear a voice, a liv-ing voice, Behold the Bridegroom comes! When the dead shall rise from

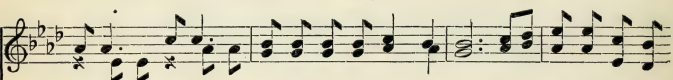


si-lence deep, When the virgin's eyes are closed in sleep, We shall hear a voice, a
on - ly loss, And the crown is hid be - hind the cross, We shall hear a voice, a
fin - al blast, And redemption full has come at last, We shall hear a voice, a
graves wide cleft, And one is tak-en, an - oth-er left, We shall hear a voice, a

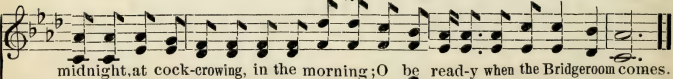
CHORUS.



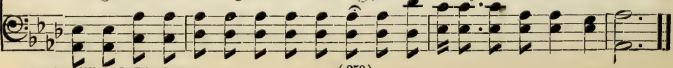
wondrous voice, Be - hold, the Bridegroom comes! O be read-y, read-y,
thrill-ing voice, Be - hold, the Bridegroom comes!
might - y voice, Be - hold, the Bridegroom comes!
liv - ing voice, Be - hold, the Bridegroom comes! read-y, read-y,



read-y, read-y, read-y when the Bridegroom comes, At ev-en or at
read - y, read - y,



midnight, at cock-crowing, in the morning; O be read-y when the Bridgeroom comes.

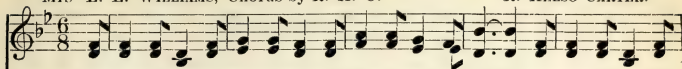


Our Coming Lord.

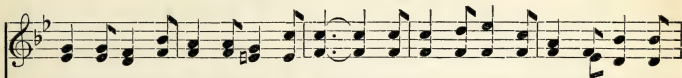
Acts i: 2.

Mrs E. E. WILLIAMS, Chorus by R. K. C.

R. KELSO CARTER.



1. He's coming back to earth again, Our dear ascended Lord, Surrounded by the
2. No more the one despised of men, Reject-ed by His own; We'll see Him when He
3. No more forsaken and denied; The Man of griefs no more, Scourg'd, mock'd, thorn-crown'd and
4. He'll come with radiant glory crown'd To bid the dead a-rise. While mighty shouts and



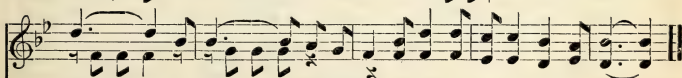
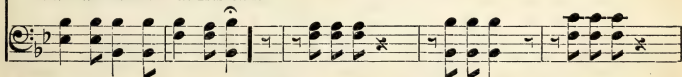
heavenly train, By Ser-a-phim a - dored; No more the Babe of humble birth. He comes a-gain, On His im-per-ial throne, While shining hosts around Him sing The cru- ci-fied By those whose sins He bore. But clothed in power and ma-jes-ty, Our trumpet's sound shall rend the vaulted skies, And from the slum'ring na-tions all His



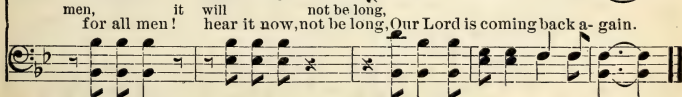
CHORUS.



comes a King to reign on earth. Roll on might-y song, Re - demp - tion for
praise of our tri-umphant King. Yes, roll on mighty song, hear it now
com-ing Lord we soon shall see.
own will waken at His call.



men, it will not be long,
for all men! hear it now, not be long, Our Lord is coming back a - gain.



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5 He's coming back His Bride to claim,
And lo, the day draws near;
O ye, who love the Saviour's name
Look up, He'll soon be near.
Your hopes will reach fruition when
The Lord returns to earth again.

6 Roll on, roll on, thou mighty song;
All ye His saints rejoice,
And swell the echoes loud and long
With one tremendous voice.
Angels and men take up the strain,
The Lord returns to earth again.

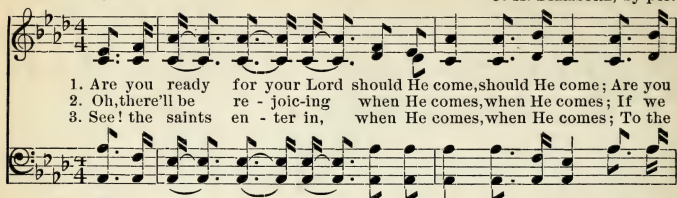
378.

When He comes.

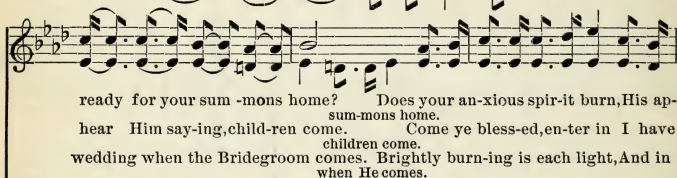
[THE LORD'S COMING.]

A. P. COBB.

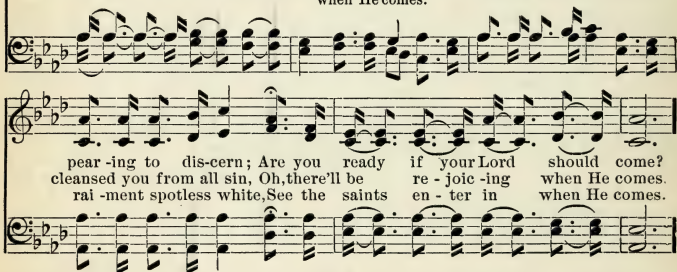
J. H. FILLMORE, by per.



1. Are you ready for your Lord should He come, should He come; Are you
 2. Oh, there'll be re-joic-ing when He comes, when He comes; If we
 3. See! the saints en-ter in, when He comes, when He comes; To the

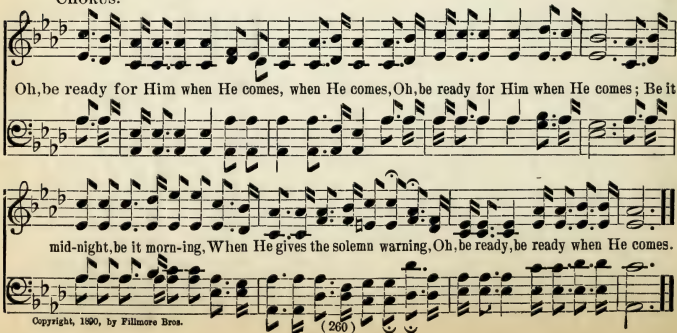


ready for your sum-mons home? Does your an-xious spir-it burn, His ap-
 sum-mons home.
 hear Him say-ing, child-ren come. Come ye bless-ed, en-ter in I have
 children come.
 wedding when the Bridegroom comes. Brightly burn-ing is each light, And in
 when He comes.



pear-ing to dis-cern; Are you ready if your Lord should come?
 cleansed you from all sin, Oh, there'll be re-joic-ing when He comes.
 rai-ment spotless white, See the saints en-ter in when He comes.

CHORUS.



Oh, be ready for Him when He comes, when He comes, Oh, be ready for Him when He comes; Be it
 mid-night, be it morn-ing, When He gives the solemn warning, Oh, be ready, be ready when He comes.

379. I Have Learned the Secret.

A. B. S.

A. B. SIMPSON.

1. There's a se-cret-God has whispered To His hid-den ones a-lone; 'Tis a
 2. Changeless se-cret, how it keeps us Thro' all chan-ges life can bring; Joy may
 3. Ho-ly se-cret, how it cleans-es All the heart from self and sin; Crowding

se-cret sweeter, stranger, Than thy heart has thought or known. I have learned the secret, the
 cheer, or tri-al press us, Still the rest-ful heart can sing.
 out the power of e-vil, By the life of Christ within.

wondrous secret, To His own revealed at length, I can do all things, I can do

all things Thro' Christ who is my strength, Thro' Christ who is my strength.

Copyright, 1891, by A. B. Simpson.

4 Mighty secret, how it brings us
 Heavenly help for hearts forlorn;
 Turns our battle-tide to triumph,
 Changes midnight into morn.

5 Precious secret, I have found it,
 Precious Jesus, Thou art mine;
 Prove in me Thy boundless fullness,
 Live in me Thy life divine.

380. We Love Him, Because He First Loved Us.

A. B. S.

Rev. A. B. SIMPSON.

1. 'Tis not my love to Thee, That I de-light to tell; But on Thy love, O
 2. Ere the cre - a - tion rose, Or an - gels sang a - bove, The rec - ord of the
 3. When dead in sin we lay, Thou cam'st for us to die; Long ere we sought the

CHORUS.

Christ to me, Oh, how I love to dwell. We love Him, we love Him, We
 heavens dis - close Thy ev - er - last - ing love.
 heav - enly way, Thou call'dst us from on high.

love Him be - cause He first loved us, He loved us, He loved us, He

rit.
 first loved us; We love Him be - cause He first loved us.

Copyright, 1891, by A. B. Simpson.

4 No life can be too lost
 Thy loving heart to move;
 The soul that costs Thy heart the most,
 Most richly shares Thy love.

5 Lord, help me to believe
 Thy wondrous love to me;
 Then shall my heart most fully give
 Thine own love back to Thee.

Blessed Assurance.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

Mrs. JOS. F. KNAPP, by per.

1. Bless-ed as-sur-ance, Je-sus is mine! Oh, what a fore-taste of
 2. Per-fect sub-mis-sion, per-fect de-light, Vis-ions of rap-ture
 3. Per-fect sub-mis-sion, all is at rest, I in my Sav-iour am

glo-ry di-vine! Heir of sal-va-tion, purchased of God, Born of His
 burst on my sight; An-gels de-scend-ing bring from a-bove, Ech-oes of
 hap-py and blest; Watch-ing and wait-ing, look-ing a-bove, Fill'd with His

REFRAIN.

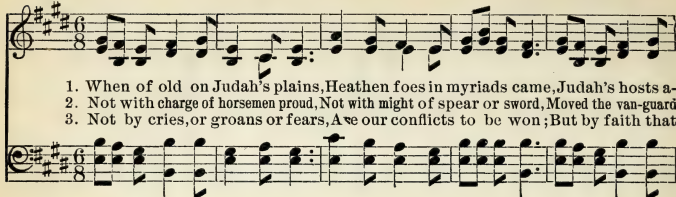
Spir-it, washed in His blood. This is my sto-ry, this is my
 mer-cy, whis-pers of love.
 good-ness lost in His love.

song, Prais-ing my Sav-iour all the day long; This is my sto-ry,

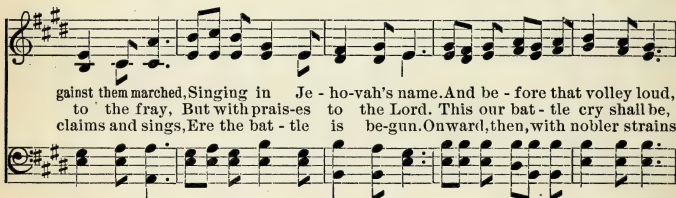
this is my song, Prais-ing my Sav-iour all the day long.

A. B. S.

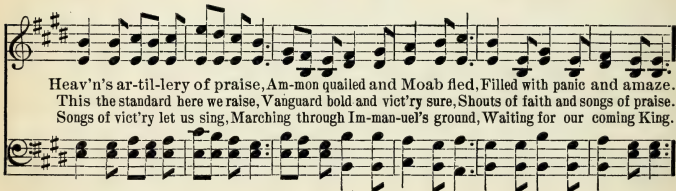
A. B. SIMPSON.



1. When of old on Judah's plains, Heathen foes in myriads came, Judah's hosts a-
 2. Not with charge of horsemen proud, Not with might of spear or sword, Moved the van-guard
 3. Not by cries, or groans or fears, Ase our conflicts to be won; But by faith that

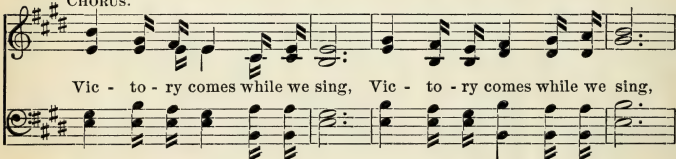


gainst them marched, Singing in Je - ho-vah's name. And be - fore that volley loud,
 to the fray, But with prais-es to the Lord. This our bat - tle cry shall be,
 claims and sings, Ere the bat - tle is be-gun. Onward, then, with nobler strains

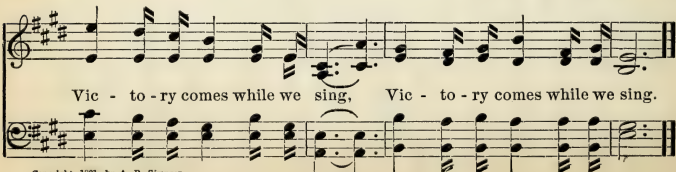


Heav'n's ar-til-lery of praise, Am-mon quailed and Moab fled, Filled with panic and amaze.
 This the standard here we raise, Vanguard bold and vict'ry sure, Shouts of faith and songs of praise.
 Songs of vict'ry let us sing, Marching through Im-man-uel's ground, Waiting for our coming King.

CHORUS.



Vic - to - ry comes while we sing, Vic - to - ry comes while we sing,



Vic - to - ry comes while we sing, Vic - to - ry comes while we sing.

383.

All Taken Away.

R. KELSO CARTER, (except first verse).

A. A.

1. Did you hear what Je - sus said to me? They're all taken a - way, a - way, Your
 2. Oh, this wondrous grace so free and full; They're all taken a - way, a - way, Tho'
 3. Now the cleansing streams of mercy flow; They're all taken a - way, a - way, My
 4. I have plung'd beneath the crimson tide; They're all taken a - way, a - way, And

sins are pardoned and you are free, They're all tak-en a - way.
 red like crim-son, they're now as wool; They're all tak-en a - way.
 sins like scar-let are white as snow; They're all tak-en a - way.
 now by faith I am pur - i - fied; They're all tak-en a - way.

CHORUS.

They're all tak-en a - way, a - way, They're all tak-en a - way, away, They're

all ta - ken a - way, a - way, My sins are all tak-en a - way.

Copyright, 1891, by R. Kelso Carter.

5 Oh, the cleansing blood has washed my
 They're all taken away, away; [soul;
 And Jesus' healing has made me whole;
 They're all taken away.

6 Now the Spirit witnesses to me;
 They're all taken away, away;
 And keeps me standing in liberty;
 They're all taken away.

7 So I praise the Lord for sins forgiven,
 They're all taken away, away;
 While onward pressing my way to heav'n;
 They're all taken away.

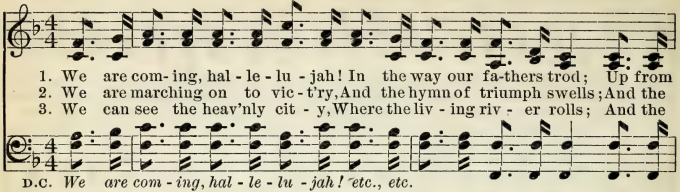
8 And when in glory we meet above;
 They're all taken away, away;
 We'll sing the song of Redeeming Love;
 They're all taken away.

384.

The Same Old Way.

"Ask for the old paths, where is the good way, and walk therein, and ye shall find rest
R. K. C. for your souls."—Jer. vi: 16.

R. KELSO CARTER.

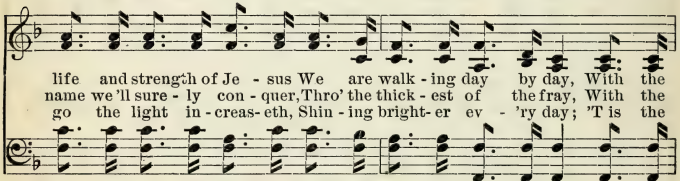


1. We are com-ing, hal-le-lu-jah! In the way our fa-thers trod; Up from
2. We are marching on to vic-t'ry, And the hymn of triumph swells; And the
3. We can see the heav'nly cit-y, Where the liv-ing riv-er rolls; And the

D.C. We are com-ing, hal-le-lu-jah! etc., etc.




Cal-v'ry's flow-ing fountain, We are com-ing home to God. In the
bat-tle cho-rus ring-ing, Of our Cap-tain's val-or tells; In His
gold-en gleams of glo-ry Are re-lect-ed in our souls. As we

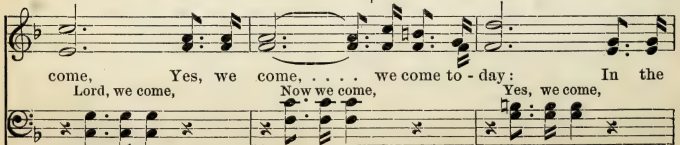


life and strength of Je-sus We are walk-ing day by day, With the
name we'll sure-ly con-quer, Thro' the thick-est of the fray, With the
go the light in-creas-eth, Shin-ing bright-er ev-ry day; 'T is the

FINE. CHORUS.



same old-time re-lig-ion, In the same old way. Lord, we come . . . to Thee, we
same old-time re-lig-ion, In the same old way.
same old-time re-lig-ion, And the same old way. Lord, we come,



come, Yes, we come, . . . we come to-day: In the
Lord, we come, Now we come, Yes, we come,

D.C.

way our fathers trod, We are coming in the same old way.
in the way, in the way,

385. Blessed be the Name.

W. H. CLARK.

Arr. by WM. J. KIRKPATRICK, by per.

1. All praise to Him who reigns above, In majes - ty supreme; Who gave His Son for
2. His name a - bove all names shall stand, Exalted more and more, At God the Father's
3. Re - deemer, Saviour, Friend of man Once ruin'd by the fall, Thou hast devis'd sal -
4. His name shall be the Counsellor, The mighty Prince of Peace, Of all earth's kingdoms,

CHORUS.

man to die, That He might man redeem. Blessed be the name, blessed be the name,
own right hand, Where angel hosts adore.
vation's plan, For Thou hast died for all.
conqueror, Whose reign shall never cease.

Blessed be the name of the Lord; Blessed be the name, blessed be the name,

Blessed be the name of the Lord.

5 The ransomed hosts to Thee shall bring
Their praise and homage meet;
With rapturous awe adore their King,
And worship at His feet.

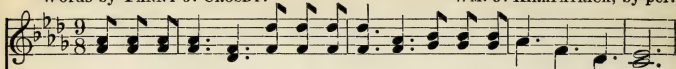
6 Then shall we know as we are known,
And in that world above
Forever sing around the throne
His everlasting love,

386.

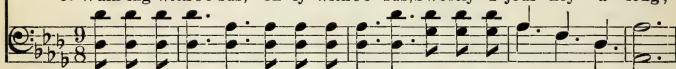
Happy in Jesus,

Words by FANNY J. CROSBY.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK, by per.

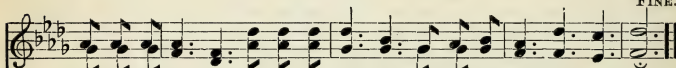


1. Hap-py in Je - sus, hap-py in Je - sus, I will de-clare it a - broad;
2. Cling-ing to Je - sus, on-ly to Je - sus, O what a com-fort is mine;
3. Walk-ing with Je-sus, on-ly with Je-sus, Sweetly I jour-ney a - long;



CHO.—Hap-py in Je - sus, hap-py in Je - sus, I will de-clare it a - broad;

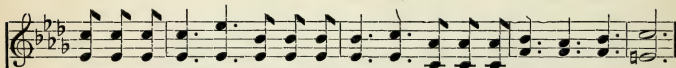
FINE.



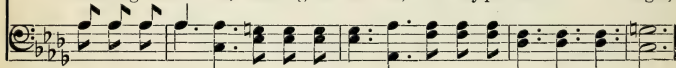
Thro' His a-tone-ment, pre-cious a-tone-ment, I have found fav-or with God.
 I will a-dore Him, yes I will praise Him, Je - sus my Sav-iour di-vine.
 I have be-liev'd him, I have re-ceiv'd him, He is my joy and my song.



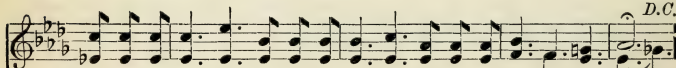
Thro' His a - tone - ment, pre - cious a - tone - ment, I have found fav - or with God.



Kind-ly he sought me, ten-der-ly brought me Out of the des - ert so wild;
 Un-der his watch-care peace-ful-ly hid-ing, Faith my re-deem-er can see;
 Watch-ing me ev - er, leav-ing me nev - er, Still my pro-ect - or is nigh;



D.C.



Now I can trust him, thank-ful-ly trust him, Since He has made me His child.
 An - gels in glo - ry, tell-ing the sto - ry, Now are re-joic-ing with me.
 Sav'd by His mer-cy, in - fi - nite mer-cy, Who is so hap-py as I?

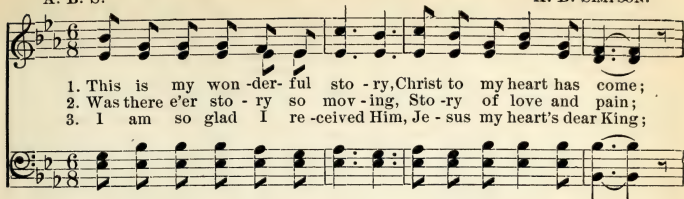


387.

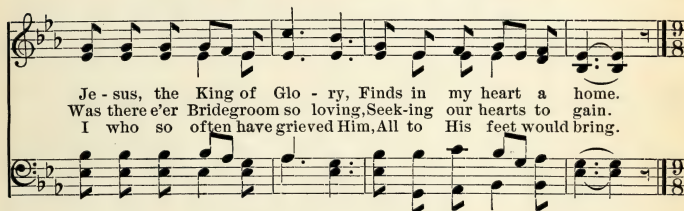
Christ in me.

A. B. S.

A. B. SIMPSON.



1. This is my won-der-ful sto-ry, Christ to my heart has come;
 2. Was there e'er sto-ry so mov-ing, Sto-ry of love and pain;
 3. I am so glad I re-ceived Him, Je-sus my heart's dear King;



Je-sus, the King of Glo-ry, Finds in my heart a home.
 Was there e'er Bridegroom so loving, Seek-ing our hearts to gain.
 I who so often have grieved Him, All to His feet would bring.



Christ in me, Christ in me, Christ in me, O won-der-ful sto-ry,



Christ in me, Christ in me, Christ in me the hope of glo-ry.

Copyright, 1891, by A. B. Simpson.

4 How can I ever be lonely,
 How can I ever fall;
 What can I want, if only
 Christ is my all in all?

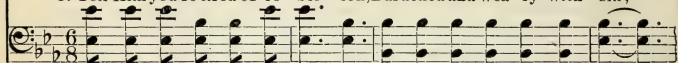
5 Now in His bosom confiding,
 This my glad song shall be;
 I am in Jesus abiding,
 Jesus abides in me.

JOHN S. HAUGH.

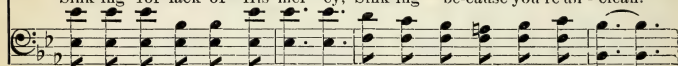
R. KELSO CARTER.



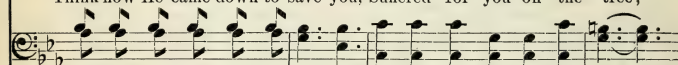
1. Plen - ti - ful show - ers of bless - ing, Fall from the foun - tains a - bove,
 2. See, a great o - cean of bless - ing, Wa - ters of in - fi - nite grace;
 3. Tell Him you're tired of re - bel - ion, Burdened and wea - ry with sin;



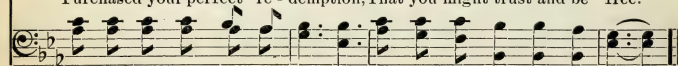
O - pen - ing win - dows of heav - en, Pour us out rich - es of love.
 Fath - om - less, bound - less, this o - cean, Free for a pen - i - tent race.
 Sink - ing for lack of His mer - cy, Sink - ing be - cause you're un - clean.



Yes, we have riv - ers of bless - ing, Flow - ing from un - der the throne,
 Come to these wa - ters of bless - ing, In - stant - ly heed the great call;
 Think how He came down to save you, Suffered for you on the tree;

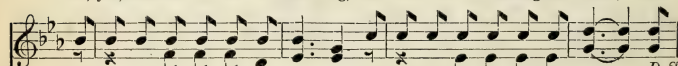


Deep - en - ing, wid - en - ing, cleansing, Flow - ing in Je - sus a - lone.
 Has - ten at once for your cleansing, Down be - fore Je - sus now fall.
 Purchased your perfect re - demption, That you might trust and be free.

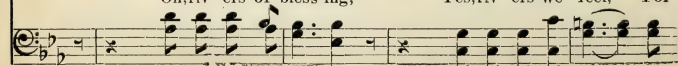


CHO. mer - cy a - bun - dant is flow - ing, Flow - ing in Je - sus to heal.

Oh, yes, there are riv - ers of bless - ing, And riv - ers of bless - ing we feel, For



Oh, riv - ers of bless - ing, Yes, riv - ers we feel, For



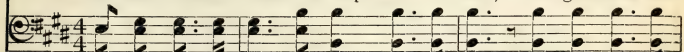
Rejoicing Evermore.

JOHN NEWTON.

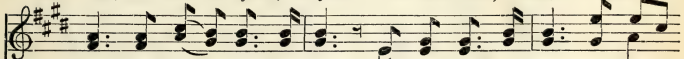
R. E. HUDSON.



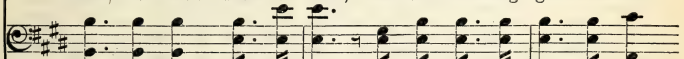
1. Tho' trou-bles as - sail, and dan - gers af-fright, Tho' friends should all
 2. When Sa - tan ap-pears to stop up our path, And fills us with
 3. He tells us we're weak—our hope is in vain; The good that we



CHO.—Yes, I will re-joyce, re-joyce in the Lord; Yes, I will re-



fail and foes all u-nite, Yet one thing se-cures us what-fears, we tri-umph by faith, He can-not take from us (tho' seek, we ne'er shall ob-tain; But when such sug-ges-tions our



joyce, re-joyce in the Lord; Yes, I will re-joyce, in the *D.C.*



e'er be-tide, The prom-ise as-sures us,—The Lord will pro-vide. oft He's tried) The heart-cheer-ing promise, The Lord will pro-vide. grace have tried, This an-swers all questions, The Lord will pro-vide.



in the Lord, Will joy in the God of my sal - va - tion.

Copyright, 1885, by R. E. Hudson.

The Lord will Provide.

JOHN NEWTON.

Arr. by R. K. C.



1. Tho' troubles as - sail, etc., etc.

CHO.—Not fearing or doubting with



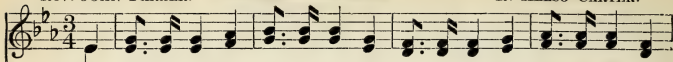
Christ on our side; We hope to die shouting, "The Lord will pro-vide."



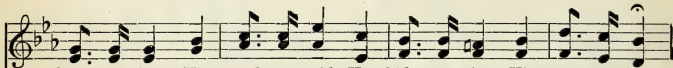
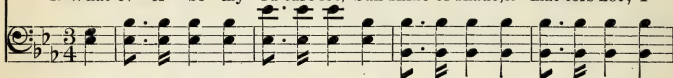
391. The Mansion's Mine To-morrow.

Rev. JOHN PARKER.

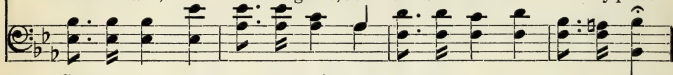
R. KELSO CARTER.



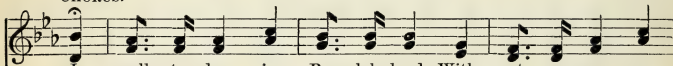
1. My hap-py heart sings all the day, For Je-sus is my life, my way; His
 2 He holds my hand and guides my feet, Assures me safe-ty so complete; He
 3. Nor can I doubt His patient care, Who asks and hears my trusting prayer; His
 4. What-ev-er be my fu-ture lot, Sun-shine or shade, it mat-ters not; I



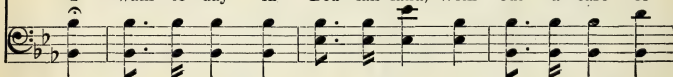
love my joy, His truth my guide, He bids me in His care con-fide.
 bears the mor-row's care and fret, And ev-'ry need to-day is met.
 broad pa-vil-ion gives me rest, And in His shel-ter I am blest.
 love His will, a-dore His grace, Con-tent with Him in a-ny place.



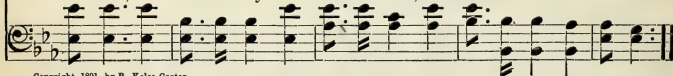
CHORUS.



I walk to-day in Beau-lah land, With-out a care or



sor-row; I walk to-day in Beau-lah land, The mansion's mine to-morrow.



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392.

Resting. S. M.

Tune, Laban, p. 244.

- 1 In peaceful, calm and quiet,
 Waiting to know His will;
 "All things are possible" to thee
 If thou His word fulfill.
 2 All things in Him I take,
 Unworthy though I be;
 The "whosoever" of His word
 Is "possible" to me.
 3 My spirit, soul and mind
 With joy I give to Thee;

Give Thee the choosing of my way,
 Whatever it may be.

- 4 Holy, and pure, and clean,
 Perfect in heart and soul;
 In Him I claim this perfect gift—
 Healed! every whit made whole.

- 5 I'm satisfied in Thee,
 My joy, my living spring;
 My sun, my life, my fountain sweet
 Jesus, my coming king!

CHO. by H. L. G. Adapted by H. L. GILMOUR. Tune, Bartimeus. 8, 1.

1. Oh, my heart is full of laughter, I am ver - y, ver - y glad;
 2. Ish - i, Ish - i is the jew-el, Mine He is while a - ges roll;
 3. Ma - ny beauteous names Thou bearest, Brother, Shepherd, Friend and King,
 4. Oth - er joys are short and fleet-ing; Thou and I can nev - er part;

CHO.—Wilt Thou have this pre-cious "I - shi," Bridegroom of thy soul to be?

For I have a pre-cious treasure, Such as prin - ces nev - er had.
 An - gels taste not of such glo-ry Ho - ly Ish - i of the soul.
 But they none un - to my spi-rit Such di - vine sup - port can bring.
 Thou art al - to - geth - er love-ly, Ish - i, Ish - i of my heart.
D.C. Cho.

Copyright, 1890, by H. L. Gilmour, by permission.

He, the fair - est of ten thousand, Waits in love to wel - come thee.

394. Jesus! Why Dost Thou. C, M.

Tune, Manoa, p. 171.

1 Jesus! why dost Thou love me so?

What hast Thou seen in me
 To make my happiness so great,
 So dear a joy to Thee!

2 Wert Thou not God! I then might think

Thou had'st no eye to read
 The badness of that selfish heart,
 For which Thine own did bleed.

3 But Thou art God, and knowest all;

Dear Lord! Thou knowest me;
 And yet Thy knowledge hinders not
 Thy love's sweet liberty.

4 Ah, how Thy grace hath moved my soul
With persevering wiles!

Now give me tears to weep; for tears
 Are deeper joy than smiles.

FREDERICK FABER.

Which in my Saviour shine,
 I'd soar and touch the heavenly strings,
 And vie with Gabriel while he sings
 In notes almost divine.

2 I'd sing the precious blood He spilt,
 My ransom from the dreadful guilt
 Of sin, and wrath divine;
 I'd sing His glorious righteousness,
 In which all-perfect, heavenly dress
 My soul shall ever shine.

3 I'd sing the characters he bears.
 And all the forms of love He wears,
 Exalted on His throne;
 In loftiest songs of sweetest praise,
 I would to everlasting days
 Make all His glories known.

4 Well, the delightful day will come
 When my dear Lord will bring me home,
 And I shall see His face;
 Then with my Saviour, Brother, Friend,
 A blest eternity I'll spend,
 Triumphant in His grace.

395. O Could I Speak.

Tune, Ariel, p. 111.

1 O could I speak the matchless worth,
 O could I sound the glories forth,

396.

Come, Swell the Anthem.

R. K. C.

R. KELSO CARTER.

1. Come, swell the an - them Of Christ's re-deem-ing love : Who brought free sal -
 2. For our trans-gress-ions, He suf-fered on the tree ; From griefs and from
 3. Strike harps in glo - ry ! Ech - o the ran-som'd song ! In strains of sal -

CHORUS.

va - tion From His throne a - bove. Then sing with all . . . the ransom'd
 sor - row, Bought our lib-er - ty. Then sing with all
 va-tion, Join the blood-washed throng.

throng, . . . with one ac - cord, . . . redemption's song;
 the ransomed throng, with one accord, redemptions song; His

full - ness we shall know, . . .
 fullness we shall know, His fullness we shall know, For he washed us white as snow.

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397. Sheltered in the Rock.

Tune, p 153.

1 Sheltered in the Rock of Ages,
 Kept from sin and all alarms;
 The eternal God my refuge,
 Safe in everlasting arms.
 Oh, how bulwarks pile around me;
 Towers of strength and beauty shine,
 Mighty fortress I have found Thee,
 Hid in God this soul of mine,

CHORUS.

Though the storms may surge around
 I can sing while billows roll, [me;
 For the mighty arms of Jesus
 Clasp around my ransomed soul.

2 Blessed covert from the tempest,
 Where secure my feet may stand;

Blessed Rock to give me shadow,
 In a dry and weary land;
 Though the foe may boast of shelter,
 Yet their rock is not as ours;
 Here the soul defies their legions,
 Principalities and powers.

3 Covered in this Rock of Ages,
 How the glory passes by,
 Till, like Moses on the mountain,
 God is seen by mortal eye;
 Changed from glory unto glory,
 Safe from storm and tempest shock,
 Here I rest secure forever,
 In this blessed rifted Rock.

(274)

MANIE PAYNE FERGUSON.

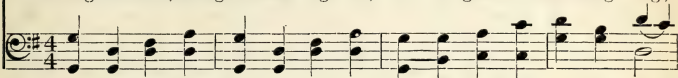
Ring the Bells.

R. K. C.

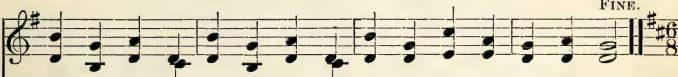
R. KELSO CARTER.



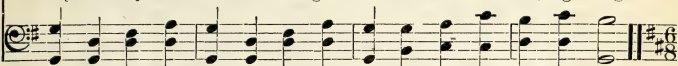
1. Ring the bells of free sal - va - tion, Send the tid - ings far and wide;
2. Ring the help in time of tri - al, Strength in need, in sick - ness health;
3. Ring the word of pow'r com - mand - ing, All the troub - led waves, be still;
4. Ring the bells, t'ough Sa - tan rag - es; Of the glad new morn - ing ring;



Ring the bells, the won - drous sto - ry Men pro - claim, and an - gels sing;

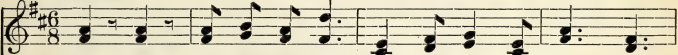


Ring of can - celled con - dem - na - tion, Ring of Je - sus cru - ci - fied.
 Ring of grace with - out de - ni - al, Rich - es from God's boundless wealth.
 Peace that pass - eth un - der - stand - ing, Rest - ing in the Sav - iour's will.
 Ring the hope of all the a - ges, Je - sus Christ the com - ing King.

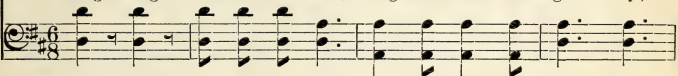


Ring the bells, ye saints in glo - ry; Swell the chor - us, Christ is King.

CHORUS.



Ring, Ring, beau - ti - ful bells, Ring the Sav - iour's glo - ry;

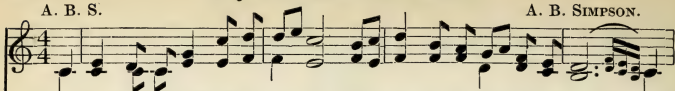


Ring, Ring beau - ti - ful bells, with sal - va - tion's sto - ry.

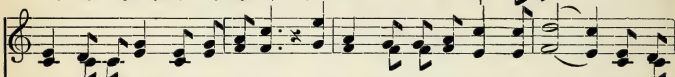


A. B. S.

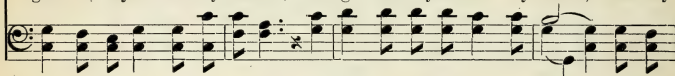
A. B. SIMPSON.



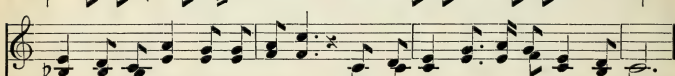
1. My soul is transported with Je - sus, My heart is a heaven of love; . Earth
 2. I stand on the mountains of vis-ion, I look o'er the land far and wide, . . I
 3. Be - lov - ed, Redeem-er, and Master, Oh, how can I tell what Thou art, . Thou



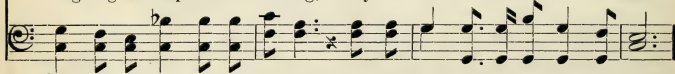
seems like a van - ish-ing bubble, I seem to be dwelling a - bove; In the
 gaze on my King in His beauty, I know He has made me His bride; To His
 gav - est Thy life for my ransom, Thou giv - est Thyself to my heart; On Thy



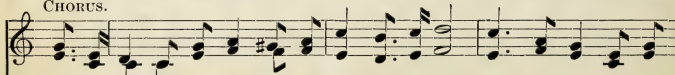
depths of my bos-om is springing. A cho - rus of glo - ry di - vine, And
 ban-queting house He has brought me, I am drinking of hea - ven - ly wine, I am
 bo - som oh, keep me a - bid-ing, Oh, let me for-ev - er be Thine, Still



this is the song it is sing-ing, My be - lov - ed for-ev - er is mine.
 sing-ing the song of the ransomed, My be - lov - ed for-ev - er is mine.
 sing-ing with rap-ture un-ceas-ing, My be - lov - ed for-ev - er is mine.



CHORUS.



My Be - lov - ed is mine, He is mine, He is mine, My Be - lov - ed is



mine, Oh, the rap-ture di-vine, My Be-lov-ed for-ev - er is mine.
He is mine,

400.

Oh, Jesus, Jesus.

Rev. F. W. FABER,
Chorus by R. K. C.

Arr. from TAUBERT by
R. KELSO CARTER.

1. Oh, Je - sus, Je - sus, dearest Lord! Forgive me if I say, For ver - y love, Thy
2. I love Thee so I know not how My transports to con - trol; Thy love is like a
3. For Thou to me art all in all; My hon - or and my wealth; My heart's de - sire, my
4. Burn, burn, O love, within my heart, Burn fiercely night and day, Till all the dross of

CHORUS.

sa - cred name A thousand times a day. Oh, Jesus, Lord, with me a-bide; I
burning fire Within my ver - y soul.
body's strength, My soul's e - ter - nal health.
earth-ly loves Is burn'd, and burn'd away.

rit.
rest in Thee, whate'er betide; Thy gracious smile is my reward; I love, I love Thee, Lord!

Copyright, 1886, by John J. Hood. From "Songs of Perfect Love," by per.

5 O light in darkness, joy in grief
O heaven begun on earth;
Jesus, my love, my treasure, who
Can tell what Thou art worth?

6 What limit is there to this love?
Thy flight, where wilt Thou stay?
On, on! our Lord is sweeter far
To-day than yesterday.

401.

Sunshine in the Soul.

E. E. HEWITT.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. There's sun-shine in my soul to-day, More glo - ri - ous and bright Than
 2. There's mu - sic in my soul to-day, A car - ol to my King; And
 3. There's spring-time in my soul to-day; For when the Lord is near The
 4. There's glad-ness in my soul to-day, And hope, and praise and love, For

REFRAIN.

glows in a - ny earth-ly sky, For Je - sus is my light. Oh, there's
 Je - sus, list-en-ing, can hear, The songs I can-not sing.
 dove of peace sings in my heart, The flow'rs of grace ap - pear.
 bless-ings which He gives me now, For joys "laid up" a - bove.

sun - shine, blessed sun - shine, When the peace-ful, happy moments
 sun-shine in the soul, bless-ed sun-shine in the soul.

roll; When Jesus shows His smiling face, There is sunshine in my soul.
 hap-py mo-ments roll;

402.

Praise for Love Divine.

R. K. C.

K. KELSO CARTER.

With spirit.

1. Praise the Lord for love di - vine, Love that makes sal - va - tion mine;
 2. Love that thro' the dark-est night, Sends a ray of ho - ly light;
 3. Love that seek-eth not her own, Love that stoops from heav-en's throne;
 4. Love tran-scend-ing all of earth, Love that gives the sec - ond birth;

Love that saves me from all sin, Love that makes me pure with-in.
 To the wea - ry, tem - pest tossed, Love that seeks and saves the lost.
 Love whose match-less glo-ries shine, Love e - ter - nal, love di-vine!
 Praise the Lord for love di - vine, I am His and He is mine.

D.S. Shout a - loud with one ac - cord; Hal-le - lu - jah, praise the Lord.
 CHORUS. D.S.

Praise the Lord! Praise the Lord! Praise the Lord! Praise the Lord! Hallelujah! Praise the Lord!

Copyright, 1891, by R. Kelso Carter.

403. The Heavenly King.

The Pilgrim's Song.

1 Children of the heavenly King,
 As we journey let us sing;
 Sing our Saviour's worthy praise,
 Glorious in his works and ways.

2 We are traveling home to God,
 In the way our Father's trod;
 They are happy now, and we
 Soon their happiness shall see.

3 O ye banished seed, be glad;
 Christ our Advocate is made:
 Us to save our flesh assumes,
 Brother to our soul becomes.

4 Lift your eyes, ye sons of light;
 Zion's city is in sight:
 There our endless home shall be;
 There our Lord we soon shall see.

5 Fear not, brethren, joyful stand
 On the borders of our land;
 Jesus Christ, our Father's Son,
 Bids us undismayed go on.

6 Lord, obediently we'll go,
 Gladly leaving all below:
 Only Thou our leader be,
 And we still will follow Thee.

404.

Everlasting Love.

A. B. S.

A. B. SIMPSON.

1. Sweet the words of lov - ing kindness, God hath spoken from a - bove; "Yea," He
 2. Once His on - ly Son He gave us, His un-meas-ured love to prove; Was there
 3. Long a-against His lov - ing - kindness, All my sin - ful na - ture strove; But He
 4. If He sometimes sends us chastening, If He sometimes must reprove; It is

tells us "I have loved thee With an ev - er - last - ing love."
 ev - er pledge so won-drous Of His ev - er - last - ing love?
 drew me to His bo - som With an ev - er - last - ing love.
 just be-cause He loves us With an ev - er - last - ing love.

CHORUS. *slower.*

Wonderful, wonderful love of Jesus, Wonderful Friend, all other friends above;

Wonderful, wonderful words He tells us "Yea, I have loved you with an everlasting love."

Copyright, 1891, by A. B. Simpson.

5 Like a web of loving-kindness
 All our life His mercy wove;
 Every thread and fibre telling
 Of His everlasting love.

6 Though the everlasting mountains,
 And the earth itself remove,
 Naught can change His loving-kindness
 Or His everlasting love.

Love Found Me.

John iii: 16.

H. L. GILMOUR.

Arranged by H. L. G., by per.

1. { When out in sin, and dark-ness lost, Love found me; My faint-ing soul was
I heard the Saviour's words so blest, Love found me; Come wea-ry, heav - y

2. { The Spir - it rous'd me from my sleep, Love found me; Con-vic-tion seiz'd me
Al-though I long withstood His grace, Love found me; He wooed me to His

CHORUS.

tem - pest toss'd, Love found me. } Oh, 't was love, love,
la - den rest, Love found . . me. }
strong and deep, Love found me. }
kind em - brace, Love found . . me. } Oh, 't was love, 't was won-drous love,

Love that mov'd the might-y God, Love, love, 't was love found me.

Copyright, 1890, by H. L. Gilmour.

3 I'll praise Him while He gives me breath,
Love found me;
For saving from an endless death,
Love found me;
Christ is my advocate above,
Love found me;
I'm yoked to Him in perfect love,
Love found me.

Join in a song with sweet accord,
And thus surround the throne.

4 And when I reach the gold-paved street,
Love found me;
I'll sit adoring at His feet,
Love found me;
And sing hosannas round the throne,
Love found me;
Where I shall know as I am known,
Love found me.

CHORUS.

We're marching to Zion,
Beautiful, beautiful Zion;
We're marching upward to Zion,
The beautiful city of God.

2 Let those refuse to sing
Who never knew our God;
But children of the heavenly King
May speak their joys abroad.

3 Then let our song abound,
And every tear be dry;
We're marching through Immanuel's
ground,
To fairer worlds on high.

406. Marching to Zion.

Key G.

1 Come, we that love the Lord,
And let our joys be known;

Antioch. C. M.



407. O for a Thousand Tongues.

- 1 O for a thousand tongues to sing
My great Redeemer's praise;
The glories of my God and King,
The triumphs of His grace!
- 2 My gracious Master and my God,
Assist me to proclaim,
To spread through all the earth abroad,
The honors of Thy name.
- 3 Jesus! the name that charms our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease;
'Tis music in the sinner's ears,
'Tis life, and health, and peace.
- 4 He breaks the power of canceled sin,
He sets the prisoner free;
His blood can make the foulest clean;
His blood availed for me.
- 5 He speaks, and, listening to His voice,
New life the dead receive;
The mournful, broken hearts rejoice,
The humble poor believe.
- 6 Hear Him, ye deaf; His praise, ye dumb,
Your loosened tongues employ;
Ye blind, behold your Saviour come;
And leap, ye lame for joy.

CHAS. WESLEY.

408. I Know I Love Thee Better.

Key C.

- 1 I know I love Thee, better, Lord,
Than any earthly joy,
For Thou hast given me the peace
Which nothing can destroy.

CHO.—The half has never yet been told,
Of love so full and free;
The half has never yet been told,
The blood — it cleanseth me.

- 2 I know that Thou art nearer still
Than any earthly throng,
And sweeter is the thought of Thee
Than any lovely song.
- 3 Thou hast put gladness in my heart,
Then well may I be glad!
Without the secret of Thy love
I could not but be sad.
- 4 O Saviour, precious Saviour mine!
What will Thy presence be,
If such a life of joy can crown
Our walk on earth with Thee?

F. R. HAVERGAL.

409. Joy to the World.

- 1 Joy to the world! the Lord is come;
Let earth receive her King;
Let every heart prepare Him room,
And heaven and nature sing.
- 2 Joy to the world! the Saviour reigns,
Let men their songs employ;
While fields and floods, rocks, hills and
Repeat the sounding joy. [plains,
- 3 No more let sin and sorrow grow,
Nor thorns infest the ground,
He comes to make His blessings flow
Far as the curse is found.

- 4 He rules the world with truth and grace,
And makes the nations prove,
The glories of His righteousness,
And wonders of His love.

I. WATTS

The Grace of God.

R. K. C.

Adapted and arr. by R. KELSO CARTER.

1. When I was down in Egypt's sand, When I was down in Egypt's sand, When I was
 2. My Mo-ses led me thro' the sea, My Moses led me thro' the sea. My Mo-ses
 3. My ty-rant sins they followed fast, My tyrant sins they followed fast, My tyrant

down in E-gypt's sand, I heard there was a promised land.
 led me thro' the sea, And then He set the cap-tive free.
 sins they followed fast,, But in the sea they all were cast.

CHORUS.

Oh, the grace of God, it is so sweet, The grace of
 the grace of God, it is so sweet,

God, it is so sweet, The grace of God, it is so
 The grace of God, it is so sweet, The grace of God,

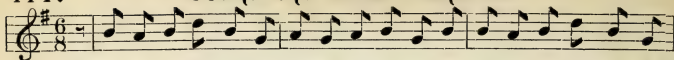
sweet, The grace, the grace, the grace of God.
 it is so sweet,

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4 Upon the shore I sang the Psalm,
 Upon the shore I sang the Psalm,
 Upon the shore I sang the Psalm,
 The song of Moses and the Lamb.

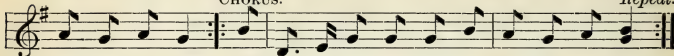
5 My Joshua led me by the hand,
 My Joshua led me by the hand,
 My Joshua led me by the hand,
 And brought me to the promised land.

411. Sound the Loud Timbrel.



1. { Daughter of Zi-on, awake from thy sadness; Awake, for the foes shall op-
Bright o'er thy hills dawn the day-star of gladness; Arise, for the night of thy
2. { Strong were thy foes, but the arm that subdued them, And scattered their legions, was
They fled like the chaff from the scourge that pursued them; Oh, vain were their steeds and their
3. { Daughter of Zion, the power that hath saved thee, Extolled with the harp and the
Shout, for the foe is destroyed that enclosed thee, The oppressor is vanquished and

CHORUS.

Repeat.

press thee no more; }	We'll sound the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea;
sor-row is o'er. }	Je-hovah hath triumphed, His peo-ple are free.
might-i-er far; }	
chariots of war. }	
timbrel should be; }	
Zi-on is free. }	

412. My Soul's Full of Glory.

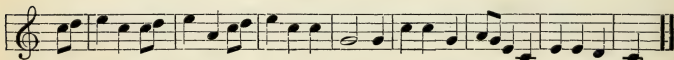
1 My soul's full of glory,
Inspiring my tongue;
Could I meet with angels
I'd sing them a song;
I'd sing of my Jesus,
And tell of His charms,
And beg them to bear me
To His loving arms.

2 I find Him in singing,
I find Him in prayer;
In sweet meditation
He always is there.

My constant companion,
Oh, may we ne'er part!
All glory to Jesus,
He dwells in my heart.

3 Oh, who is like Jesus!
He's Salem's bright King!
He smiles, and He loves me,
And helps me to sing;
I'll praise Him, I'll praise Him,
Whatever His will,
While rivers of pleasure
My spirit doth fill.

413. I Love Thee. 11s.



1 I love Thee, I love Thee,
I love Thee, my Lord,
I love Thee, My Saviour,
I love Thee, My God;
I love Thee, I love Thee,
And that Thou dost know:
But how much I love Thee
I never can show.

2 O Jesus! O Jesus!
Thou balm of my soul,
'T was Thou, my dear Saviour,
That made my heart whole.

Oh, bring me to view Thee
Thou glorious King;
In regions of glory
Thy praises to sing.

3 O Jesus, my Saviour!
With Thee I am blest!
My life, my salvation,
My joy and my rest!
Thy grace be my theme, and
Thy name be my song,
Thy love shall inspire both
My heart and my tongue.

I'm So Happy.

JOHN CENNICK.

R. KELSO CARTER.

1. { Je - sus my all to heaven has gone, He saves me now! He whom I've fixed my
His track I see and I'll pur-sue, He saves me now! The nar-row way till

CHORUS.

hopes up - on, He saves me now! } I'm so hap - py, I'm so hap - py,
Him I view, He saves me now! } I'm so hap - py, I'm so hap - py,

I'm so hap - py, Je - sus saves, I can't tell how.
I'm so hap - py, Je - sus saves, He saves me now.

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2 This is the way I long have sought,
He saves me now!
And mourned because I found it not;
He saves me now!
My grief and burden long have been,
He saves me now!
Because I was not saved from sin.
He saves me now!

3 Then will I tell to sinners round,
He saves me now!
What a dear Saviour I have found;
He saves me now!
I'd point to His redeeming blood,
He saves me now!
And say, "Behold the way to God!
He saves me now!"

415. Heart Rest in Jesus.

Tune, Salvation Free. Key G.

1 O blessed rest of heart,
From doubting, fear and sin;
A rest in Christ the risen Lord,
Who sweetly reigns within.

CHORUS.

I'm glad this rest is free,
This blessed rest from sin;
This rest is free for you and me,
A living Christ within.

2 He sought my wayward heart,
Was earnest to come in;
A heart to wandering ever prone,
Whose reigning power was sin.

3 I gave to Him my heart,
A rebel sinful thing;
I gave it, all the heart I had,
It sorely needed Him.

4 My rest is deep and strong,
Abiding, true and clean;
No darkness now, nor fear at all,
For Jesus reigns supreme.

5 Now open wide your heart,
Refuse not Jesus room;
Admit Him now, He'll give you rest,
And bring eternal noon.

JOHN S. HAUGH.

R. K. C.

R. KELSO CARTER.

1. I can sing now the song Of the blood-ransomed throng In my soul there is peace, rest and
 2. Oh! I know I'm alive In the Lord, and I strive Un-to blood with the sin that would
 3. I have grace for the day, I have help by the way, There is healing and comforting
 4. In the storm and the night, In the midst of the flight Je-sus puts in my hand vict'ry's

calm; I am free from all doubt, And I join in the shout, I'm re -
 damn; As I walk in the light There is strength for the fight, I'm re -
 balm; For my sick-ness there's health, For my pov - er - ty wealth, I'm re -
 palm; O - ver com - ing all foes, In the Lord I re- pose, I'm re -

CHORUS.

deem'd by the blood of the Lamb. I'm redeem'd, I'm re-deem'd,
 deem'd by the blood of the Lamb. I'm re-deem'd, I'm re-
 deem'd by the blood of the Lamb.
 deem'd by the blood of the Lamb.

deem'd, Je - sus saves me and keeps me just now, Hal - le - lu - jah. And I

join with the throng round the throne in the song, I'm redeem'd by the blood of the Lamb.

417.

Vale of Beulah.

E. A. HOFFMAN, by per.

JOSEPH GARRISON.

1. { I am pass - ing down the val - ley that they say is so lone, But I
'Tis to me the vale of Beau - lah, 'Tis a beau - ti - ful way, For the

CHORUS.

find that all the path-way is with flow'rs o-vergrown. } Vale of Beau-lah! Vale of
Sav-iour walks be-side me, my com-pan-ion each day. }

Beulah! Thou art precious to me; For the love-ly land of Canaan In the dis-tance I see.

2 Not a shadow, not a shadow ever darkens the way,
For a radiance bright as glory shines upon it all day;
And the music, sweetly chanted by the heavenly throng,
Floats in cadence down the valley, and it cheers me along.

3 So I journey with rejoicing t'ward the City of Light,
While each day my joy grows deeper, and the pathway more bright;
And I near the open portals of the Kingdom above,
For this highway leads to Canaan, to the Kingdom of love.

418. Bless the Lord.

Tune, *Wilmot*, p. 243.

Ps. 103: 1-5.

1 Bless the Lord, my soul adore Him,
Bless and laud His holy name;
For His benefits unchanging,
Day by day are still the same.

2 Bless Him for His boundless mercy,
Wrought in God the Father's will,
Who thy sins forgiveth freely,
And who healeth all thine ill.

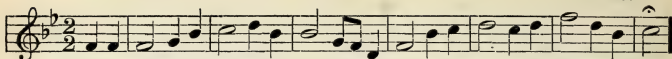
3 He redeems thy life from evil,
Crowns with loving kindness, too,
With His good things satisfie,th,
E'en thy strength He doth renew.

4 Sing! and praise this matchless Saviour,
Tell to all around His fame;
Bless the Lord! let all within me
Bless and praise His holy name.

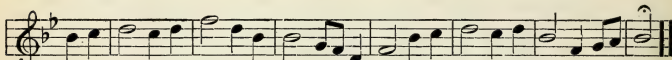
C. WARNER.

419. A. Oh, How Happy Are They.

CONVERT.

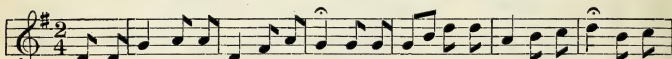


1. Oh, how happy are they Who the Saviour obey, And have laid up their treasures above ;

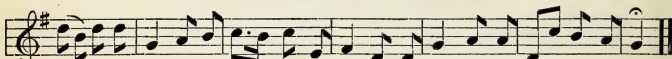


Tongue can never express The sweet comfort and peace Of a soul in its ear - li - est love.

B. Oh, How Happy, How Happy.



1. Oh, how hap - py, how happy are they, Oh, how happy, how happy are they, Oh, how



hap - py are they Who the Saviour o - bey, And have laid up their treasures above.

2 That sweet comfort was mine,
 When the favor divine
 I received thro' the blood of the Lamb;
 When my heart first believed,
 What a joy I received —
 What a heaven in Jesus' name!

3 'T was a heaven below
 My Redeemer to know,
 And the angels could do nothing more
 Than to fall at His feet,
 And the story repeat,
 And the Lover of sinners adore.

4 Jesus, all the day long,
 Was my joy and my song;
 Oh, that all His salvation might see;
 He hath loved me, I cried,
 He hath suffered and died,
 To redeem even rebels like me.

CHORUS.

Oh, come to this valley of blessing so
 sweet,
 Where Jesus will fullness bestow;
 And believe, and receive, and confess
 Him,
 That all His salvation may know.

2 There is peace in the valley of blessing
 so sweet,
 And plenty the land doth impart;
 And there's rest for the weary-worn
 traveller's feet,
 And joy for the sorrowing heart.

3 There is love in the valley of blessing
 so sweet, [feel,
 Such as none but the blood-wash'd may
 When heaven comes down redeemed spir-
 its to greet,
 And Christ sets His covenant seal.

4 There's a song in the valley of blessing
 so sweet
 That angels would fain join the strain,
 As with rapturous praises we bow at His
 feet [slain!"
 Crying, "Worthy the Lamb that was

MRS. ANNIE WITTENMEYER,

420. I Have Entered the Valley of
 Blessing So Sweet.

Key G.

1 I have entered the valley of blessing so
 sweet,
 And Jesus abides with me there;
 And His spirit and blood make my cleans-
 ing complete,
 And His perfect love casteth out fear.

421.

Enough for Me.

E. A. H.

Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN, by per.

1. O love surpassing knowledge! O grace so full and free! I know that Jesus saves me
 2. O wonderful salvation! From sin He makes me free! I feel the sweet assurance,
 3. O blood of Christ so precious, Poured out on Calvary! I feel its cleansing power,

FINE. REFRAIN.

D. S.

And that's enough for me! And that's enough for me! And that's enough for me! I

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422.

Happy Day.

P. DODDRIDGE.

English Melody.

1. { O hap-py day, that fixed my choice On Thee, my Saviour and my God! } Hap-py
 { Well may this glowing heart rejoice, And tell its raptures all abroad. }
 2. { O hap-py bond, that seals my vows To Him who merits all my love! }
 { Let cheerful anthems fill His house, While to that sacred shrine I move. }

FINE.

D. S.

day, hap-py day, When Jesus washed my sins away! { He taught me how to watch and pray,
 And live re-joic-ing ev-ry day;

3 'Tis done! the great transaction's done!
 I am my Lord's, and He is mine:
 He drew me, and I followed on,
 Charmed to confess that voice divine.

Nor ever from Thy Lord depart;
 With Him of every good possessed.

4 Now rest, my long-divided heart;
 Fixed on this blissful centre, rest;

5 High heaven that heard the solemn vow,
 That vow renewed, shall daily hear,
 Till in life's latest hours I bow,
 And bless in death a bond so dear.

423.

Precious Saviour.

[JOY AND PRAISE.]

WARREN COLLINS.

WARREN COLLINS.
Arr. by R. K. CARTER.

1. Pre-cious Sav - iour, Lord, I love Thee, Thou my hope, my life, my all;
2. What tho' tri - als oft be - set me, And like bil - lows o'er me roll;
3. In His name I'll rest a - bid - ing, For He bids me on Him wait;

Guide my fee - ble, err - ing foot - steps, Lord, to Thee I call.
"Peace, be still," the storm's a - bat - ing, All He doth con - trol.
To the heart in Him con - fid - ing, He ne'er comes too late.

Je - sus' name the an - gels car - ol, Name to me so sweet.

Je - sus' name the an - gels car - ol, Name to me so sweet;

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424. Jesus, My Saviour and Lord.

R. K. C.

R. KELSO CARTER.

1. I have found the dearest friend, Jesus, my Saviour and Lord; One whose love can
2. Sins of crimson turn'd to snow, Jesus, my Saviour and Lord; Thou hast paid the
3. More and more up - on the way, Jesus, my Saviour and Lord; Shineth to the

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nev-er end, Je-sus, my Saviour and Lord; Now His gracious fet- ters bind
debt I owe, Je-sus, my Saviour and Lord; I have felt the heal-ing flood,
perfect day, Je-sus, my Saviour and Lord; Brighter grows the heav'nly dream,

CHO.—Wondrous love and boundless grace,

D.S.
All my be-ing, and I find One within my heart enshrin'd, Jesus, my Saviour and Lord.
Touch'd the wondrous cleansing blood Of the dying Son of God, Jesus, my Saviour and Lord.
Now the golden glories gleam, In my heart He reigns supreme, Jesus, my Saviour and Lord.

Such as I may find a place, In the sunshine of Thy face, Jesus, my Saviour and Lord.

425. Jesus, I my Cross Have Taken.

Tune, McKendree, p. 168.

1 Jesus, I my cross have taken,
All to leave and follow Thee,
Naked, poor, despised, forsaken,
Thou, from hence, my all shalt be.
Perish every fond ambition,
All I've sought, and hoped, and known:
Yet how rich is my condition!
God and heaven are still my own.

2 Let the world despise and leave me;
They have left my Saviour too.
Human hearts and looks deceive me:—
Thou art not, like them, untrue.
Oh! 'tis not in grief to harm me,
While Thy love is left to me;
Oh! 't were not in joy to charm me,
Were that joy unmixed with Thee.

H. F. LYTE.

426. Not a Sound Invades.

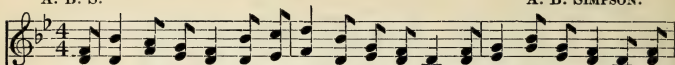
Tune, McKendree, p. 168.

1 Not a sound invades the stillness,
Not a form invades the scene,
Save the voice of my Belovéd,
And the person of my King.
And within those heavenly places,
Calmly hushed in sweet repose,
There I drink, with joy absorbing,
All the love Thou wouldst disclose.

2 Wrapt in deep adoring silence,
Jesus, Lord, I dare not move,
Lest I lose the smallest saying
Meant to catch the ear of love.
Rest then, O my soul, contented;
Thou hast reached thy happy place
In the bosom of Thy Saviour,
Gazing up in His dear face.

A. B. S.

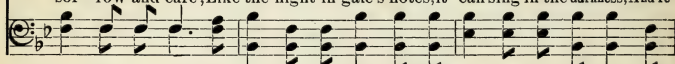
A. B. SIMPSON.



1. The joy of the Lord is the strength of His people, The sunshine that scatters their
 2. The joy of the Lord is our strength for life's burdens, And gives to each du-ty a
 3. The joy of the Lord is our strength for life's tri-als, And lifts the crushed heart a-bove



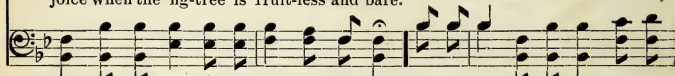
sad-ness and gloom; The fountain that bursts in the des-ert of sor-row, And
 heav-en-ly zest; It sets to sweet mu-sic the task of the toil-er, And
 sor-row and care; Like the night-in-gale's notes, it can sing in the darkness, And re-



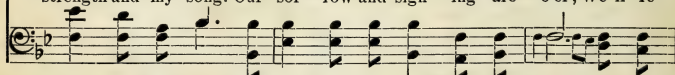
CHORUS.



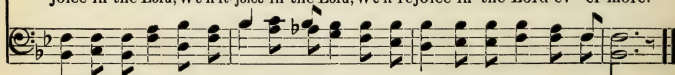
sheds o'er the wilderness, gladness and bloom. O the joy of the Lord is my
 soft-ens the couch of the la-bor-er's rest.
 joy when the fig-tree is fruit-less and bare.



strength and my song. Our sor-row and sigh-ing are o'er; We'll re-



joice in the Lord, We'll re-joice in the Lord, We'll rejoice in the Lord ev-er-more.



Copyright, 1901, by A. B. Simpson.

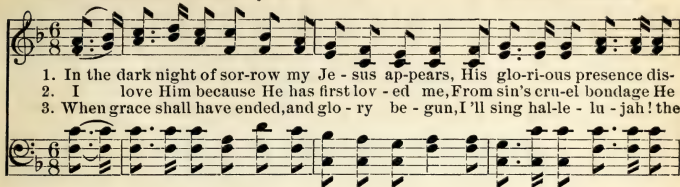
4 The joy of the Lord is the strength of our body,
 The gladness of Jesus, the balm for our pain;
 His life and His fullness our fountain of healing,
 His joy our elixir for body and brain.

5 The joy of the Lord is the hope of our calling,
 And oh, for His coming, how fondly we pray!
 When we shall return with rejoicing to Zion,
 And sorrow and sighing shall vanish away.

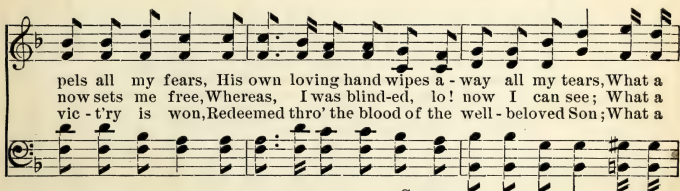
A Wonderful Saviour.

M. D. JEWELSON. Chorus by R. K. C.

E. GRACE UPDEGRAFF.



1. In the dark night of sor-row my Je - sus ap-pears, His glo-ri-ous pres-ence dis-
 2. I love Him be-cause He has first lov-ed me, From sin's cru-el bon-dage He
 3. When grace shall have ended, and glo-ry be-gun, I'll sing hal-le-lu-jah! the



pels all my fears, His own loving hand wipes a-way all my tears, What a
 now sets me free, Whereas, I was blind-ed, lo! now I can see; What a
 vic-t'ry is won, Redeemed thro' the blood of the well-beloved Son; What a


CHORUS.



won-der-ful Sav-iour is Je-sus! Oh, won-der-ful, won-der-ful
 won-der-ful Sav-iour is Je-sus!
 won-der-ful Sav-iour is Je-sus!



Je-sus! For-ev-er Thy prais-es I'll sing, I will sing, Oh,



won-der-ful, won-der-ful Sav-iour! Re-deem-er, and Heal-er, and King!

A. B. S.

A. B. SIMPSON.

1. There is one a - mid all chang-es who stand-eth ev - er fast, One who
 2. There is one whose arms up-hold-eth this whole cre - a - tion vast, Yet He
 3. There is one whose love has kept us through ev-'ry storm-y blast, And His
 4. First and last O Christ we crown Thee, our fondest love Thou hast, Lord of

cov - ers all the fu - ture, the pres - ent and the past; It is
 bids us on His bos - om our cares and sor-rows cast; Let us
 hand will guard and guide us till all the storms are past; Je - sus
 lords be - fore Thy foot-stool let ev - 'ry crown be cast; Haste the

Christ the Rock of A - ges, The first and the last. Je - sus is the
 bring them all to Je - sus, The first and the last.
 we will trust Thee ev - er, The first and the last.
 day when all shall crown Thee, The first and the last.

first, Je - sus is the last, Trust Him for thy fu-ture, Leave with Him the past;

Je-sus is the first, Je-sus is the last, Christ the Rock of Ages, The first and the last.

Jesus of Nazareth.

Mrs. E. V. BLAKE.

R. KELSO CARTER.

1. I sometimes wish when the twilight ends, And stars dip down in the tranquil sea, That
 2. I sometimes think He would nearer seem, If I might follow His sacred feet, Be-
 3. The days have come when the heart has cried, When thorns made weary the feet that bled, When

I might bend where the pilgrim bends, And walk by the waves of Gal-i-lee, I
 side the flowing of Jordan's stream, On Jordan's mountains wild and sweet, And
 I have thirsted for naught beside, But on His bos-om to lay my head, But

sometimes long with a long-ing great, To tread fair Pal-es-tine's sacred sod, To
 yet, O wan-der-ing heart, I know, Tho' eyes be-holden and can-not see, That
 when the hours have wea-ry feet, I think of the long years thirty and thee, Those

en-ter in by the beau-ti-ful gate, Where Je-sus of Naz-ar-eth's feet have trod.
 here to-night in the star-lit glow, Doth Je-sus of Naz-ar-eth stand by me.
 thorn-y years with the cross com-plete, That Je-sus of Naz-ar-eth lived for me.

Copyright, 1891, by R. Kelso Carter.

4 Then bear me up from the things of time,
 Uplift my being, Eternal Hand!
 And grant my vision the view sublime,
 Across the plains to the Promised Land;
 And oh! thou heart, that hath borne the
 sting, [tree,
 Dear feet, nail-pierced to the rugged
 Enfold my soul in Thy brooding wing,
 And Jesus of Nazareth walk with me.

5 Yes, walk with me, if the way be long,
 The sunset-glory the end will crown,
 And sweet will hover the angel's song,
 Across the waters when I go down;
 No more to sorrow, no more to sin,
 And sinning, wander astray from Thee,
 So, when I enter the morning in,
 Dear Jesus of Nazareth wait for me.

A. B. S.

A. B. SIMPSON.

1. There shall be no more cry - ing, There shall be no more pain,
 2. Hearts that by death were riv - en, Meet in e - ter - nal love;
 3. Sa - tan shall tempt us nev - er, Sin shall o'er - come no more;
 4. Je - sus shall be our glo - ry, Je - sus our heav - en shall be;

There shall be no more dy - ing, There shall be no more stain.
 Lives on the al - tar giv - en Rise to their crowns a - bove.
 Joy shall a - bide for - ev - er, Sor - row and grief be o'er.
 Je - sus shall be our sto - ry, Je - sus who died for me.

CHORUS.

Je - sus, our watch we are keep - ing, Longing for Thee to come;

Then shall be end - ed our night of weeping, Then we shall reach our home.

Copyright, 1891, by A. B. Simpson.

5 Hasten, sweet morn of gladness,
 Hasten, dear Lord we pray;
 Finish this night of sadness,
 Hasten the heavenly day.

6 Jesus is coming surely
 Jesus is coming soon:
 O let us walk so purely,
 O let us keep our crown.

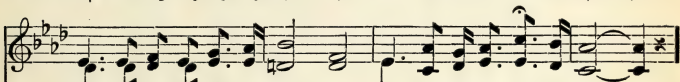
Golden City.

G. O.

REV. GEO. ORBIN, by per.



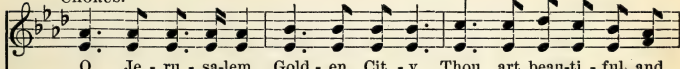
1. In the cit - y of the an - gels, In the mansions of the blest,
2. All its pal - a - ces are crys - tal, All its tow - ers grandly high;
3. There the stream of life is flow - ing, And for a - ges it has flown;
4. There the hap - py throngs are gath'ring, And they sing of Je - sus' love;



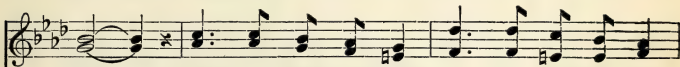
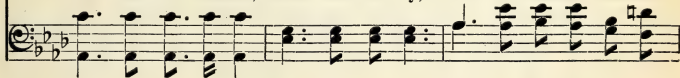
Near the throne of the Re-deem - er, Is the sainte - ter - nal rest.
 Stand - ing firm thro' all the a - ges, On the pil - lars of the sky.
 For it hath its purling fount - ain, 'Neath the ev - er - last - ing throne.
 Oh, how soon shall we be with them, In their happy home a - bove.



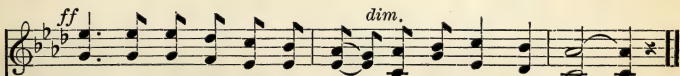
CHORUS.



O Je - ru - sa - lem, Gold - en Cit - y, Thou art beau - ti - ful and



fair. There my friends have gone o - ver one by one.

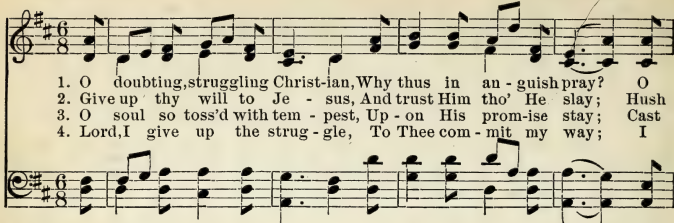


O Je - ru - sa - lem, I long to be ev - er there.

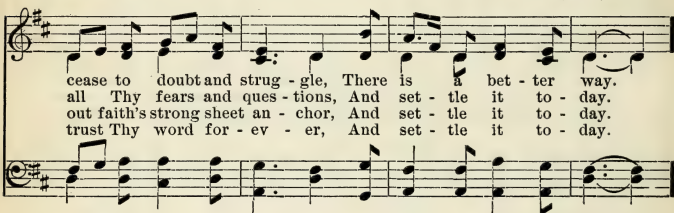


A. B. S.

A. B. SIMPSON.

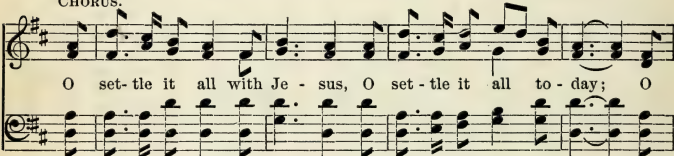


1. O doubting, struggling Christ-ian, Why thus in an - guish pray? O
 2. Give up thy will to Je - sus, And trust Him tho' He slay; Hush
 3. O soul so toss'd with tem - pest, Up - on His prom-ise stay; Cast
 4. Lord, I give up the strug - gle, To Thee com - mit my way; I

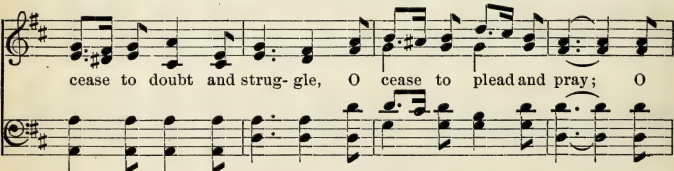


cease to doubt and strug - gle, There is a bet - ter way.
 all Thy fears and ques - tions, And set - tle it to - day.
 out faith's strong sheet an - chor, And set - tle it to - day.
 trust Thy word for - ev - er, And set - tle it to - day.

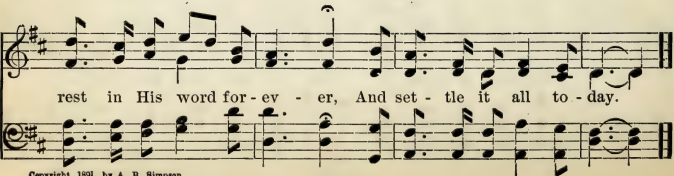
CHORUS.



O set - tle it all with Je - sus, O set - tle it all to - day; O



cease to doubt and strug - gle, O cease to plead and pray; O



rest in His word for - ev - er, And set - tle it all to - day.

God be with you.

"The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ be with you."—Rom. xvi: 20.

J. E. RANKIN, D.D.

W. G. TOMER.

1. God be with you till we meet a - gain, By His counsels guide, up-hold you,
 2. God be with you till we meet a - gain, 'Neath His wings securely hide you;
 3. God be with you till we meet a - gain, When life's perils thick confound you;
 4. God be with you till we meet a - gain, Keep love's banner floating o'er you;

With His sheep secure-ly fold you, God be with you till we meet a - gain.
 Dai - ly man-na still pro-vide you, God be with you till we meet a - gain.
 Put His arms un-fail-ing round you, God be with you till we meet a - gain.
 Smite death's threatening wave be-fore you, God be with you till we meet a - gain.

CHORUS.

Till we meet, till we meet, 'Till we meet at Je - sus' feet;
 Till we meet, till we meet, till we meet, till we meet;

Till we meet, till we meet, God be with you till we meet a - gain.
 till we meet, till we meet, till we meet,

From "Gospel Bells," by per.

435. Asleep in Jesus! L. M.

Tune, Tallis' Evening Hymn, p. 48.

1 Asleep in Jesus! blessed sleep!
 From which none ever wake to weep;
 A calm and undisturbed repose,
 Unbroken by the last of foes.

2 Asleep in Jesus! oh, how sweet
 To be for such a slumber meet!
 With holy confidence to sing,
 That death has lost his venom'd sting!

3 Asleep in Jesus! peaceful rest!
 Whose waking is supremely blest;
 No fear, no woe shall dim that hour
 That manifests the Saviour's power.

4 Asleep in Jesus! oh, for me
 May such a blissful refuge be!
 Securely shall my ashes lie,
 And wait the summons from on high.

436.

Herald Angels. 7. D.

CHARLES WESLEY.

FELIX MENDELSSOHN-BARTHOLDY.

1. Hark! the her - ald - an - gels sing "Glo - ry to the new born King; Peace on
 2. Christ, by high - est heav'n a - dored, Christ, the ev - er - last - ing Lord; Veiled in

earth, and mercy mild; God and sinners reconciled." Joy - ful, all ye nations, rise!
 flesh the Godhead see; Hail, in - car - nate De - i - ty! Hail the heaven - born Prince of peace!

Join the triumphs of the skies; With angelic hosts proclaim "Christ is born in Bethle -
 Hail the Sun of righteousness! Light and life to all He brings, Ris'n with healing in His

hem!" With an - gel - ic hosts pro - claim, "Christ is born in Beth - le - hem!"
 wings, Light and life to all He brings, Risen with heal - ing in His wings.

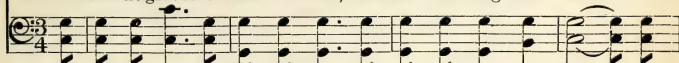
The Old-Time Song.

R. K. C.

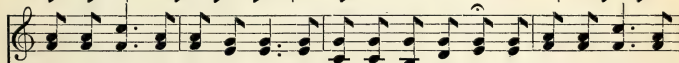
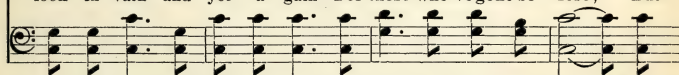
R. KELSO CARTER.



1. I'm thinking of the past to-night, When life was fresh and sweet; A
2. When startled with some sud-den fright, It seems but yes - ter - day, She
3. But now, when weary, lone - ly, sad, In Je - sus I find rest; The
4. A - bove the graves I hear it now; And all a - long life's shore I



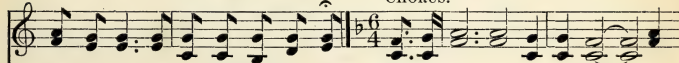
laugh-ing boy, my moth-er's joy, I played a - bout her feet; And
drew me near, and called me "dear," And kissed my tears a - way; And
ten - der charms of moth-er's arms, Were nev - er half so blest; The
look in vain and yet a - gain For those who've gone be - fore; But



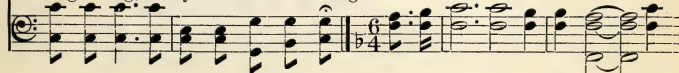
while her knit-ting swift-ly grew, She sang so soft and low, With eyes grown dim, that
then, to soothe my troubled heart, She rocked me to and fro, And sang so sweet, with
ev - er - last - ing arms of God A - bout me close - ly twine, While tender-ly Christ
heav'nly mu - sic floats to me, The ech - o of that song; I hear it ring, while



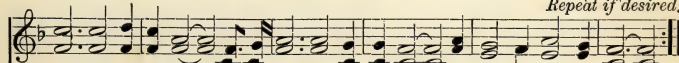
CHORUS.



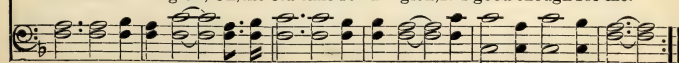
bless-ed hymn, The song of long a - go. Oh, the old time re - lig - ion, The
measured beat, That song of long a - go.
sings to me, The song of Auld Lang Syne.
an-gels sing, The hymn I've loved so long.



Repeat if desired.



old time re - li - gion, Oh, the old time re - li - gion, It's good enough for me.



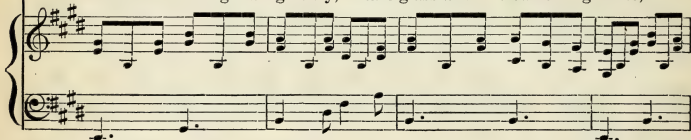
L. HUNT.

A. B. WINCK.



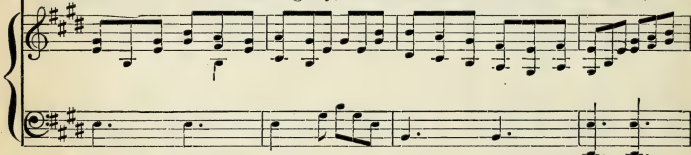
1. Here is the sorrow, the sighing,
2. Here is the fading, the wasting,
3. Here are the locks growing hoary,

Here are the clouds and the night,
 The foe that so watchful-ly waits,
 The glass with the vanish-ing sands,

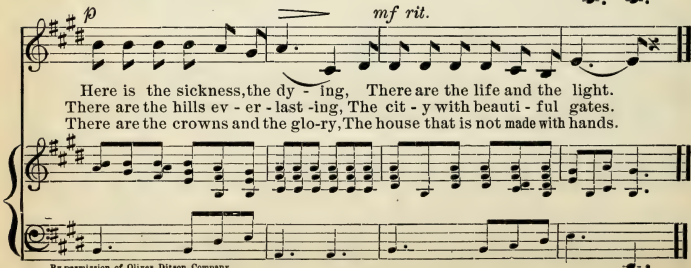


Here is the sickness, the dy-ing,
 There are the hills ev - er - last-ing,
 There are the crowns and the glory,

There are the life and the light,
 The cit - y with beauti - ful gates,
 The house that is not made with hands,



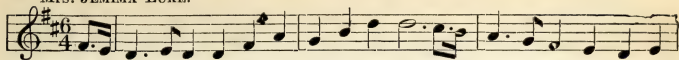
Here is the sickness, the dy - ing, There are the life and the light.
 There are the hills ev - er - last-ing, The cit - y with beauti - ful gates.
 There are the crowns and the glo-ry, The house that is not made with hands.



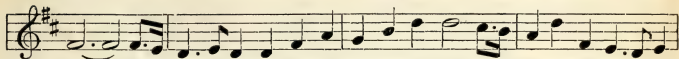
439.

I Think When I Read.

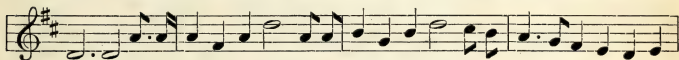
Mrs. JEMIMA LUKE.



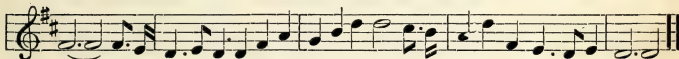
1. I think, when I read that sweet story of old, When Je - sus was here a-mong
 2. Yet still to His foot stool in prayer I may go, And ask for a share of His



men, How He called little children as lambs to the fold, I should like to have been with Him
 love; And if I thus ear-nest-ly seek Him be-low, I shall see Him and hear Him a-



then. I wish that His hands had been placed on my head, That His arms had been thrown around
 bove, In that beautiful place He has gone to prepare, For all who are washed and for-



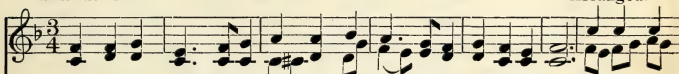
me, That I might have seen His kind look when said, "Let the little ones come un-to me."
 given; And ma-n-y dear children are gathering there, "For of such is the kingdom of heaven."

440.

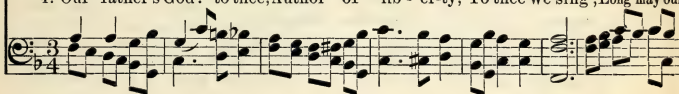
America.

S. F. SMITH.

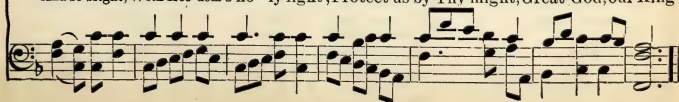
Arranged.



1. My country, 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib - er-ty, Of thee I sing; Land where my
 2. My na-tive coun-try, thee, Land of the no - ble free, Thy name I love: I love thy
 3. Let mu-sic swell the breeze, And ring from all the trees, Sweet freedom's song; Let mortal
 4. Our father's God! to thee, Author of lib - er-ty, To thee we sing; Long may our



fathers died, Land of the pilgrim's pride, From ev'ry mountain side, Let freedom ring.
 rocks and rills, Thy woods and templed hills, My heart with rap - ture thrills, Like that above.
 tongues awake; Let all that breathe partake; Let rocks their si - lence break, The sound prolong.
 land be bright, With free-dom's ho - ly light; Protect us by Thy might, Great God, our King!



Slow

R. KELSO CARTER.

1. We are sail - ing in - to har - bor, Sail - ing o'er a trou - led
 2. We are sail - ing in - to har - bor, Broth - ers hear the Lord de -
 3. We are sail - ing in - to har - bor, And the day is sink - ing
 4. We are sail - ing in - to har - bor, And from out the gold - en

sea, Storms and tem - pests sweep around us, Shoals and rocks are on the
 clare; There will be no griefs nor sor - rows, No more tri - als, no more
 low, But the bea - con - lights of heav - en, Bright - ly o'er the wa - ters
 gate, We can hear the an - gel's ves - pers, As the storms of life a -

lee; With our chart and log and com - pass, Held by
 care; No more pain and no more cry - ing, List - en,
 glow; Soon we'll cross the bar for - ev - er, Safe be -
 bate; Gold - en glo - ries from the cit - y, Slant a -

faith's dead reck - on - ing, Home - ward bound we're swift - ly
 for the Sav - iour saith, "No more sick - ness no more
 yond the swell - ing tide, In the long - de - sir - ed
 thwart the heav - en's dome, And each balm - y sun - set

sail - ing, To the cit - y of the King.
 suf - f'ring, No more part - ing, no more death."
 hav - en, An - chored fast, se - cure - ly ride.
 zeph - yr, Whis - pers "one day near - er home."

442.

Home Longing.

MRS. ELIZABETH MILLS.

REV. W. A. SPENCER, D.D., BY PER.

1. Oh, land of rest for thee I sigh, When will the mo - ment come,
 2. No tran-quil joys on earth I know, No peace-ful shel-t'ring dome;
 3. To Je - sus Christ I flee for rest, He bade me cease to roam,
 4. I'll suf-fer on my three-score years, Till my De - liv - 'rer come

When I shall lay my arm - or by, And dwell in peace at home.
 This world's a wil - der - ness of love, This world is not my home.
 And lean for suc - cor on His breast, Till He con - ducts me home.
 To wipe a - way the cap - tive's tears, And take His ex - ile home.

CHORUS.

Home sweet home, home sweet home, Oh, how I long for thee.

Home sweet home, home sweet home, In heav'n my home shall be,

Copyright, 1890, by W. A. Spencer.

443. Jerusalem, My Happy Home.

- 1 Jerusalem, my happy home,
 Name ever dear to me!
 When shall my labors have an end,
 In joy and peace in thee?
- 2 When shall these eyes thy heav'n-built
 walls,
 And pearly gates behold?
 Thy bulwarks with salvation strong,
 And streets of shining gold?
- 3 Oh, when, thou city of my God,
 Shall I thy courts ascend?

Where congregations ne'er break up,
 And Sabbath has no end?

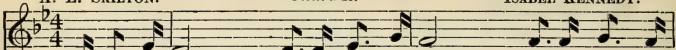
- 4 There happier bowers than Eden's
 Nor sin nor sorrow know: [bloom,
 Blest seats! thro' rude and stormy scenes
 I onward press to you.

- 5 Jerusalem, my happy home!
 My soul still pants for thee;
 Then shall my labors have an end,
 When I thy joys shall see.

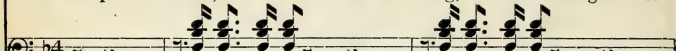
A. L. SKILTON.

Phil. i. 23.

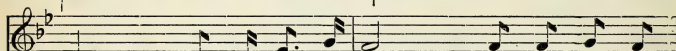
ISABEL KENNEDY.



1. The jas - per walls, . . . the streets of gold, . . . The pear - ly
 2. The star-ry crown, . . . the gold - en shore, . . . The lov - ing
 3. The tearless eyes, . . . the crim - son tide, . . . The tree of
 4. The pure in heart, . . . of whom we sing, . . . The gold - en

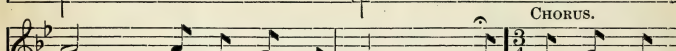


gates, . . . The joy un - told, . . . The an - gels'
 friends . . . Who've gone be - fore, . . . The pal - ace
 life, . . . The cru - ci - fied, . . . The ho - ly
 throne, . . . The reign - ing King, . . . The pure de -



songs, . . . the crys - tal sea, . . . All make me
 bright . . . just o'er the sea, . . . All now in -
 throug. . . a - wait - ing me, . . . All make me
 light, . . . that waits for me, . . . All now in -

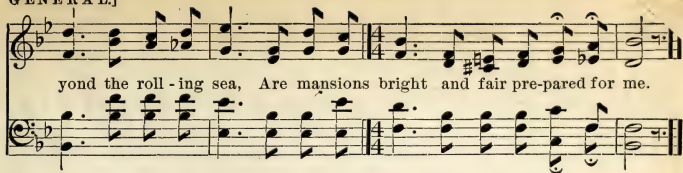
CHORUS.



long. . . to be with Thee. . . At home with
 vite, . . . me home to Thee. . .
 long, . . . to be with Thee. . .
 vite, . . . me home to Thee. . .



Thee, at home with Thee, O Je - sus Lord, I long to be; Far, far be -



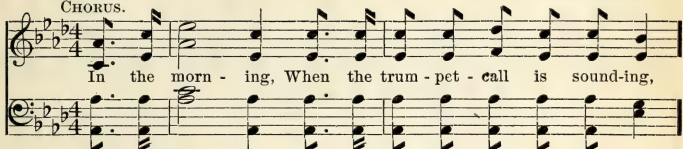
yond the roll - ing sea, Are mansions bright and fair pre-pared for me.

445. I'll Meet You in the Morning.

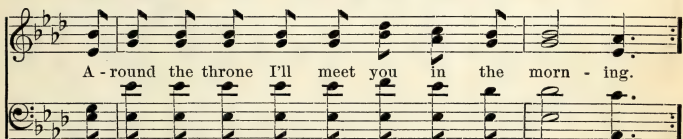
Chorus by R. K. C.

R. KELSO CARTER.

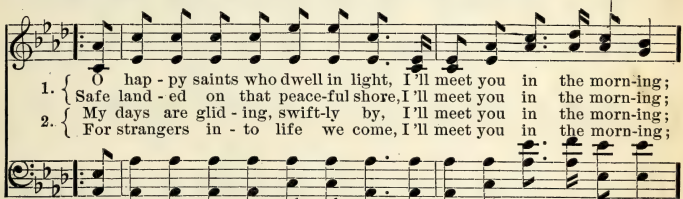
CHORUS.



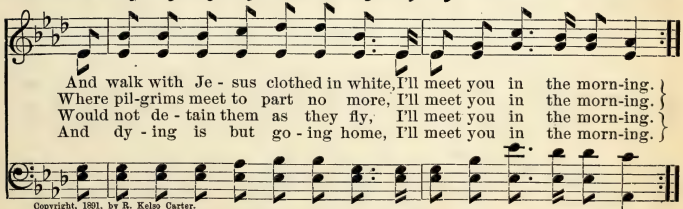
In the morn - ing, When the trum - pet - call is sound-ing,



A - round the throne I'll meet you in the morn - ing.



1. { O hap - py saints who dwell in light, I'll meet you in the morn-ing;
Safe land - ed on that peace-ful shore, I'll meet you in the morn-ing;
2. { My days are glid - ing, swift-ly by, I'll meet you in the morn-ing;
For strangers in - to life we come, I'll meet you in the morn-ing;



And walk with Je - sus clothed in white, I'll meet you in the morn-ing. }
Where pil-grims meet to part no more, I'll meet you in the morn-ing. }
Would not de - tain them as they fly, I'll meet you in the morn-ing. }
And dy - ing is but go - ing home, I'll meet you in the morn-ing. }

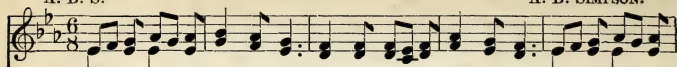
Copyright, 1891, by R. Kelso Carter.

3 Come on, my partners in distress,
Companions in this wilderness,
Awhile forget your griefs and fears,
And look beyond this vale of tears.

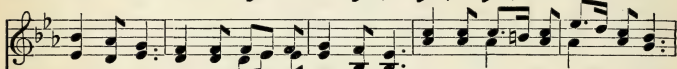
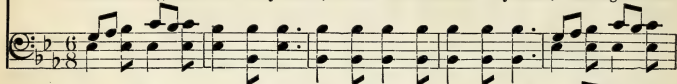
4 When I can read my title clear,
I'll bid farewell to every fear,
Then I shall bathe my weary soul,
And not a wave of trouble roll.

A. B. S.

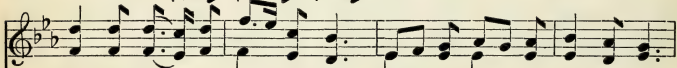
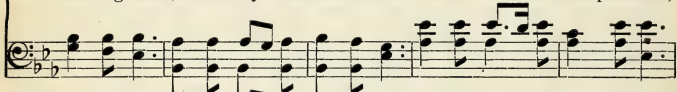
A. B. SIMPSON.



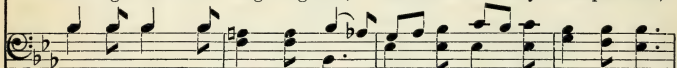
1. Rock of Ho-reb riven for me, By the law's a-veng-ing rod, Flowing from thy
2. Following Rock, from day to day, Sending forth on every hand, Riv-ers all a -
3. Shadowing Rock in weary lands, Let me rest beneath Thy shade, Traveling o'er the



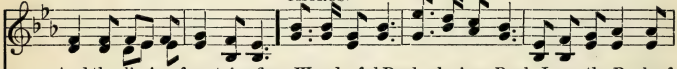
cleft I see, Calvary's sin - a - ton-ing flood. And I wash my crimson stains
long the way, Un - der-neath the des-ert sand, O - pen deep a liv - ing well
burn-ing sands, Shelter my defenceless head. Covert from the tem-pest rude,



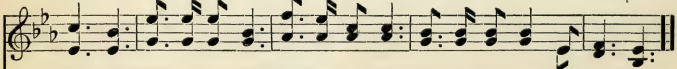
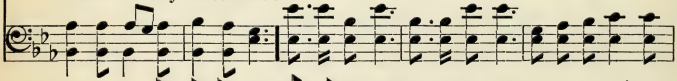
Whit-er than the wooland snow, While the cleansing wa - ters roll,
Where Thy hid - den fountains flow, Ev - er near Thee let me dwell,
Ref - uge 'mid the rag - ing tide, Fort-ress when by foes pur-sued,



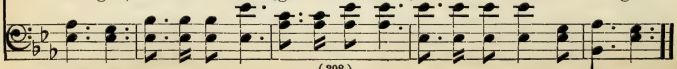
CHORUS.



And the liv-ing fountains flow. Wonderful Rock, glorious Rock, Jesus the Rock of
As I through the desert go.
Let me in Thy bo-som hide.



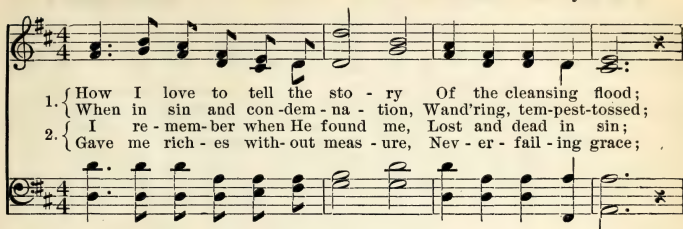
A - ges; Won-der-ful Rock, glo - ri - ous Rock, Je - sus the Rock of A - ges.



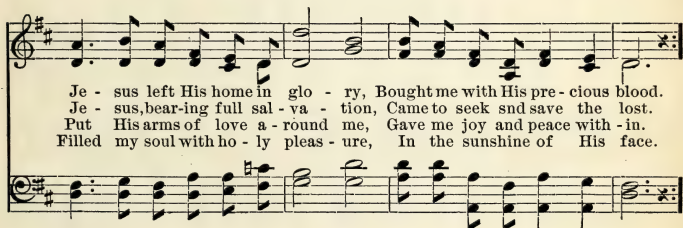
How I Love to Tell the Story.

R. KELSO CARTER.

S. C. FOSTER.* Arr. by R. K. C.



1. { How I love to tell the sto - ry Of the cleansing flood;
When in sin and con-dem - na - tion, Wand'ring, tem-pest-tossed;
2. { I re-mem-ber when He found me, Lost and dead in sin;
Gave me rich-es with-out meas-ure, Nev-er-fail-ing grace;

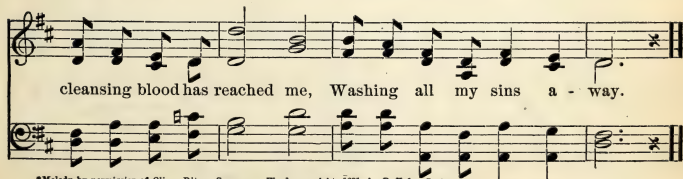


Je - sus left His home in glo - ry, Bought me with His pre-cious blood.
Je - sus, bearing full sal - va - tion, Came to seek and save the lost.
Put His arms of love a-round me, Gave me joy and peace with-in.
Filled my soul with ho - ly pleas-ure, In the sunshine of His face.

CHORUS.



Down at the cross For - ev - er let me stay; For the



cleansing blood has reached me, Washing all my sins a - way.

*Melody by permission of Oliver Ditson Company. Words copyright, 1891, by R. Kelso Carter.

3 Close to Jesus I'm abiding,
Walking in the light;
In His shadow I am hiding,
Guided by His grace aright;

From His presence parted never,
In the realms above,
With the ransomed hosts forever,
I'll tell of His redeeming love.

448.

The Fountain of Life.

A. B. S.

A. B. SIMPSON.

1. I have come to the Fountain of Life, A fountain that flows from a-
 2. I have come to the Fountain of Blood, That for guilt and un-cleanness doth
 3. I have come to the Fountain of Health, A boundless and end-less sup -

bove. I have passed from the waters of strife, And come to the Elim of love.
 flow, I have wash'd in its sin cleansing flood, And my garments are whiter than snow.
 ply, 'T is a secret, man's wisdom or wealth Can never dis-cov-er or buy.

I have drunk of Sa - ma - ri - a's well, In the depths of my be-ing it
 I count not my righteousness mine, 'T is Je - sus that lives in my
 But the se - cret my Lord hath re-vealed In the fountain that flows from His

springs. No mortal can measure or tell The gladness the Comforter brings.
 soul; I partake of His na-ture divine, And in Him I am perfectly whole.
 side, In the stripes by whose pain we are healed; In Himself as He comes to abide.

CHORUS.

Oh, come to the Fountain of Life, The fountain that nev-er runs dry; Oh,



4 I have come to the Fountain of Love,
He fills all the springs of my heart,
Enthroned all others above,
Our friendship no power can part;
And so long as the fountain is full,
The streams without measure must flow,
And the love that He pours in my soul
To others in blessing must go.

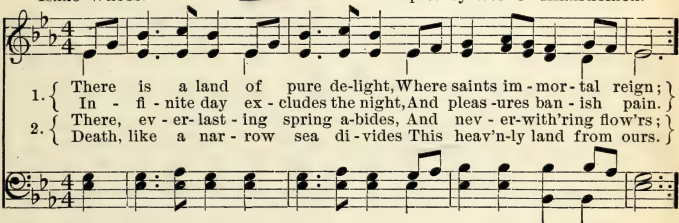
5 I have come to the Fountain of Joy,
His joy is the strength of my heart.
My delight is unmixed with alloy,
My sunshine can never depart;
The fig tree may wither and die,
Earth's pleasure and prospects decline,
But my fountains can never be dry,
My portion, my joy is divine.

449.

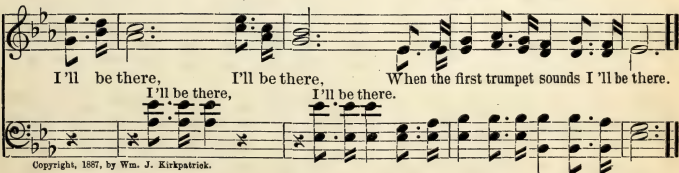
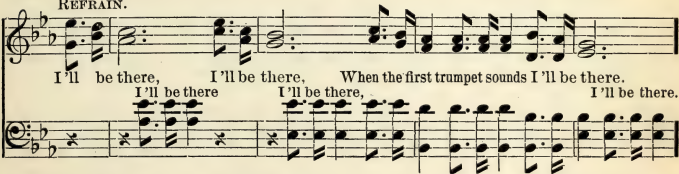
I'll be There.

ISAAC WATTS.

Adapted by WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



REFRAIN.



Copyright, 1887, by Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

3 Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood
Stand dressed in living green;
No to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan rolled between.

4 Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er,
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood
Should fright us from the shore.

W. A. S.

Rev. W. A. SPENCER, D.D.

1. The seed I have scat-tered in spring-time with weep-ing, And watered with
 2. An - oth - er may reap what in spring-time I've plant-ed, An - oth - er re -
 3. The thorns will have choked, and the summer suns blast-ed The most of the

tears and with dew's from on high; An - oth - er may shout when the
 joice in the fruit of my pain, — Not know - ing my tears when in
 seed which in spring-time I've sown; But the Lord who has watched while my

har - vest-er's reap - ing, Shall gath - er my grain in the "sweet by and by."
 sum - mer I faint-ed While toil - ing sad-heart-ed in sun-shine and rain.
 wea - ry toil last-ed Will give me a har-vest for what I have done.

CHORUS.

O - ver and o - ver, yes, deep - er and deep - er My heart is pierced

through with life's sor-row - ing cry, But the tears of the sow - er and

FINE.

songs of thereap-er shall min- gle to- geth-er in joy by and by.

D. S.

By and by, by and by, By and by, by and by, Yes the

451.

There is a Land.

Rev. JOHN PARKER.

R. KELSO CARTER.

1. There is a land where life is joy, With-out a sin or stain; No
 2. A fel- low-ship to earth un-known, With-out the chill of fears; A -
 3. Be- yond the nar- row bounds of time, Be-yond the things I see; There
 4. Our Fa- ther's house and man-sions fair, And friend-ships pure and sweet, And

FINE.

friend-ship ties are brok- en there, No grief, no death, no pain.
 dor- ing love be- fore His throne, And eyes un-dimm'd by tears.
 is a life, di- vine, sub- lime, God's home for you and me.
 ho- ly ones a- wait to share, Our wor- ship at His feet.

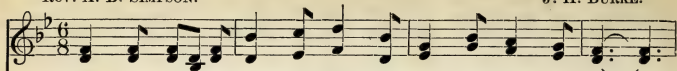
CHO.—roy - al wel - come waits us there if faith - ful in the fight.

D. S.

O land of love, where we shall walk in white, A

Rev. A. B. SIMPSON.

J. H. BURKE.



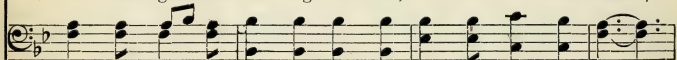
1. O, how sweet the glo - rious mes - sage, Sim - ple faith may claim;
2. He who was the friend of sin - ners, Seeks thee lost one now;
3. He that pardoned err - ing Pe - ter, Thou need - 'st not fear;
4. Oft on earth He healed the suf - frer, By His might - y hand;



Yes - ter - day, to - day, for - ev - er, Je - sus is the same.
 Sin - ner, come, and at His foot - stool, Pen - i - tent - ly bow.
 He that came to faith - less Thom - as, All thy doubt will clear.
 Still our sick - ness - es and sor - rows, Go at His com - mand



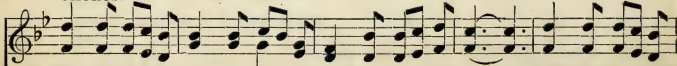
Still He loves to save the sin - ful, Heal the sick and lame;
 He who said, "I'll not con - demn thee, Go and sin no more;"
 He who let the loved dis - ci - ple, On His bo - som rest,
 He who gave His heal - ing vir - tue, To a wo - man's touch;



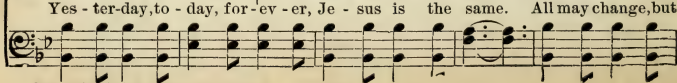
Cheer the mourner, still the tem - pest; Glo - ry to His name!
 Speaks to thee that word of par - don, As in days of yore.
 Bids thee still, with love as ten - der, Lean up - on His breast
 To the faith that claims His full - ness, Still will give as much.



CHORUS.



Yes - ter - day, to - day, for - ev - er, Je - sus is the same. All may change, but



Je - sus nev - er! Glo - ry to His name. Glo - ry to His name.

Glo - ry to His name, All may change, but Jesus never! Glo - ry to His name.

5 He who 'mid the raging billows,
 Walked upon the sea;
 Still can hush our wildest tempest,
 As on Galilee.
 He who wept and prayed in anguish,
 In Gethsemane.
 Drinks with us each cup of trembling,
 In our agony.

6 As of old He walked to Emmaus,
 With them to abide;
 So through all life's way He walketh,
 Ever near our side.
 Soon again we shall behold Him,
 Hasten, Lord, the day!
 But 't will still be "this same Jesus,"
 As He went away.

453.

The Lord's Prayer.

(CHANT.)

GREGORIAN.

1. Our Father, who art in heaven hal - lowed be Thy name;
 2. Give us this liv - er dai - ly bread;
 3. And lead us not into temptation, but de - liv - er us from evil;

Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done on earth, as it is in heaven.
 And forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive them that trespass a - gainst us.
 For Thine is the kingdom, and the power and the glory, for - ever. A - MEN.

A. B. SIMPSON.

Arr. by R. K. C.

1. The days of Heav'n are peace-ful days, Still as yon glass-y sea; So
 2. The days of Heav'n are ho - ly days, From sin for - ev - er free; So
 3. The days of Heav'n are hap - py days, Sor - row they nev - er see; So

calm, so still in God, our days As days of Heav'n would be.
 cleans'd and kept our days, O Lord, As the days of Heav'n would be.
 full of glad - ness all our days As the days of Heav'n would be.

as Thy will is done in Heaven, On earth so shall it be.

D.S.

Walk with us, Lord, thro' all the days, And let us walk with Thee; Till

Copyright, 1890, by A. B. Simpson.

- 4 The days of Heaven are healthful days,
 They feed on life's fair tree;
 So feeding on Thy strength, O Christ,
 Our days as Heaven may be.
- 5 The days of Heaven are endless days,
 Days of eternity;
 So may our lives and works endure,
 While the days of Heaven shall be.

- Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,
 Our comforts, and our cares.
- 3 We share our mutual woes,
 Our mutual burdens bear;
 And often for each other flows
 The sympathizing tear.
- 4 When we asunder part,
 It gives us inward pain;
 But we shall still be joined in heart,
 And hope to meet again.
- 5 This glorious hope revives
 Our courage by the way;
 While each in expectation lives,
 And longs to see the day.
- 6 From sorrow, toil, and pain,
 And sin, we shall be free;
 And perfect love and friendship reign
 Through all eternity.

455. Blest be the Tie that Binds.

*"Being knit together in love."—Col. ii: 2.
 Key, F.*

- 1 Blest be the tie that binds
 Our hearts in Christian love;
 The fellowship of kindred minds
 Is like to that above.
- 2 Before our Father's throne
 We pour our ardent prayers;

JOHN FAWCETT, 1772.

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HYMNS

OF THE

CHRISTIAN * LIFE

No 2.

COMPILED BY

REV. A. B. SIMPSON.

PUBLISHED BY
CHRISTIAN ALLIANCE PUBLISHING CO.,
SOUTH NYACK, N. Y.

PREFACE.

In the name of the Lord, Jesus, the publishers and compilers would lay upon the altar of praise, and present to the household of faith the second volume of the Hymns of the Christian Life.

Our special acknowledgements are due to many musical composers and publishers for the use of valuable copyrights in this collection, including Messrs. Sweeney, Kirkpatrick and Hood, of Philadelphia; Mrs. Dr. Gordon, and the publishers of the Coronation Hymnal, Mr. E. O. Excell, of Chicago; The Hoffman Music Co., of Cleveland; Messrs. Myland & Kirk, of Ohio; Mrs. Joseph E. Knapp, Miss Pollard, Mr. J. E. Burke, Mr. I. Showalter, Mr. Hillyer, Dr. Steiner, Warren Collins, and others.

Still more especially are we indebted to Miss May Agnew and Miss Louise Shepard, who have given their time, toil and valuable musical experience to the arranging of these pieces and the superintendence of the publication.

Many of the imperfections and defects which may be found in this first edition are due to the haste, with which at the last, the volume was unavoidably hurried through the press so as to be ready for the Old Orchard Convention of 1897. These, faults we trust, will be wholly removed from the later editions.

HYMNS OF THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

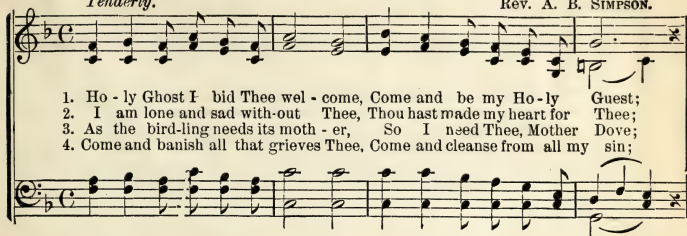
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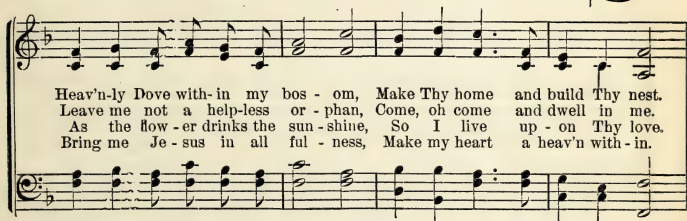
My Holy Guest.

Tenderly.

Rev. A. B. SIMPSON.



1. Ho - ly Ghost I bid Thee wel - come, Come and be my Ho - ly Guest;
 2. I am lone and sad with - out Thee, Thou hast made my heart for Thee;
 3. As the bird - ling needs its moth - er, So I need Thee, Mother Dove;
 4. Come and banish all that grieves Thee, Come and cleanse from all my sin;

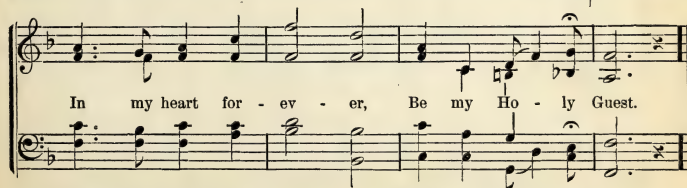


Heav'n - ly Dove with - in my bos - om, Make Thy home and build Thy nest.
 Leave me not a help - less or - phan, Come, oh come and dwell in me.
 As the flow - er drinks the sun - shine, So I live up - on Thy love.
 Bring me Je - sus in all ful - ness, Make my heart a heav'n with - in.

CHORUS.



Bles - sed Ho - ly Spir - it, Wel - come to my breast,



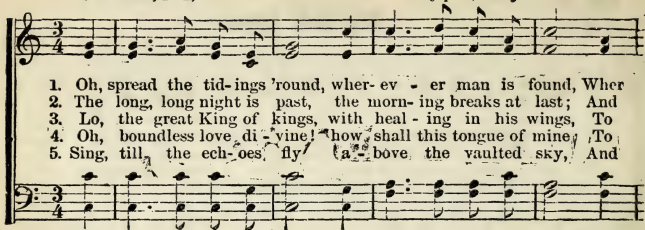
In my heart for - ev - er, Be my Ho - ly Guest.

5 Heal my sick and broken body,
 Guide my stumbling steps each hour
 Be my Comforter and teacher,
 Fill and use me by Thy power.

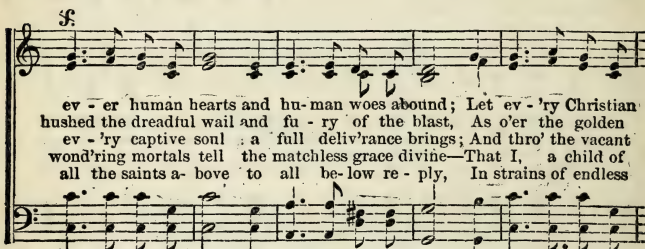
6 Lead me on to all Thy fulness.
 Bring me to Thy promised Rest:
 Holy Ghost I bid Thee welcome,
 Be my Holy, heavenly Guest.

Rev. F. BOTTOME, D. D.

By per. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

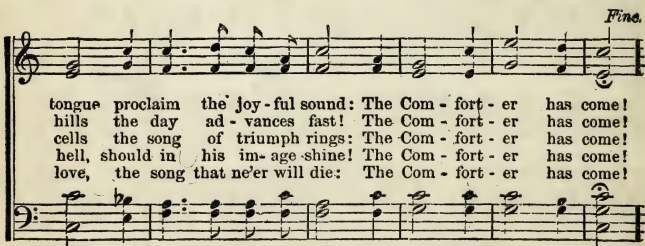


1. Oh, spread the tid-ings 'round, wher-ev - er man is found, Wher
 2. The long, long night is past, the morn-ing breaks at last; And
 3. Lo, the great King of kings, with heal-ing in his wings, To
 4. Oh, boundless love di-vine! how shall this tongue of mine, To
 5. Sing, till, the ech-oes fly (a-b-ove the vaulted sky, And



ev - er human hearts and hu-man woes abound; Let ev - 'ry Christian
 hushed the dreadful wail and fu - ry of the blast, As o'er the golden
 ev - 'ry captive soul a full deliv'rance brings; And thro' the vacant
 wond'ring mortals tell the matchless grace divine—That I, a child of
 all the saints a-b-ove to all be-low re - ply, In strains of endless

D. S.—Holy Ghost from heav'n, The Father's promise giv'n; Oh, spread the tidings

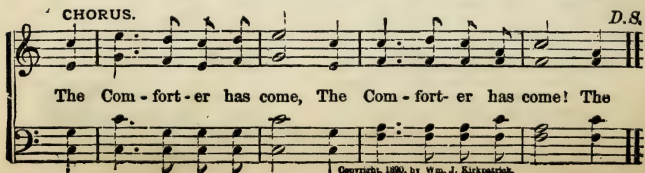


tongue proclaim the joy-ful sound: The Com - fort - er has come!
 hills the day ad - vances fast! The Com - fort - er has come!
 cells the song of triumph rings: The Com - fort - er has come!
 hell, should in his im-age-shine! The Com - fort - er has come!
 love, the song that ne'er will die: The Com - fort - er has come!

round, Wher-ev - er man is found—The Com - fort - er has come!

CHORUS.

D. S.



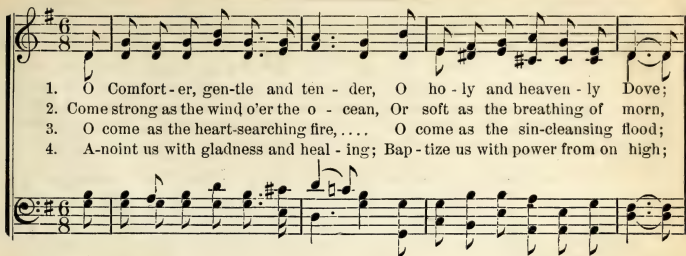
The Com - fort - er has come, The Com - fort - er has come! The

No. 3.

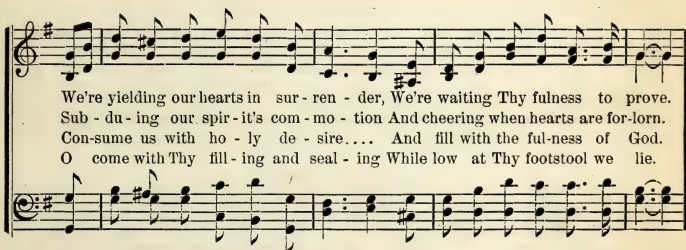
O Comforter, Gentle and Tender.

A. B. S.

Rev. A. B. SIMPSON.

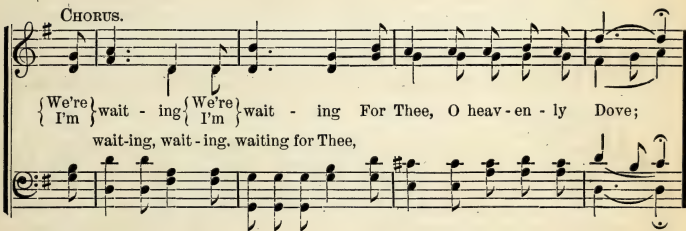


1. O Comfort-er, gen-tle and ten-der, O ho-ly and heav-en-ly Dove;
 2. Come strong as the wind o'er the o-cean, Or soft as the breathing of morn,
 3. O come as the heart-searching fire, . . . O come as the sin-cleansing flood;
 4. A-noint us with gladness and heal-ing; Bap-tize us with power from on high;




We're yielding our hearts in sur-ren-der, We're waiting Thy fulness to prove.
 Sub-du-ing our spir-it's com-mo-tion And cheering when hearts are for-lorn.
 Con-sume us with ho-ly de-sire . . . And fill with the ful-ness of God.
 O come with Thy fill-ing and seal-ing While low at Thy footstool we lie.

CHORUS.



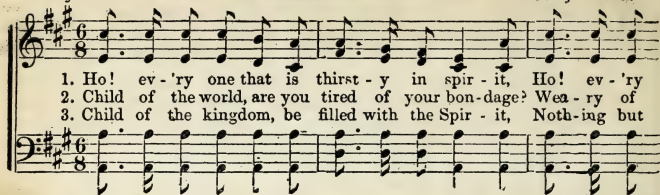
{ We're } wait-ing { We're } wait-ing For Thee, O heav-en-ly Dove;
 { I'm } wait-ing { I'm } wait-ing For Thee,
 wait-ing, wait-ing, waiting for Thee,



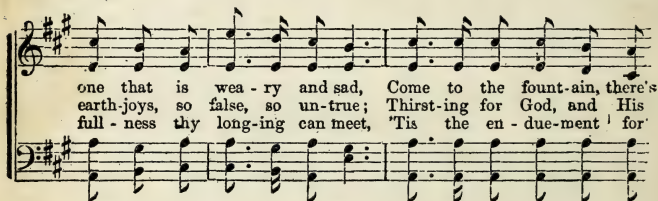
{ We're } yield-ing our hearts in sur-ren-der, We're } waiting Thy fulness to prove.
 { I'm } yield-ing my heart in sur-ren-der, I'm } waiting Thy fulness to prove.

L. J. R.

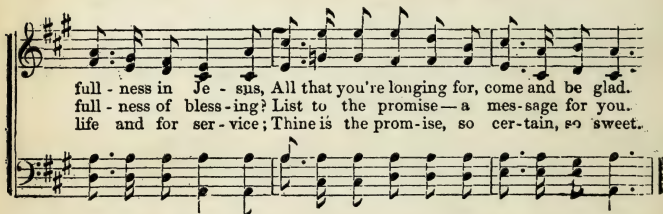
LUCKY J. RIDER.



1. Ho! ev - 'ry one that is thirst - y in spir - it, Ho! ev - 'ry
 2. Child of the world, are you tired of your bon - dage? Wea - ry of
 3. Child of the kingdom, be filled with the Spir - it, Noth - ing but

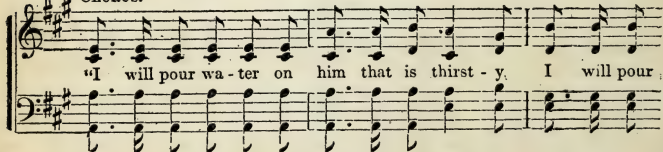


one that is wea - ry and sad, Come to the fount - ain, there's
 earth - joys, so false, so un - true; Thirst - ing for God, and His
 full - ness thy long - ing can meet, 'Tis the en - due - ment ' for

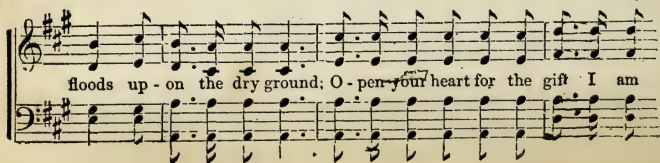


full - ness in Je - sus, All that you're longing for, come and be glad.
 full - ness of bless - ing? List to the promise—a mes - sage for you.
 life and for ser - vice; Thine is the prom - ise, so cer - tain, so sweet.

CHORUS.

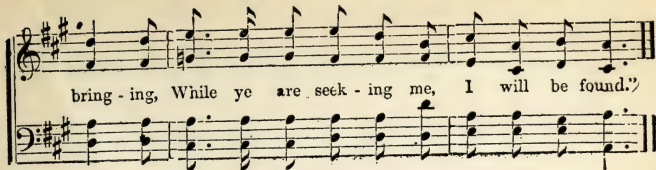


"I will pour wa - ter on him that is thirst - y, I will pour



floods up - on the dry ground; O - pen your heart for the gift I am

Ho! Every One That is Thirsty. Concluded.¹



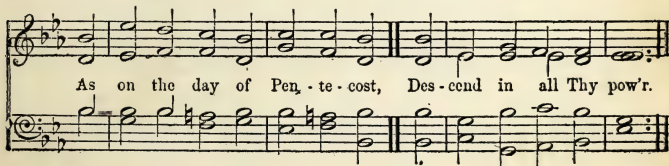
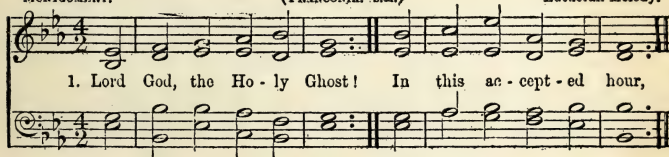
By per., E. C. EXCELL.

No. 5. Lord God, the Holy Ghost.

MONTGOMERY.

(FRANCONIA. S.M.)

Lutheran Melody.



2. We meet with one accord
In our appointed place,
And wait the promise of our Lord,
The Spirit of all grace.
3. Like mighty rushing wind
Upon the waves beneath,
Move with one impulse every mind,
One soul one feeling breathe.

4. The young, the old inspire
With wisdom from above;
And give us hearts and tongues of fire,
To pray, and praise, and love.
5. Spirit of light! explore,
And chase our gloom away,
With lustre, shining more and more!
Unto the perfect day.

No. 6. The Holy Ghost is Come.

(DENNIS S.M.)

The Holy Ghost is come—
We feel His presence here!
Our hearts would now no longer roam,
But bow in filial fear.

This tenderness of love,
This hush of solemn power—
'Tis heaven descending from above
To fill this favored hour!

Earth's darkness all has fled,
Heaven's light serenely shines;
And every heart, divinely led,
To holy thought inclines.

No more let sin deceive,
Nor earthly cares betray:
Oh, let us never, never grieve
The Comforter away!

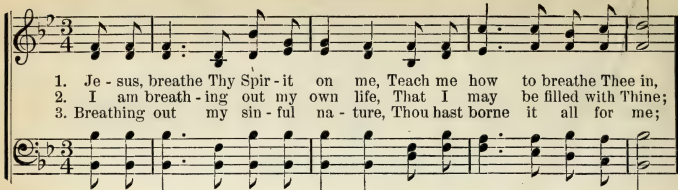
REV. F. BOTTOME, D.D.

No. 7.

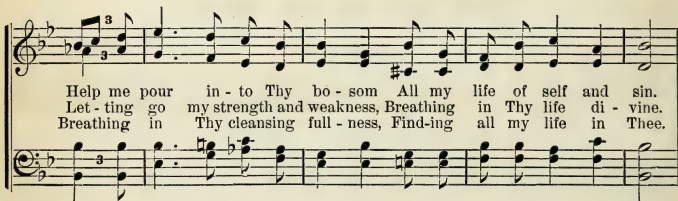
Breathing Out and Breathing In.

A. B. S.

Rev. A. B. SIMPSON.

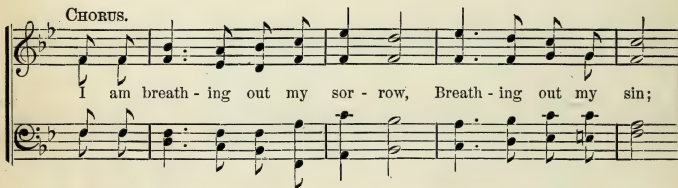


1. Je - sus, breathe Thy Spir - it on me, Teach me how to breathe Thee in,
 2. I am breath - ing out my own life, That I may be filled with Thine;
 3. Breathing out my sin - ful na - ture, Thou hast borne it all for me;

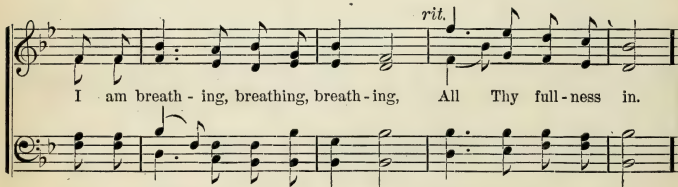


Help me pour in - to Thy bo - som All my life of self and sin.
 Let - ting go my strength and weakness, Breathing in Thy life di - vine.
 Breathing in Thy cleansing full - ness, Find - ing all my life in Thee.

CHORUS.



I am breath - ing out my sor - row, Breath - ing out my sin;



rit.
 I am breath - ing, breathing, breath - ing, All Thy full - ness in.

4 I am breathing out my sorrow,
 On Thy kind and gentle breast;
 Breathing in Thy joy and comfort,
 Breathing in Thy peace and rest.

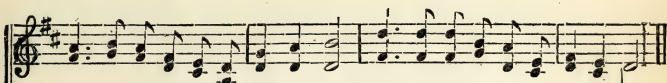
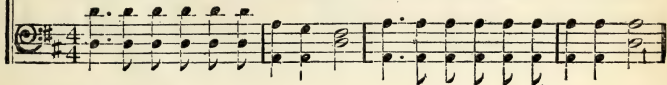
5 I am breathing out my sickness,
 Thou hast borne its burden too;
 I am breathing in Thy healing,
 Ever promised, ever new.

6 I am breathing out my longings,
 In Thy listening, loving ear,
 I am breathing in Thy answers,
 Stilling every doubt and fear.

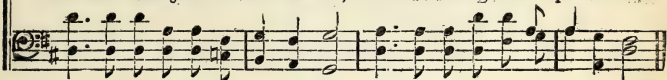
7 I am breathing every moment,
 Drawing all my life from Thee;
 Breath by breath I live upon Thee,
 Blessed Spirit, breathe in me.

Slow.

1. Fill us with Thy Holy Spirit, Lord, While we gather here in one accord;
2. Lord, we seek Thee for Thy promised gift, Fill us while to Thee our hearts we lift;
3. Come, oh, come, Thou blessed Holy Ghost, Come and fill us as at Pentecost;
3. Lord, we claim Thy promise and believe, Now Thy Holy Spirit we receive;



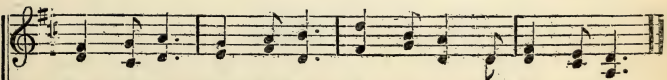
Fill us, Lord, while at Thy feet we bow, Come and fill us with Thy Spirit now.
 Send the blessed Comforter di-vine, Send Him now into this heart of mine.
 While we wait, oh, grant our heart's desire, Come and fill us with re-fin-ing fire.
 Thou art breathing on us from a-bove, Thou art fill-ing us with perfect love.



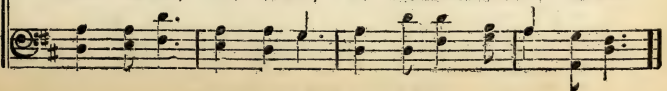
CHORUS.



Fill us now, fill us now, Fill us with Thy Spi - rit now;
After last verse—
 Fill - ing now, fill - ing now, Thy dear Spir - it fills us now;



Fill us now, fill us now; Je - sus, come and fill us now.
 Fills us now, fills us now; Je - sus comes and fills us now.

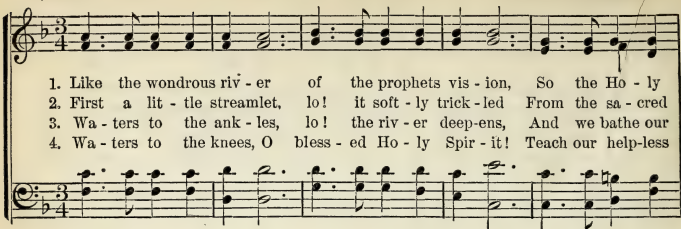


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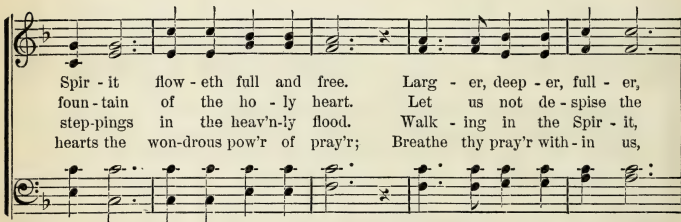
The Wondrous River.

A. B. S.

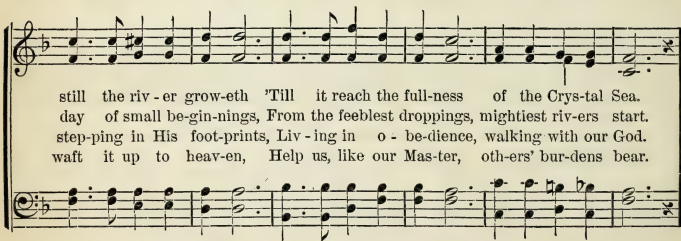
Rev. A. B. SIMPSON.



1. Like the wondrous riv - er of the prophets vis - ion, So the Ho - ly
 2. First a lit - tle streamlet, lo! it soft - ly trick - led From the sa - cred
 3. Wa - ters to the ank - les, lo! the riv - er deep - ens, And we bathe our
 4. Wa - ters to the knees, O bless - ed Ho - ly Spir - it! Teach our help - less

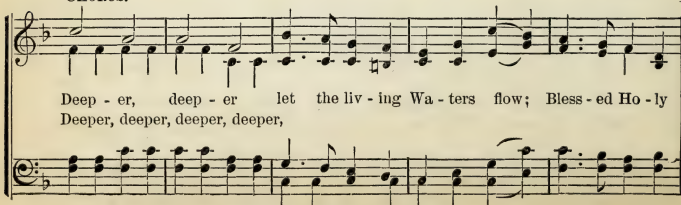


Spir - it flow - eth full and free. Larg - er, deep - er, full - er,
 foun - tain of the ho - ly heart. Let us not de - spise the
 step - pings in the heav'n - ly flood. Walk - ing in the Spir - it,
 hearts the won - drous pow'r of pray'r; Breathe thy pray'r with - in us,



still the riv - er grow - eth 'Till it reach the full - ness of the Crys - tal Sea.
 day of small be - gin - nings, From the feeblest droppings, mightiest riv - ers start.
 step - ping in His foot - prints, Liv - ing in o - be - dience, walking with our God.
 waft it up to heav - en, Help us, like our Mas - ter, oth - ers' bur - dens bear.

CHORUS.



Deep - er, deep - er let the liv - ing Wa - ters flow; Bless - ed Ho - ly
 Deeper, deeper, deeper, deeper,

The Wondrous River. Concluded.

Spir - it! Riv - er of Sal - va - tion! All Thy full - ness let me know.

- 5 Waters to the loins, we've reached the mighty river,
 'Tis the promised baptism of the Holy Ghost.
 Plunge into the torrent, let it bear us onward
 'Till our lives repeat the days of Pentecost.
- 6 Bright and beauteous river, on its banks are growing
 Trees of bounteous verdure, fruits so rich and rare;
 Leaves of life and healing, every joy and blessing,—
 All the founts of love and Paradise are there.
- 7 Water overhead O blessing vast and boundless!
 Spirit without measure, flowing full and free!
 Let us know Thy fullness, pour the floods upon us
 'Till we lose ourselves, and all our life, in Thee.

No. 10.

Spirit Divine.

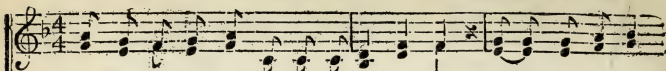
DR. A. REED.
Moderato.

1. Spi - rit Di-vine! at - tend our prayers, And make our hearts Thy home;
 2. Come as the light—to us re - veal Our emp - ti - ness and woe;
 3. Come as the fire—and purge our hearts, Like sa - cri - fi - cial flame;
 4. Come as the dew—and sweet-ly bless This con - se - cra - ted hour;

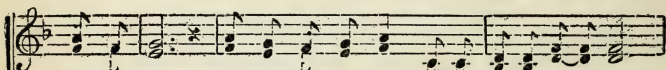
De - scend with all Thy gra - cious powers, O come, great Spi - rit, come!
 And lead us in those paths of life Where all the righ - teous go.
 Let our whole soul an - of - f'ring be To our Re - deem - er's name.
 May bar - ren - ness re - joice to own Thy fer - ti - lis - ing power.

- 5 Come as the dove—and spread Thy wings,
 The wings of peaceful love;
 And let Thy church on earth become
 Blest as the church above.
- 6 Come as the wind—with rushing sound
 And Pentecostal grace;
 That all of woman born may see
 The glory of Thy face.

Words by REV. D. W. MYLAND.

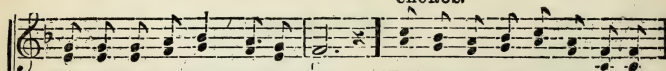
Music by MRS. D. W. MYLAND,
Arranged by JAS. M. KIRK.


1. Walk-ing in the com-fort of the Ho-ly Ghost, Walking with the Lord
 2. Walk-ing in the com-fort of the Ho-ly Ghost, Oh! what peace my heart
 3. Walk-ing in the com-fort of the ho-ly Ghost, How sweet is my life
 4. Walk-ing in the com-fort of the Ho-ly Ghost, Free from all sin, all

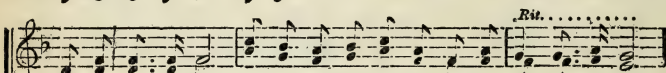


day by day; Go-ing step by step, in the light of His word;
 now doth know; Liv-ing in His light, sing-ing in His joy!
 in the Lord! List-n'ing to His voice, do-ing His good-will,
 care and pain; Pray-ing, work-ing, trust-ing sweet-ly all the way,

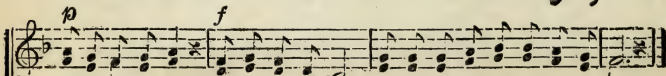
CHORUS.



Com-pa-ny and strength all the way. Walking, yes, I'm walking in the
 Mu-sic in my soul all a-glow.
 Con-quer-ing thro' faith in His word.
 Wait-ing 'till my Lord comes a-gain.



Rit.
 Spir-it of my Lord! Liv-ing, yes, I'm liv-ing now by faith in His word;



p *f*
 So He keeps me still, strong to do His will; Walking in His comfort day by day.

No. 12.

O Worship the King.

Sir ROBERT GRANT.

F. J. HAYDN.

1. O wor-ship the King all glorious a - bove, And grateful - ly sing
 2. O tell of His might, and sing of His grace, Whose robe is the light,
 3. Thy boun-ti - ful care what tongue can re - cite? It breathes in the air,
 4. Frail children of dust, and fee - ble as frail, In Thee do we trust,

His won - der - ful love; Our Shield and De - fend - er, the An - cient of days,
 whose can - o - py space; His chariots of wrath the deep thunder - clouds form
 it shines in the light, It streams from the hills, It de - scends to the plain,
 nor find Thee to fail; Thy mercies, how ten - der! How firm to the end,

Pa - vil - ion'd in splen - dor, and gird - ed with praise.
 And dark is His path on the wings of the storm.
 And sweet - ly dis - tills in the dew and the rain.
 Our Mak - er, De - fen - der, Re - deem - er, and Friend.

No. 13. All People that on Earth Do Dwell.

(OLD HUNDRETH. L.M.)

All people that on earth do dwell,
 Sing to the Lord with cheerful voice;
 Him serve with fear, His praise forth
 tell,
 Come ye before Him and rejoice.

The Lord ye know is God indeed,
 Without our aid He did us make;
 We are His flock, He doth us feed,
 And for His sheep He doth us take.

Oh, enter, then, His gates with praise,
 Approach with joy His court unto;
 Praise, laud, and bless His name al -
 ways,
 For it is seemly so to do.

For why? the Lord our God is good,
 His mercy is for ever sure;
 His truth at all times firmly stood,
 And shall from age to age endure.

W. KETHE.

H. M. BRADLEY.

By per., JUDGE THOS. O. LOWE.

1. Down in the val - ley, a - mong the sweet li - lies,
 2. Know'st Thou I seek Thee? oh, haste to dis - cov - er,
 3. Now I ap - proach Thee, O fair - est Re - deem - er,
 4. Gen - tler Thy voice than the whis - per of an - gels,

1. Walks my Be - lov - ed—His foot - prints I see; Haste I to
 2. Where is the place of Thy fra - grant re - treat! Where Thou dost
 3. Lur'd by Thy beau - ty to dwell in Thy love; Hide not Thy
 4. Bright - er Thy smile than the sun in the sky; Ga - ther me

1. fol - low Thee, Sa - viour and Lov - er,— How the winds whis - per Thy
 2. rest with Thy flocks at the noon - tide— Shel - ter'd near foun - tains un -
 3. face from the heart that a - dores Thee!—Hast Thou not sought me, and
 4. ten - der - ly—close to Thy bo - som, Faint with Thy love - li - ness

CHORUS.

1. dear name to me!
 2. search'd by the heat!
 3. call'd me Thy dove?
 4. thus let me die. } Oh, my be - lov - ed Lord! For me Thy

life-blood pour'd, Thou bless - ed Son of God, Je - sus my Lord!

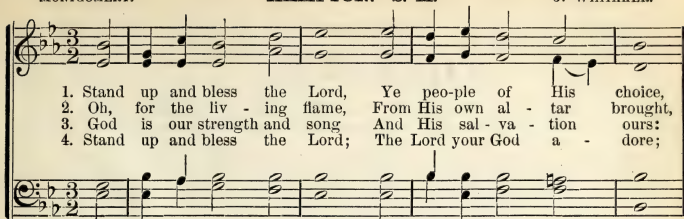
No. 15.

Stand Up and Bless the Lord.

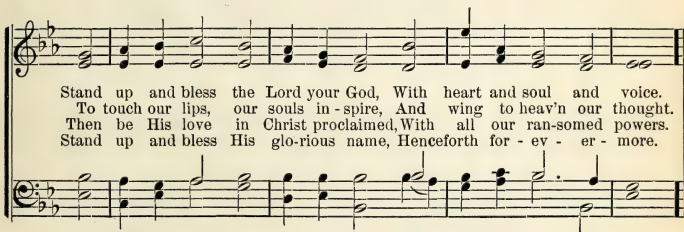
MONTGOMERY.

HAMPTON. S. M.

J. WHITAKER.



1. Stand up and bless the Lord, Ye peo-ple of His choice,
 2. Oh, for the liv - ing flame, From His own al - tar brought,
 3. God is our strength and song, And His sal - va - tion ours:
 4. Stand up and bless the Lord; The Lord your God a - dore;



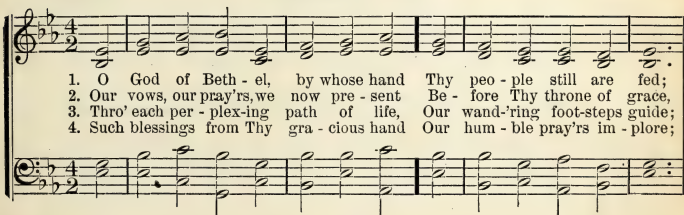
Stand up and bless the Lord your God, With heart and soul and voice.
 To touch our lips, our souls in - spire, And wing to heav'n our thought.
 Then be His love in Christ proclaimed, With all our ran-somed powers.
 Stand up and bless His glo-rious name, Henceforth for - ev - er - more.

No. 16.

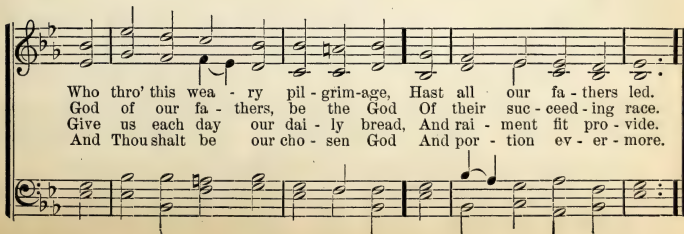
O God of Bethel.

DODDRIDGE.

FRENCH. C. M.



1. O God of Beth - el, by whose hand Thy peo - ple still are fed;
 2. Our vows, our pray'rs, we now pre - sent Be - fore Thy throne of grace,
 3. Thro' each per - plex-ing path of life, Our wand'-ring foot-steps guide;
 4. Such blessings from Thy gra - cious hand Our hum - ble pray'rs im - plore;



Who thro' this wea - ry pil - grim-age, Hast all our fa - thers led.
 God of our fa - thers, be the God Of their suc - ceed - ing race.
 Give us each day our dai - ly bread, And rai - ment fit pro - vide.
 And Thou shalt be our cho - sen God And por - tion ev - er - more.

No. 17.

Behold the Throne of Grace.

NEWTON. *Joyful.*

(SILCHESTER. S.M.)

CÆSAR MALAN, D.D.

1. Be - hold the throne of grace ! The pro - mise calls me near ; There
2. That rich a - ton - ing blood, Which sprin - kled round I see, I'ro -

1. Je - sus shows a smil - ing face, And waits to an - swer pray'r.
2. - vides for those who comẽ to God An all - pre - vail - ing plea.

3. My soul, ask what Thou wilt,
Thou canst not be too bold ;
Since His own blood for thee He spilt,
What else can He withhold ?

4. Thine image, Lord, bestow,
Thy presence and Thy love ;
I ask to serve Thee here below,
And reign with Thee above.

No. 18.

Let Us with a Gladsome Mind.

J. MILTON.

(INNOCENTS. 7.7.7.)

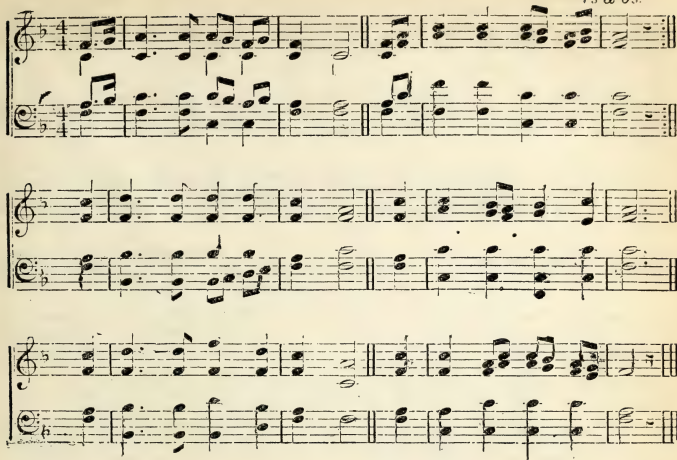
Old Litany.

1. Let us, with a glad - some mind, Praise the Lord, for He is kind :
2. He, with all - com - mand - ing might, Fill'd the new - made world with light :

1. For His mer - cies shall en - dure, Ev - er faith - ful, ev - er sure.
2. For His mer - cies shall en - dure, Ev - er faith - ful, ev - er sure.

3. All things living He doth feed ;
His full hand supplies their need :
For His mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

4. He hath, with a piteous eye,
Looked upon our misery :
For His mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.



O day of rest and gladness,
 O day of joy and light,
 O balm of care and sadness,
 Most beautiful, most bright,

On Thee the high and lowly
 Before the eternal throne
 Sing, Holy, Holy, Holy,
 To God the three in one.

On Thee at the creation
 The light first had its birth;
 On Thee for our salvation
 Christ rose from depths of earth;
 On Thee our Lord victorious
 The Spirit sent from heaven;
 And thus on Thee most glorious
 A triple light was given.

Thou art a cooling fountain
 In life's dry dreary sand;
 From Thee, like Pisgah's mountain,
 We view the promised land;

A day of sweet refection,
 A day of holy love,
 A day of resurrection
 From earth to things above.

Today on weary nations
 The heavenly manna falls;
 To holy convocations
 The silver trumpet calls;
 Where Gospel light is glowing
 With pure and radiant beams,
 And living waters flowing
 With soul-refreshing streams.

New graces ever gaining
 From this our day of rest,
 We reach the rest remaining
 To spirits of the blest;
 To Holy Ghost be praises,
 To Father and to Son;
 The church her voice upraises
 To Thee, blest three in one!

No. 20.

Welcome, Delightful Morn.

LISCHER.

H. M.



1 WELCOME, delightful morn,
Thou day of sacred rest,
We hail thy kind return,
Lord! make these moments blessed;
From the low train of mortal toys
We soar to reach immortal joys.

2 Now may the Kind descend
And fill his throne of grace;
Thy sceptre, Lord! attend,

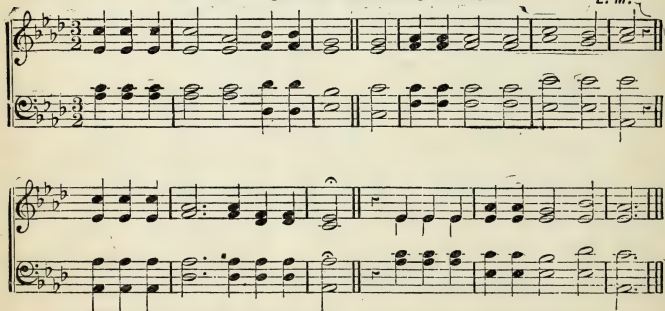
While saints address thy face;
Let sinners feel thy quickening word,
And learn to know and fear the Lord

3 Descend, celestial Dove!
With all thy quickening powers,
Disclose a Saviour's love,
And bless these sacred hours;
Then shall our souls new life obtain,
Nor Sabbaths be bestowed in vain.

No. 21.

Where High the Heavenly Temple.

L. M.

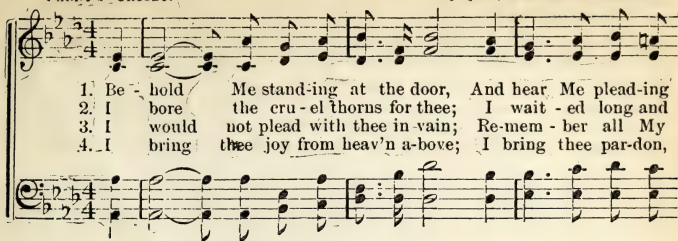


1 WHERE high the heavenly temple stands,
The house of God not made with hands,
A great High Priest our nature wears,
The Guardian of mankind appears.

(2 Though now ascended up on high,
He bends on earth a brother's eye,
Partaker of the human name,
He knows the frailty of our frame.

3 In every pang that rends the heart
The Man of sorrows had a part;
He sympathizes with our grief,
And to the sufferer sends relief.

4 With boldness, therefore, at the throne
Let us make all our sorrows known,
And ask the aid of heavenly power,
To help us in the evil hour.



1. Be - hold Me stand - ing at the door, And hear Me plead - ing
 2. I bore the cru - el thorns for thee; I wait - ed long and
 3. I would not plead with thee in - vain; Re - mem - ber all My
 4. I bring thee joy from heav'n a - bove; I bring thee par - don,



ev - er - more, With gen - tle voice, oh, heart of sin, May I come
 pa - tient - ly: Say, wea - ry heart, oppress'd with sin, May I come
 grief and pain! I died to ran - som thee from sin, May I come
 peace and love: Say, wea - ry heart, oppress'd with sin, May I come

CHORUS.

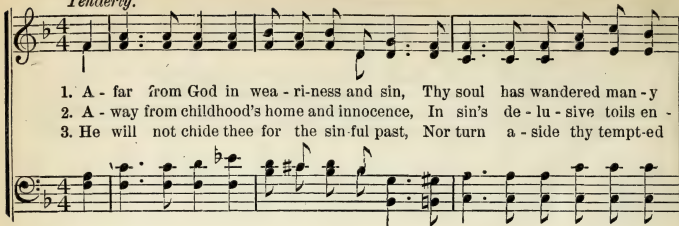


in;— may I come in? Be - hold Me standing at the
 door, And hear Me plead - ing ev - er - more: Say, wea - ry
 heart, oppress'd with sin, May I come in;— may I come in?

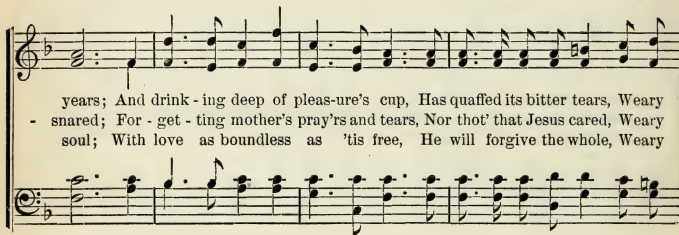
MAY AGNEW.

Tenderly.

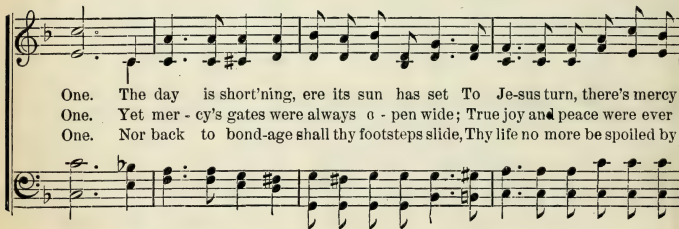
MAY AGNEW.



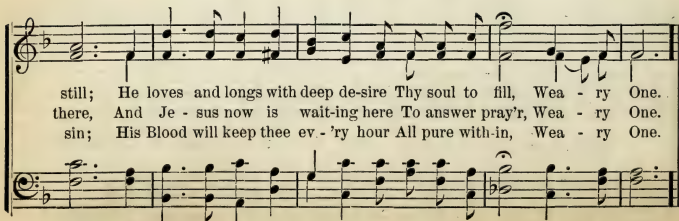
1. A - far from God in wea - ri-ness and sin, Thy soul has wandered man - y
 2. A - way from childhood's home and innocence, In sin's de - lu - sive toils en -
 3. He will not chide thee for the sin-ful past, Nor turn a - side thy tempt-ed



years; And drink - ing deep of pleas-ure's cup, Has quaffed its bitter tears, Weary
 - snared; For - get - ting mother's pray'rs and tears, Nor thot' that Jesus cared, Weary
 soul; With love as boundless as 'tis free, He will forgive the whole, Weary



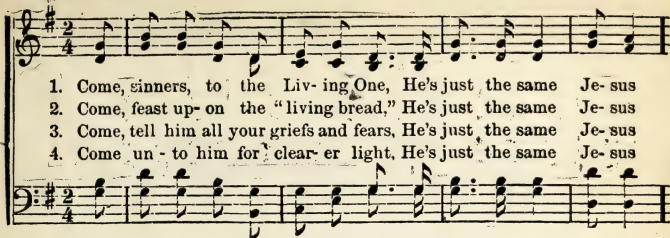
One. The day is short'ning, ere its sun has set To Je-sus turn, there's mercy
 One. Yet mer - cy's gates were always o - pen wide; True joy and peace were ever
 One. Nor back to bond-age shall thy footsteps slide, Thy life no more be spoiled by



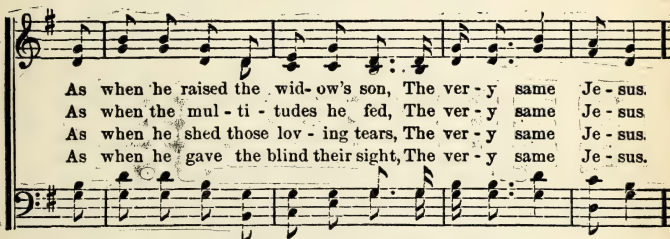
still; He loves and longs with deep de-sire Thy soul to fill, Wea - ry One.
 there, And Je - sus now is wait-ing here To answer pray'r, Wea - ry One.
 sin; His Blood will keep thee ev - 'ry hour All pure with-in, Wea - ry One.

L. H. EDMUNDS.

By per., WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

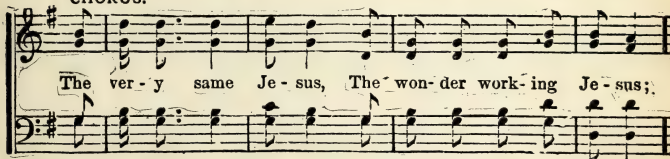


1. Come, sinners, to the Liv-ing One, He's just the same Je-sus
 2. Come, feast up-on the "living bread," He's just the same Je-sus
 3. Come, tell him all your griefs and fears, He's just the same Je-sus
 4. Come un-to him for clear-er light, He's just the same Je-sus

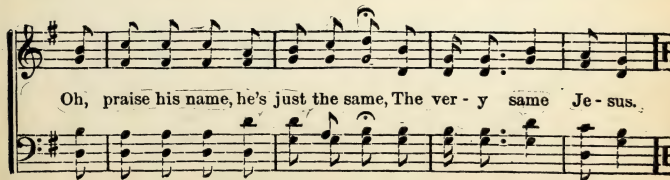


As when he raised the wid-ow's son, The ver-y same Je-sus.
 As when the mul-ti-tudes he fed, The ver-y same Je-sus
 As when he shed those lov-ing tears, The ver-y same Je-sus.
 As when he gave the blind their sight, The ver-y same Je-sus.

CHORUS.



The ver-y same Je-sus, The won-der work-ing Je-sus;



Oh, praise his name, he's just the same, The ver-y same Je-sus.

- 5 Calm 'midst the waves of trouble be,
 He's just the same Jesus
 As when he hushed the raging sea,
 The very same Jesus.
- 6 Some day our raptured eyes shall see
 He's just the same Jesus;
 Oh, blessed day for you and me!
 The very same Jesus.

Southern Words. 5th and 6th Verses by Rev. A. B. SIMPSON.

LOUISE SHEPARD.

1. De Mas - sa ob de sheep - fol', Dat guards de sheep - fol'
 2. Den he sed, de hireling shep - herd, "Deys some, deys black and
 3. Den de Massa ob de sheep - fol', Dat guards de sheep - fol'

bin, Looked out on de gloom-er - in' mead - ows, Whar de
 thin, And some deys poo' old wed - ders, Deys
 bin, Goes down in de gloom-er - in' mead - ows, Whar de

poco sostenuto.

long night rains be - gin; So He call to de hire - ling
 on - ly bone and skin; Dey neb - ber be missed from de
 long night rains be - gin; And He let down de bars ob de

De Massa ob de Sheepfol'. Concluded.

shep - herd, "Is my sheep, is dey all come in?" So He
 sheep - fol' But de res' deys all brung in. Dey neb -
 sheep - fol', Call - in' sof', "come in, come in." And He

The first system of the musical score features a vocal melody on a treble clef staff and a piano accompaniment on a grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The key signature has one flat (B-flat). The lyrics are written below the vocal staff. The piano part includes chords and single notes, with a crescendo hairpin in the first measure.

call to de hire-ling shep-herd, "Is my sheep, is dey all come in?"
 - ber be missed from de sheepfol', But de res' deys all brung in."
 let down de bars ob de sheepfol', Call - in' sof' "come in, come in."

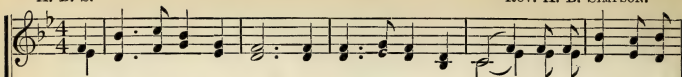
p rit.
dim.

The second system continues the musical score. It includes the same vocal and piano parts. The lyrics continue below the vocal staff. The piano part features a melodic line in the right hand and a supporting bass line in the left hand. Performance markings include *p rit.* (piano ritardando) and *dim.* (diminuendo).

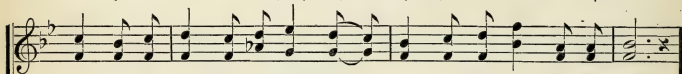
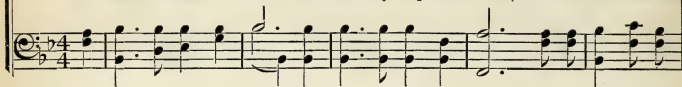
4 Den up thro' de gloomerin' meadows,
 In de cool night rain and win',
 And up thro' de slippery rain paf,
 Whar de sleet falls piercin' thin;
 De poo' lost sheep ob de sheepfol',
 Dey all comes gadderin' in:
 De poo' lost sheep ob de sheepfol'
 Dey all comes gadderin' in.

5 Would you know de blessed Massa ?
 Who keeps de sheepfol' bin
 On de cross He died to save us,
 An' cleanse our poo' hearts from sin.
 He has left de bars wide open,
 An' is callin' sof', "come in:"
 He has left de bars wide open,
 An' is callin' sof', "come in."

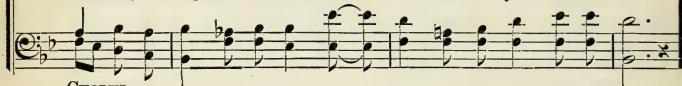
6 Dere is none too old an' worfless,
 Dere is none too poo' and thin,
 To fin' a smile an' a welcome,
 At de gate ob de sheepfol' bin;
 Can't you see de Massa standin' ?
 An' He's callin' sof' "come in;"
 Can't you see de Massa standin' ?
 An' He's callin' sof', "come in."



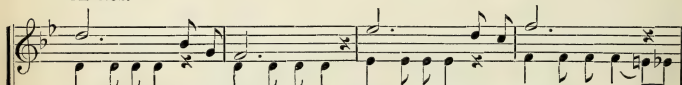
1. The Son of man has come To seek and save the lost, Was there ev - er such
 2. The Son of man has come To die for you and me; He has ransom'd thy
 3. The Son of man has come To seek and save thee now; Oh, come to Him,
 4. The Son of man has come To seek thy help-less heart, He will teach thee to



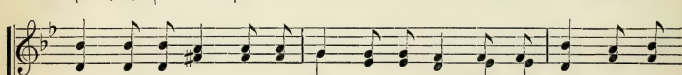
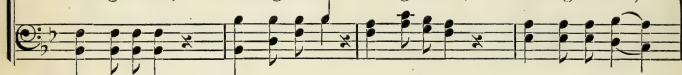
won - der - ful, won - der - ful love? Was there ev - er such in - fi - nite cost?
 soul, He has can - cell'd thy sin, He has nail'd them to Cal - va - ry's tree.
 yield to Him, give Him thy heart, And be - fore Him in pen - i - tence bow.
 trust Him, and help thee to come, And... wel - come thee just as thou art.



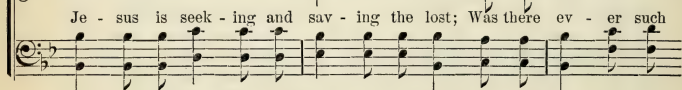
CHORUS.



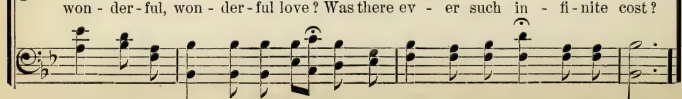
Seek - - ing the lost, sav - - ing the lost,
 Seeking the lost, seek - ing the lost, sav - ing the lost, sav - ing the lost,...

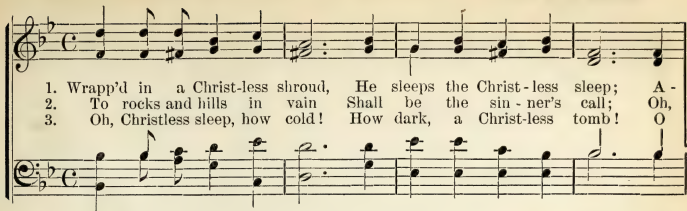


Je - sus is seek - ing and sav - ing the lost; Was there ev - er such



won - der - ful, won - der - ful love? Was there ev - er such in - fi - nite cost?

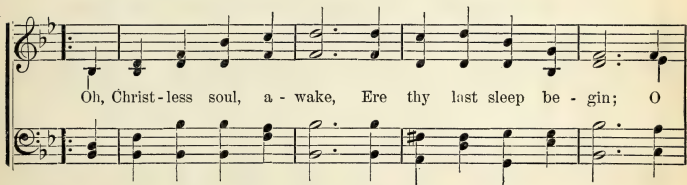




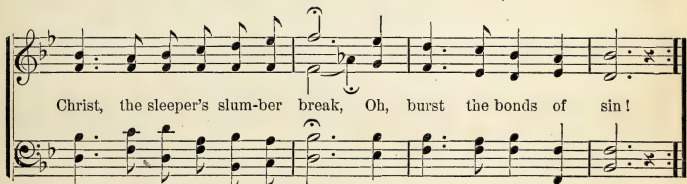
1. Wrapp'd in a Christ-less shroud, He sleeps the Christ-less sleep; A -
 2. To rocks and hills in vain Shall be the sin - ner's call; Oh,
 3. Oh, Christless sleep, how cold! How dark, a Christ-less tomb! O



-bove him the e - ter - nal cloud, Be - neath, the fier - y deep.
 day of grief and night and pain, The lost soul's fu - ner - al.
 grief that nev - er can grow - old, O end - less, hope - less doom!



Oh, Christ-less soul, a - wake, Ere thy last sleep be - gin; O



Christ, the sleeper's slum-ber break, Oh, burst the bonds of sin!

Copyright, 1897, by A. B. Simpson.

Seeking the Lost. Concluded.

5 The Son of man has come
 To save from self and sin,
 He is waiting to save to the uttermost
 bounds,
 And to give thee His Spirit within.

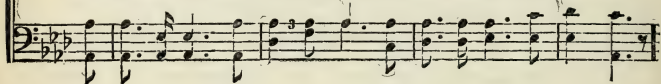
6 The Son of man has come,
 Ere long the cry will ring,
 Shall we hasten to meet Him, descend
 ing the skies,
 As our Saviour and glorious King?



1. Life wears a different face to me, Since I found my Saviour;
 2. He sought me in his wondrous love, So I found my Saviour,
 3. The passing clouds may intervene, Since I found my Saviour,
 4. A strong hand kindly holds my own, Since I found my Saviour,



Rich mercy at the cross I see, My dy-ing, liv-ing Saviour.
 He brought salva-tion from a-bove, My dear, almighty Saviour.
 But he is with me, though unseen, My ev-er-pres-ent Saviour.
 It leads me onward to the throne, Oh, there I'll see my Saviour!



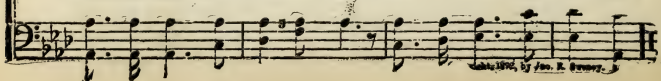
CHORUS.



Golden sunbeams 'round me play, Je-sus turns my night to day,



Heav-en seems not far a-way, Since I found my Saviour.



A. B. S.

Rev. A. B. SIMPSON.

1. There's a ques - tion God is - ask - ing Ev - 'ry con - science in His sight,
 2. Is there a - ny - thing un - ho - ly Thou art hid - ing from the light?
 3. Should the sum - mons come to meet Him Ere shall end this ve - ry night,

Let it search thine in - most be - ing, — "Is it right with God, all right?"
 Is there a - ny sin - ful se - cret, Is it right with God, all right?
 Would He find thy house in or - der, Is it right with God, all right?

CHORUS.

Is it right with God, my broth - er, Is it right, all right, with God?

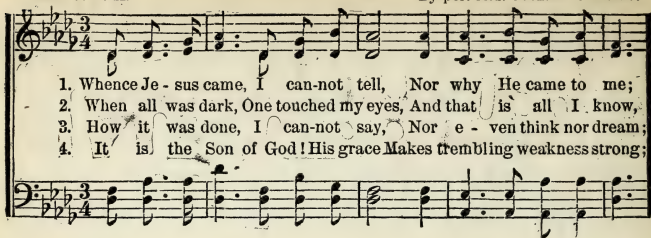
Are you read - y should He come to - day, Is it right, all right, with God?

4 Are you waiting for His coming
 With your lamps all trimm'd and bright?
 Are your garments pure and spotless?
 Is it right with God, all right?

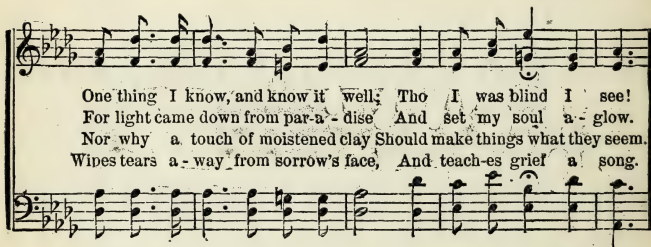
5 He, who asks the searching question,
 Waits to cleanse thee with His blood,
 Let Him search thee, let Him cleanse thee,
 Make it right, all right, with God.

Mrs. J. F. K.

By per. Mrs. JOSEPH F. KNAPP.

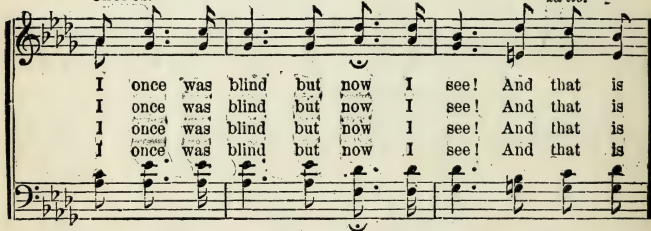


1. Whence Je - sus came, I can-not tell, Nor why He came to me;
 2. When all was dark, One touched my eyes, And that is all I know,
 3. How it was done, I can-not say, Nor e - ven think nor dream;
 4. It is the Son of God! His grace Makes trembling weakness strong;



One thing I know, and know it well, Tho I was blind I see!
 For light came down from par-a - dise And set my soul a - glow.
 Nor why a touch of moistened clay Should make things what they seem.
 Wipes tears a - way from sorrow's face, And teach-es grief a song.

CHORUS.

ad lib.


I once was blind but now I see! And that is
 I once was blind but now I see! And that is
 I once was blind but now I see! And that is
 I once was blind but now I see! And that is



news e - nough for me, And that is news e-nough for me.
 light e - nough for me, And that is light e-nough for me.
 truth e - nough for me, And that is truth e-nough for me.
 joy e - nough for me, And that is joy e-nough for me.

No. 31.

Jesus is Looking for Thee.

M. A.

MAY AGNEW.

1. Ma - ny a year thou hast wan - der'd Blind - ly and care - less - ly on,
2. Think of thy youth, o'er it pon - der, Trace thence the path thou hast trod;
3. Spurn not His of - fers of bless - ing, Wel - come Him in - to thy heart;

Grasp-ing each earth-ly de-lu-sion, Find-ing its plea-sures all gone;
See how each step of the jour-ney Has borne you furth-er from God;
Long He has sought to ob-tain it, Wait-ed sweet peace to im-part;

Rest-less and wea-ry with-in, ... Long-ing from sin to be free;
 Yet in His won-der-ful love, .. Show-ing His mer-cy so free,
 Might-y His love-be-yond mea-sure, Great-er than this could not be;

rit.

Sweet is the mes-sage to - day,... Je - sus is look - ing for thee.
Seek - ing to save and to bless,... Je - sus is look - ing for thee.
Heav - en the won - der is tell - ing, Je - sus is look - ing for thee.

CHORUS.

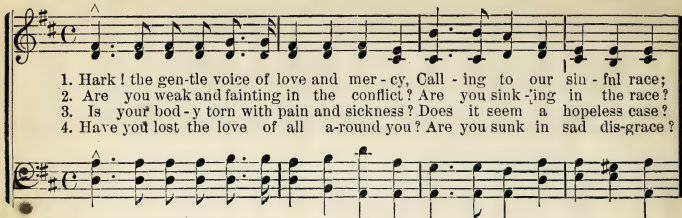
Je-sus is look-ing for thee,..... Je-sus is look-ing for thee;.....
is looking for thee, is looking for thee;

The musical score is for a chorus and consists of two staves. The top staff is in treble clef with a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat). The bottom staff is in bass clef with the same key signature. The melody is written on the top staff, and the accompaniment is written on the bottom staff. The lyrics are written below the top staff. The music is in 4/4 time. The chorus begins with a four-measure phrase: 'Je-sus is look-ing for thee,.....'. This is followed by an eight-measure phrase: 'Je-sus is look-ing for thee;.....'. The final two measures of the chorus are: 'is looking for thee, is looking for thee;'. The music ends with a double bar line.

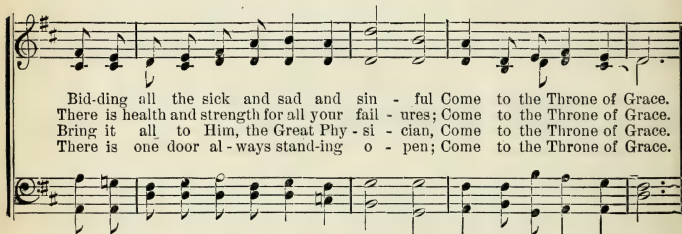
Sweet is the mes-sage to - day,.... Je-sus is look-ing for thee.....
 is looking for thee.

A. B. S.

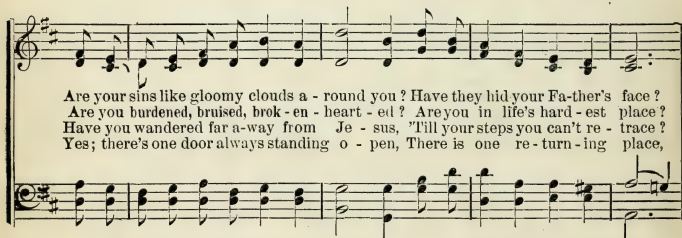
Rev. A. B. SIMPSON.



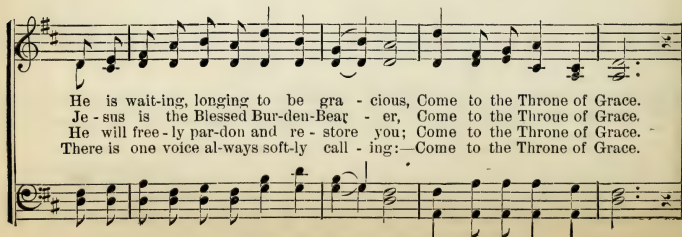
1. Hark! the gen-tle voice of love and mer-cy, Call-ing to our sin-ful race;
 2. Are you weak and fainting in the conflict? Are you sink-ing in the race?
 3. Is your bod-y torn with pain and sickness? Does it seem a hopeless case?
 4. Have you lost the love of all a-round you? Are you sunk in sad dis-grace?



Bid-ding all the sick and sad and sin-ful Come to the Throne of Grace.
 There is health and strength for all your fail-ures; Come to the Throne of Grace.
 Bring it all to Him, the Great Phy-si-cian, Come to the Throne of Grace.
 There is one door al-ways stand-ing o-pen; Come to the Throne of Grace.



Are your sins like gloomy clouds a-round you? Have they hid your Fa-ther's face?
 Are you burdened, bruised, brok-en-heart-ed? Are you in life's hard-est place?
 Have you wandered far a-way from Je-sus, 'Till your steps you can't re-trace?
 Yes; there's one door always standing o-pen, There is one re-turn-ing place,



He is wait-ing, longing to be gra-cious, Come to the Throne of Grace.
 Je-sus is the Blessed Bur-den-Bear-er, Come to the Throne of Grace.
 He will free-ly par-don and re-store you; Come to the Throne of Grace.
 There is one voice al-ways soft-ly call-ing:—Come to the Throne of Grace.

Come To the Throne of Grace. Concluded.

CHORUS.

Come to the Throne of Grace, (just now,) Bold - ly, be not a - fraid, (not afraid,)

There is mer - cy, boundless mer - cy, And grace for time - ly aid.

No. 33.

Like Sheep We Went Astray.

WATTS.

Slow.

1. Like sheep we went a - stray, And broke the fold of God;
 2. How dread - ful was the hour, When God our wand - rings laid,
 3. How glo - rious was the grace When Christ sus - tained the stroke;
 4. His hon - or and His breath Were ta - ken both a - way;

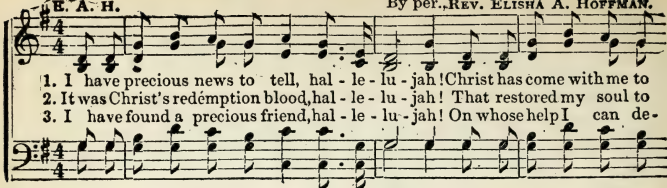
Each wand - ring in a diff - rent way, But all the down - ward road.
 And did at once His ven - geance pour Up - on the Shepherd's head.
 His life and blood the Shep - herd pays. A ran - som for the flock.
 Joined with the wick - ed in His death And made as vile as they.

5 But God shall raise His head
 O'er sons of men to reign,
 And make Him see a numerous seed
 To recompense His pain.

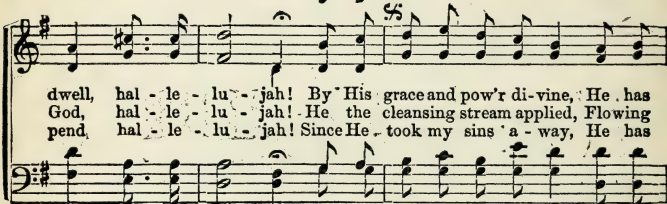
6 "I'll give Him," saith the Lord,
 "A portion with the strong,
 He shall possess a large reward,
 And hold His honors long."

E. A. H.

By per., REV. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

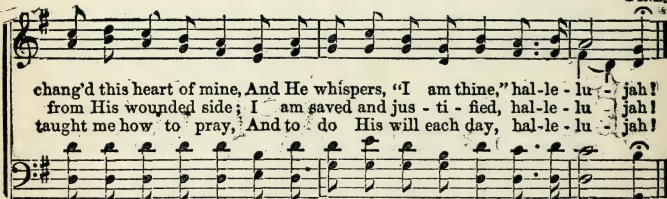


1. I have precious news to tell, hal - le - lu - jah! Christ has come with me to
 2. It was Christ's redemption blood, hal - le - lu - jah! That restored my soul to
 3. I have found a precious friend, hal - le - lu - jah! On whose help I can de-



dwel, hal - le - lu - jah! By His grace and pow'r di-vine, He has
 God, hal - le - lu - jah! He the cleansing stream applied, Flowing
 pend, hal - le - lu - jah! Since He took my sins a-way, He has

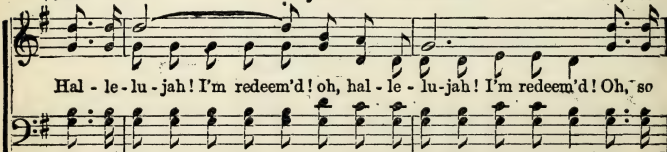
D.S. ioic - ing night and day, As I
 FINE.



chang'd this heart of mine, And He whispers, "I am thine," hal - le - lu - jah!
 from His wounded side; I am saved and jus - ti - fied, hal - le - lu - jah!
 taught me how to pray, And to do His will each day, hal - le - lu - jah!

walk the nar-row way, For He wash'd my sins a-way, hal - le - lu - jah!
 CHORUS.

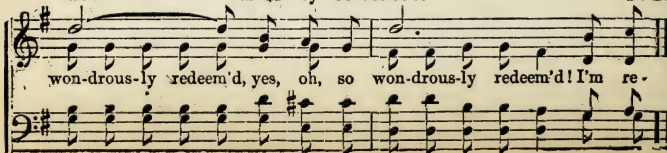
Hal - le - lu - - - - - jah! I'm re-deemed! Oh, so



Hal - le - lu - jah! I'm redeem'd! oh, hal - le - lu - jah! I'm redeem'd! Oh, so

won - - - - - drous - ly re-deemed!

D. S.



won-drous-ly redeem'd, yes, oh, so won-drous-ly redeem'd! I'm re-

ANON.

Rev. A. B. SIMPSON.

1. I was wand'ring, sad and wea-ry, When the Sav-iour came un - to me;
 2. At the first I would not hearken, Put it off un - til the mor-row,
 3. Then at last I stopped to list - en, For His voice could ne'er deceive me,

For the paths of sin were dreary, And the world had ceased to woo me;
 Till the day be-gan to dark-en And my heart grew sick with sor-row;
 And I saw His kind eye glis-ten, Look - ing, long-ing to re - lieve me;

p
 And I thought I heard Him say, As He came a - long the way:—
 Then I thought I heard Him say, As He came a - long the way:—
 Then I knew I heard Him say, As He came a - long the way:—

Wand'ring souls, oh, do come near Me, My sheep should nev - er fear me,

I am the Shep-herd true, I am the Shep - herd true.

mp Moderato.

1. I hear my dy - ing Sav-our say, "Fol - low me,.... Come fol - low

mp

Me!" His voice is call - ing all the day, "Fol - low

mf

Me,.... come, fol - low Me!" For thee I tread the bit - ter way,

For thee I give my life a - way, And drink the gall thy

*rit.**p lento.*

debt to pay, "Fol - low Me,..... come, fol - low Me!"

Follow Me. Concluded.

CHORUS. mp

I'll fol - low Thee,..... of life the giv - er,

cres. Thee,.....

I'll fol - low Thee, I'll fol - low Thee, suff-'ring Re - deem - er ;

mf

I'll fol - low Thee,..... de - ny Thee nev - er,

grace,.....

By Thy grace, by Thy grace, I'll fol - low Thee.

2 Though thou hast sinned, I've pardoned thee,
Follow Me! come, follow Me!
From inbred sin I'll set thee free,
Follow Me! come, follow Me!
In all thy changing life I'll be
Thy God and Guide o'er land and sea
Thy bliss through all eternity,
Follow Me! come, follow Me!

3 Bring unto Me thy many cares,
Follow Me! come, follow Me!
Thy heavy load My arm upbears,
Follow Me! come, follow Me!
Lean on My breast, dismiss thy fears,
And trust Me through the future years,
My hand shall wipe away thy tears,
Follow Me! come, follow Me!

W. M.

By per., W. MACOMBER.

1. Out on life's o-ccean storm-y and deep, Seek-ing the port where gales never sweep,
 2. Sa - tan has ma-n-y lights to allure Souls who would enter Heav'n's refuge sure;
 3. Many a frail bark on rock has he tossed, Ru-ined for - ev - er, fear-ful the cost;
 4. Safe in the har-bor loy'd ones will greet. Hearts all u-ni-ted, fel-low-ship sweet;

Dan-gers are near thee, Dark is the night, Broth-er, take heed, Do n't miss the light.
 High - er a-bove them mercy shines bright, Brother, take heed, Do n't miss the light.
 s't to the warn-ing mes-sage of right, Broth-er, take heed. Do n't miss the light.
 Je - sus is wait-ing, glo-ri-ous sight, Broth-er, take heed, Do n't miss the light.

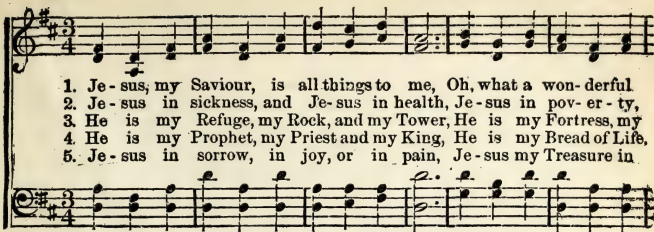
CHORUS.

Don't you miss the light, Broth-er, Don't you miss the light; 'T will

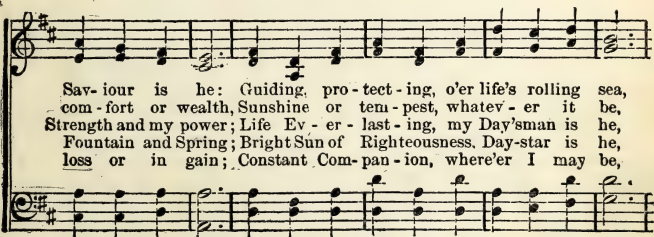
guide you safe in the har-bor. Oh, don't you miss the light.

W. K.

By per., Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.



1. Je - sus, my Saviour, is all things to me, Oh, what a won - derful
 2. Je - sus in sickness, and Je - sus in health, Je - sus in pov - er - ty,
 3. He is my Refuge, my Rock, and my Tower, He is my Fortress, my
 4. He is my Prophet, my Priest and my King, He is my Bread of Life,
 5. Je - sus in sorrow, in joy, or in pain, Je - sus my Treasure in

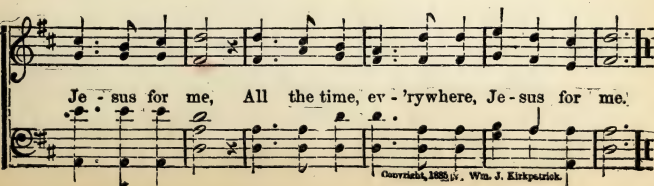


Sav - iour is he: Guiding, pro - tect - ing, o'er life's rolling sea,
 com - fort or wealth, Sunshine or tem - pest, what - ev - er it be,
 Strength and my power; Life Ev - er - last - ing, my Day'sman is he,
 Fountain and Spring; Bright Sun of Righteousness, Day-star is he,
 loss or in gain; Constant Com - pan - ion, where'er I may be,

CHORUS.



Might - y De - liv' - rer— Je - sus for me. Je - sus for me,
 He is my safe - ty— Je - sus for me.
 Bless - ed Re - deem - er— Je - sus for me.
 Horn of Sal - va - tion— Je - sus for me.
 Liv - ing or dy - ing— Je - sus for me!



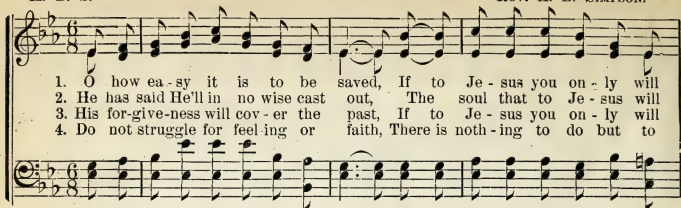
Je - sus for me, All the time, ev - 'rywhere, Je - sus for me.

Copyright, 1886, by Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

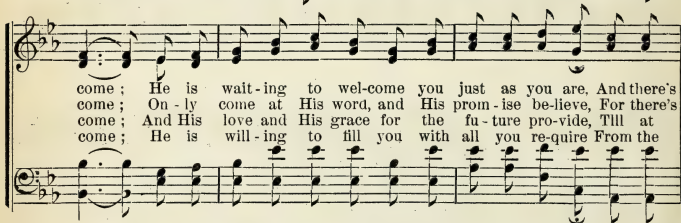
No. 39. There is Nothing to Do but to Come.

A. B. S.

Rev. A. B. SIMPSON.




1. O how ea-sy it is to be saved, If to Je-sus you on-ly will
 2. He has said He'll in no wise cast out, The soul that to Je-sus will
 3. His for-give-ness will cov-er the past, If to Je-sus you on-ly will
 4. Do not struggle for feel-ing or faith, There is noth-ing to do but to

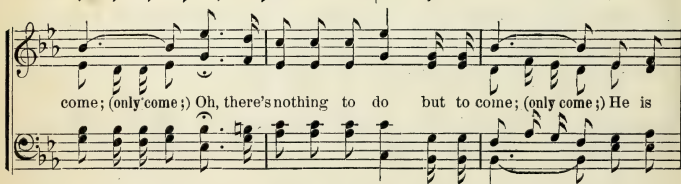


come; He is wait-ing to wel-come you just as you are, And there's
 come; On-ly come at His word, and His prom-ise be-lieve, For there's
 come; And His love and His grace for the fu-ture pro-vide, Till at
 come; He is will-ing to fill you with all you re-quire From the

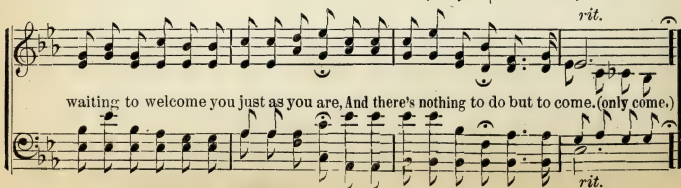
CHORUS.



noth-ing to do but to come.) Oh, there's noth-ing to do but to
 noth-ing to do but to come.)
 last to His glo-ry you come.)
 mo-ment to Je-sus you come.)



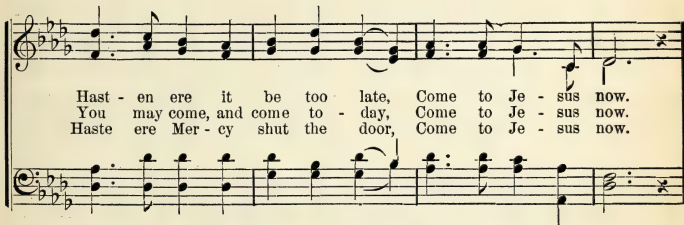
come; (only come;) Oh, there's nothing to do but to come; (only come;) He is



waiting to welcome you just as you are, And there's nothing to do but to come. (only come.)

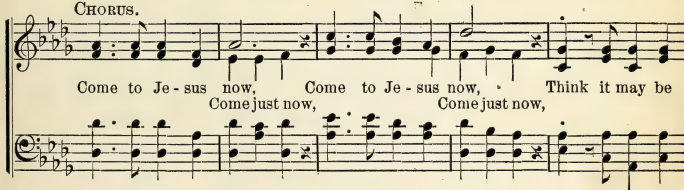


1. Lin - g'ring soul at Mer - cy's gate; Why wilt thou for - ev - er wait?
 2. Why, oh, why, will you de - lay? Christ is here to point the way;
 3. Lin - g'ring soul, de - lay no more, Haste ere life's brief hour is o'er;

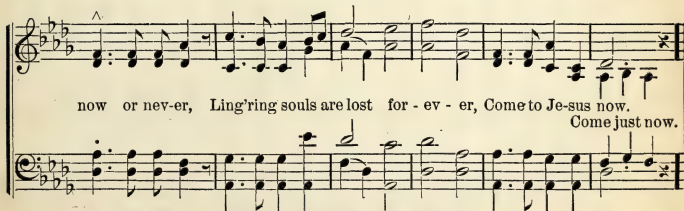


Hast - en ere it be too late, Come to Je - sus now.
 You may come, and come to - day, Come to Je - sus now.
 Haste ere Mer - cy shut the door, Come to Je - sus now.

CHORUS.



Come to Je - sus now, Come to Je - sus now, Think it may be
 Come just now, Come just now, Come just now,



now or nev - er, Ling'ring souls are lost for - ev - er, Come to Je - sus now.
 Come just now.

Copyright, 1897, by A. B. Simpson.

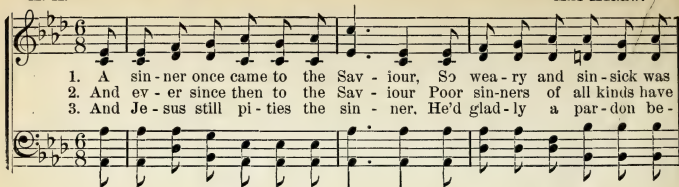
There is Nothing to Do but to Come. Concluded.

- 5 It is not the coming that saves,
 But the Christ to whose mercy you come.
 Then come unto Him, He is waiting for thee,
 And there's nothing to do but to come.
- 6 Oh, how easy it is to be saved!
 There is nothing to do but to come;
 But how fearful if thou after all should'st be
 lost,
 When there's nothing to do but to come.

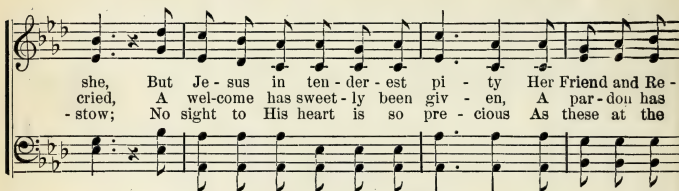
No. 41. A Sinner Once Came to the Saviour.

M. A.

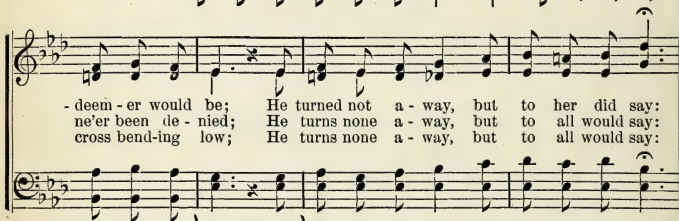
MAY AGNEW.



1. A sin-ner once came to the Sav- iour, So wea-ry and sin- sick was
 2. And ev- er since then to the Sav- iour Poor sin-ners of all kinds have
 3. And Je- sus still pi- ties the sin- ner, He'd glad-ly a par- don be-

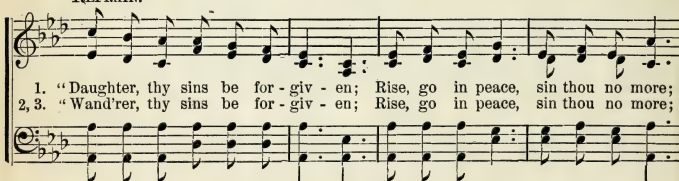


she, But Je- sus in ten- der- est pi- ty Her Friend and Re-
 - cried, A wel- come has sweet- ly been giv- en, A par- don has
 - stow; No sight to His heart is so pre- cious As these at the



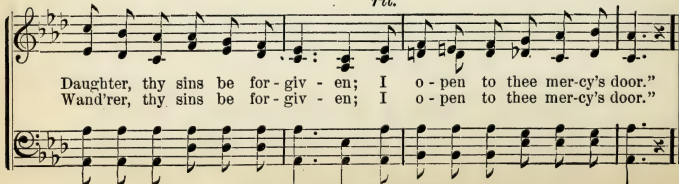
- deem- er would be; He turned not a- way, but to her did say:
 ne'er been de- nied; He turns none a- way, but to all would say:
 cross bend- ing low; He turns none a- way, but to all would say:

REFRAIN.



1. "Daughter, thy sins be for- giv- en; Rise, go in peace, sin thou no more;
 2, 3. "Wand'r'er, thy sins be for- giv- en; Rise, go in peace, sin thou no more;

rit.



Daughter, thy sins be for- giv- en; I o- pen to thee mer- cy's door."
 Wand'r'er, thy sins be for- giv- en; I o- pen to thee mer- cy's door."

PASSION CHORALE, 7s. 6s.

J. S. BACH.

O sa - cred Head once wound - ed, With grief and shame bow'd down,
 Now, scorn - ful - ly, sur - round - ed With thorns, Thine on - ly crown:
 O sa - cred Head, what glo - ry, What bliss till now was Thine!
 Yes, tho' des - pised and go - ry, I joy to - call Thee mine: A-men.

What Thou, my Lord, hast suffered,
 Was all for sinners' gain;
 Mine, mine was the transgression,
 But Thine the deadly pain:
 Lo, here I fall, my Saviour!
 'Tis I deserve Thy place;
 Loo... on me with Thy favor,
 Vouchsafe to me Thy grace.

What language shall I borrow
 To thank Thee, dearest Friend,
 For this Thy dying sorrow,
 Thy pity without end?
 O make me Thine for ever;
 And should I fainting be,
 Lord, let me never, never
 Outlive my love for Thee.

Be near me when I'm dying,
 O show Thy cross to me;
 And to my succor flying
 Come, Lord, and set me free.
 These eyes, new faith receiving,
 From Jesus shall not move;
 For he, who dies believing,
 Dies safely through Thy love.

No. 43.

I Came to Jesus?

CECILIA.

THOMAS J. RAYNER.

Andante dolce.

1. I heard the voice of Je - sus say, "Come un - to Me, and rest,
 2. I heard the voice of Je - sus say, "Be - hold, I free - ly give
 3. I heard the voice of Je - sus say, "I am this dark world's Light:

Lay down, thou wea - ry one, lay down Thy head up - on my breast."
 The liv - ing wa - ter—thirs - ty one, Stoop down, and drink and live."
 Look un - to Me, thy morn shall rise, And all thy day be bright."

allegro. I came to Je - sus as I was Wea - ry, and worn, and sad;
 I came to Je - sus, and I drank Of that life - giv - ing stream:
 I looked to Je - sus, and I found In Him my Star, my Sun;

rit.

a tempo. I found in Him a rest - ing place, And He has made me lad.
 My thirst was quenched, my soul re - vived, And now I live in Him.
 And in that Light of Life I'll walk, 'Till trav - ling days are done.

Copyright, by Thomas J. Rayner.

No. 44. Salvation! Oh, The Joyful Sound.

1 Salvation!—oh, the joyful sound!
 'Tis pleasure to our ears;
 A sovereign balm for every wound,
 A cordial for our fears.

2 Buried in sorrow and in sin,
 At hell's dark door we lay;—

But we rise by grace divine,
 To see a heavenly day.

3 Salvation!—let the echo fly
 The spacious earth around;
 While the armies of the sky
 Conspire to raise the sound.

H. R. PALMER. By per.

1. When I sur-vey..... the wondrous cross..... On which the
2. On Calv'ry's brow..... my Sav - ior died..... 'Twas there my
3. See, from his head,..... his hands, his feet,..... Sor-row and

Prince..... of glo - ry died,..... My richest gain I count but
 Lord..... was cru-ci - fied..... 'Twas on the cross..... he bled for
 love..... flow mingled down,..... Did e'er such love..... and sorrow

loss,..... And pour con-tempt..... on all my pride.....
 me,..... And purchased there..... my par-don free.....
 meet,..... Or thorns compose..... so rich a crown.....

CHORUS.

O Cal - va - ry! dear Cal - va - ry! My long-ing heart is turned to thee;

O Cal - va - ry! dear Cal - va - ry! Speak to my heart from Calvary.

A. B. S.

Rev. A. B. SIMPSON.

Andante con moto.

1. Je - sus is standing in Pi-late's hall, Friendless, for-sak-en, be-trayed by all;
 2. Je - sus is standing on tri - al still; You can be false to Him if you will;
 3. Will you e-vade Him as Pi - late tried? Or shall you choose Him what-e'er be-tide?

Hark-en, what meaneth the sud-den call— What will you do with Je - sus?
 You can be faith-ful thro' good or ill— What will you do with Je - sus?
 Vain-ly you strug-gle from Him to hide— What will you do with Je - sus?

CHORUS.

Earnestly.

with Je - - sus,

What will you do? What will you do? Neu-tral you can - not be.....
 can-not be.

What will He do with me.....

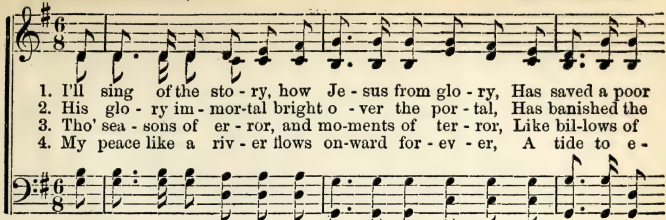
ritard.
 Someday your heart will be ask - ing, What will He do? What will He do?
ritardando.

4 Shall you like Peter, your Lord deny?
 Or shall you scorn from His foes to fly?
 Daring for Jesus to live or die—
 What will you do with Jesus?

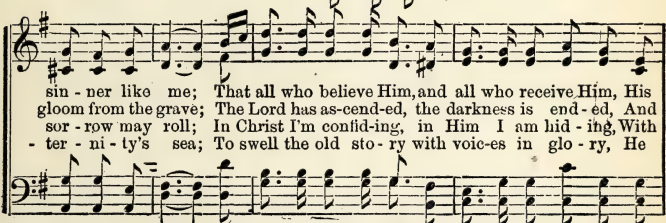
5 "Jesus, I give Thee my heart to-day;
 Jesus, I'll follow Thee all the way.
 Gladly obeying Him, will you say—
 "This will I do with Jesus."

Rev. JOHN O. FOSTER, A. M.

GRACE I. FOSTER.

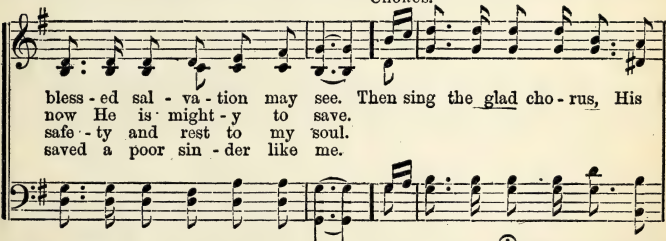


1. I'll sing of the sto - ry, how Je - sus from glo - ry, Has saved a poor
 2. His glo - ry im - mor - tal bright o - ver the por - tal, Has banished the
 3. Tho' sea - sons of er - ror, and mo - ments of ter - ror, Like bil - lows of
 4. My peace like a riv - er flows on - ward for - ev - er, A tide to e -

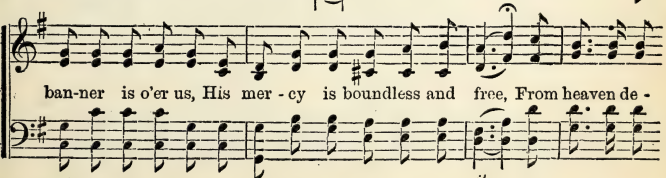


sin - ner like me; That all who believe Him, and all who receive Him, His
 gloom from the grave; The Lord has as - cend - ed, the darkness is end - ed, And
 sor - row may roll; In Christ I'm confid - ing, in Him I am hid - ing, With
 - ter - ni - ty's sea; To swell the old sto - ry with voic - es in glo - ry, He

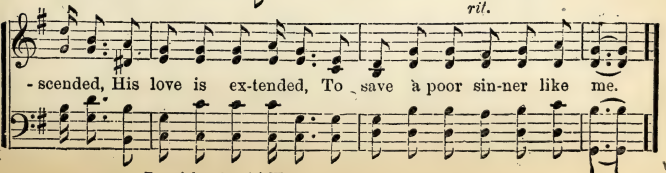
CHORUS.



bless - ed sal - va - tion may see. Then sing the glad cho - rus, His
 now He is might - y to save.
 safe - ty and rest to my soul.
 saved a poor sin - der like me.



ban - ner is o'er us, His mer - cy is boundless and free, From heaven de -

rit.


- scended, His love is ex - tended, To save a poor sin - ner like me.

No. 48.

Grieve Not the Spirit.

J. W. H.

J. W. HOLTON.

1. The Spir - it, O sin - ner, is call - ing thee home,
 2. Long hast thou wan - dered in dark - ness and sin,
 3. Oh, come to the Sav - iour, He's wait - ing for thee,

Ten - der - ly call - ing,.... call - ing to - day;....
 Seek - ing in' plea - sure.... con - science to - drown;
 Taste the sal - va - tion.... of - fered to - day;....

He gent - - ly en - treats you no long - - er to roam,
 O heed the still voice that is striv - ing with - in,
 Sweet peace it will bring, and from sin make you free,

O, - hear His sweet voice and o - bey.....
 Ac - cept now the cross and its crown.....
 O, grieve not the Spir - - it a - way.....

Grieve Not the Spirit. Concluded.

REFRAIN.

Call - ing thee home, no more to roam,.....
call-ing thee home, yes, no more to roam,

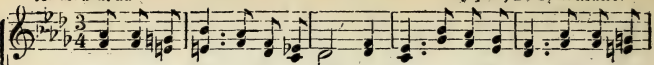
Ten - der - ly call - ing to - day.....
yes, ten - der - ly call - ing to - day.

Yield to His voice, and make heav'n your choice,.....
to His voice, yes, make heav'n your choice,

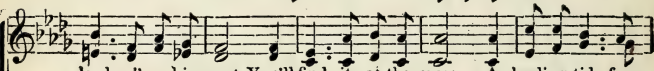
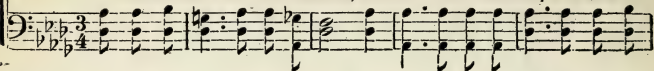
O, grieve not the Spir - it.... a - way.....
O, grieve not the Spir-it a - way.

A. M. DUEL.

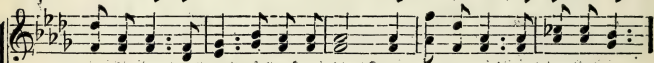
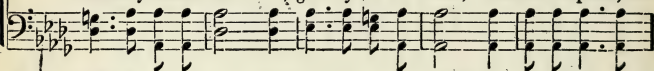
By per., D. C. WRIGHT.



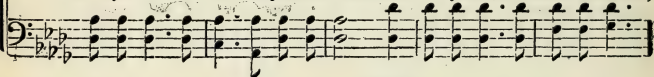
1. Come, weary soul, by sin oppress'd, Nor wait and suffer loss; Come, "heavy
2. One prayer a-lone is all you need, "Lord, save a sinner lost;" One mer-it
3. I came be-neath my load of sin, I fear'd my soul was lost; The blessed
4. I live beneath the Saviour's smile, And seek to save the lost; And feed on



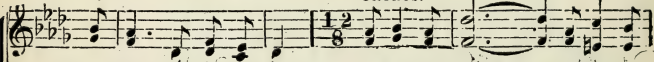
la-den," seeking rest, You'll find it at the cross. A healing tide from
on-ly may you plead—The mer-it of the cross; His pow'r alone, your
Saviour took me in, And sav'd me at the cross; His word each day, I
heavenly manna while I glo-ry in the cross; His word I'll plead, for



Cal vary's side, Is flow-ing for the lost; For sinful bane and guilt-y stain,
heart of stone, Can melt and burn its dross, And give you peace and sweet release,
now o-bey, And count all things but loss, For joy divine, that He is mine,
ev-ery need, His blood has paid the cost; He saves my soul, and makes me whole,



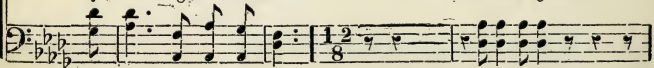
CHORUS.



There's cleansing at the cross.
By kneeling at the cross.
Thro' par-don at the cross.
By trust-ing in the cross.

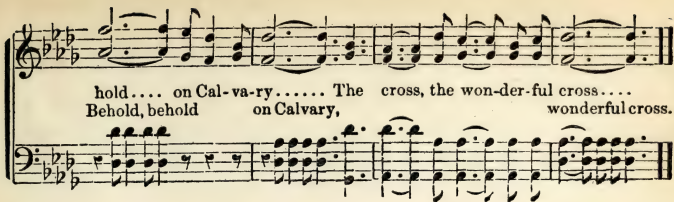
A cleansing tide..... by faith I

A cleansing tide!



see,..... From Je-sus' side... is flowing free..... Behold, be-
by faith I see, From Jesus' side is flowing free.





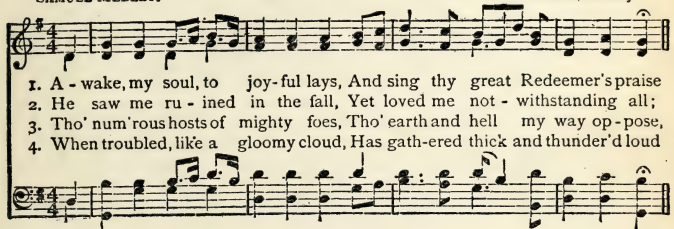
hold.... on Cal-va-ry..... The cross, the won-der-ful cross....
Behold, behold on Calvary, wonderful cross.

No. 50.

Loving Kindness.

SAMUEL MEDLEY.

Western Melody.



1. A - wake, my soul, to joy-ful lays, And sing thy great Redeemer's praise
2. He saw me ru - ined in the fall, Yet loved me not - withstanding all;
3. Tho' num'rous hosts of mighty foes, Tho' earth and hell my way op - pose,
4. When troubled, like a gloomy cloud, Has gath-ered thick and thunder'd loud



He just-ly claims a song from me, His lov - ing - kind - ness, oh, how free!
He saved me from my lost es - tate, His lov - ing - kind - ness, oh, how great!
He safe-ly leads my soul a - long, His lov - ing - kind - ness, oh, how strong!
He near my soul has al-ways stood, His lov - ing - kind - ness, oh, how good!



Lov-ing - kindness, lov - ing - kindness, His lov - ing - kind-ness, oh, how free!
Lov-ing - kindness, lov - ing - kindness, His lov - ing - kind-ness, oh, how great!
Lov-ing - kindness, lov - ing - kindness, His lov - ing - kind-ness, oh, how strong!
Lov-ing - kindness, lov - ing - kindness, His lov - ing - kind-ness, oh, how good!

No. 51.

The Three Bidders for the Soul.

B. C.

B. COLLIER.

mp Moderato.

1. In bright an-gel-ic garb ap-pear-ing, With words so seem-ing-ly di-

cres.

-vine,.... In ac-cents sub-tle and en-dear-ing, The Temp-ter

bids thee to his shrine. "I of-fer thee..... earth's brightest

"I of-fer thee

trea-sure, A sun-ny sky,..... a smil-ing

A sun-ny sky,

sea,..... A brimming cup..... of sweet-est

a smil-ing sea,

A brim-ming cup

The Three Bidders for the Soul. Concluded.

[illegible]

f CHORUS. *a tempo.*

Choose ye to-day, 'tis the Spir - it's plead - ing voice; Choose ye to -

The image shows a musical score for a chorus. It consists of two staves, a treble staff and a bass staff, both in the key of B-flat major (two flats) and 4/4 time. The tempo is marked 'a tempo' and the dynamics are 'f' (forte). The lyrics are 'Choose ye to-day, 'tis the Spir - it's plead - ing voice; Choose ye to -'. The melody is simple and hymn-like, with a mix of eighth and quarter notes. The bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes.

- day, make the Sav-our now your choice; Je - sus a - lone can your

craving heart re-joice, Choose ye to-day ere the Spir-it pass a-way.

- 2 The *World* with manifold attractions,
Is also bidding for thy soul;
“O give me now thy heart's affections,
I'll bring thee to thy cherished goal.
Is wealth and glory thy ambition?
Is it to fame thou dost aspire?
If thou wilt close with my condition,
I'll give thee all thy heart's desire.”

- 3 One Bidder more thy choice is waiting,
He yearns, He claims thee as His own!
"Child of My heart, why hesitating?
For thee I left the Father's throne.

For thee I trod the path of anguish,
For thee endured the crown of thorn,
Thro' death and darkness I did languish
To bring to thee a brighter dawn."

- 4 **Thou bleeding Lamb, Thy love has broken**
 This stony heart, my choice is made;
 The deed is done, Thy Blood the token,
 My all is on Thine altar laid;
 The *Tempter's* snare, the *World's* alluring,
 Shall never draw me from Thy side,
 Henceforth for Thee the worst enduring,
 I'll dwell beneath Thy riven side.

No. 52.

Jesus Is Tenderly Pleading.

A. S.

ANNA SIMPSON.

TENOR. *Very effective if played by Violin or Cornet.*

SOPRANO.

1. Je - sus is ten - der - ly plead - ing to - day, O wea - ry sin - ner why
 2. Je - sus has knocked and so oft been de - nied, See, He stands waiting with

turn you a - way? Great is His of - fer, ac - cept it I pray,
 sword-pierc-ed side, Oft He has striv - en tho' you have de - fied;

CHORUS.

Now it is yours, pre - cious soul, don't de - lay. } List, how He knocks,
 Wait not, dear soul, let Him in to a - bide. }

hear while He pleads, O - pen ere it is too late

O - pen He stands at the gate..... Wait - ing to hear,

Jesus Is Tenderly Pleading. Concluded.

rit.

“En - ter Lord here,” Oh! how His heart for you bleeds....

This block contains the musical score for the first part of the hymn. It features a treble and bass staff in G major. The melody is marked 'rit.' and includes a long note with a fermata. The lyrics are written below the staff.

No. 53.

Redeeming Love.

J. A. C.

Judge THOS. E. LOWE.

Moderato.

1. Re-deeming Love! Re-deeming Love! This is the theme of Saints above;
2. The an-gel hosts all wond'ring see, But fail to solve the mys-tery;
3. And here on earth the pow'r is giv'n, To sing this sweet-est song of heav'n;
4. Oh, shout a-loud, ye sons of men! Tell the glad tid-ings o'er a-gain;

This block contains the musical score for the second part of the hymn. It features a treble and bass staff in G major. The tempo is marked 'Moderato.' and includes a list of four verses. The melody is marked 'rit.' at the end.

rit.

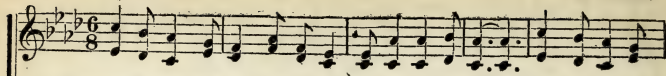
Ar-ray'd in heav'n's own spotless white; Chant they this song with pure de-light.
They hear en-tranced, this no-ble song, Of souls re-deemed, a migh-ty throng.
And our poor voic-es e'en to raise, In notes of loud and joy-ous praise.
Oh, earth be-low, oh, heav'n a-bove, Sing ye the song, Re-deem-ing Love.

This block contains the musical score for the third part of the hymn. It features a treble and bass staff in G major. The tempo is marked 'rit.' and includes a list of four verses. The melody is marked 'rit.' at the end.

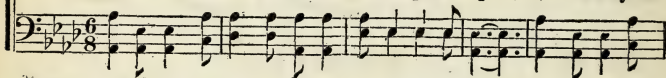
CHORUS. *slowly.* *ritard.*

Re - deem - ing Love, Re - deem-ing Love, Re - deem - ing Love.

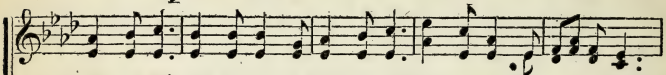
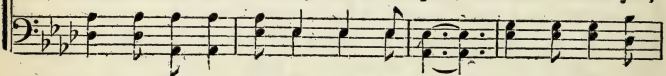
This block contains the musical score for the chorus of the hymn. It features a treble and bass staff in G major. The tempo is marked 'slowly.' and 'ritard.' and includes the chorus text.



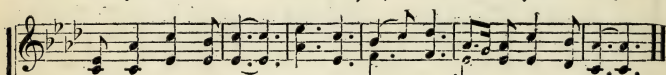
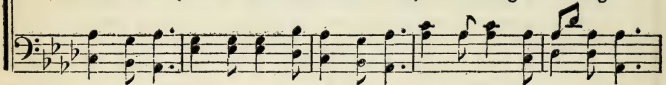
1. Thousands stand to-day in sorrow, Waiting at the pool; Saying they will
2. Souls, your filthy garments wearing, Waiting at the pool; Hearts, your heavy
3. Thousands once were standing near you, Waiting at the pool; Come their voices
4. Mother leaves the son, the daughter, Waiting at the pool; Calls to them a-
5. Step in boldly—death may smite you, Waiting at the pool; Je - sus may no



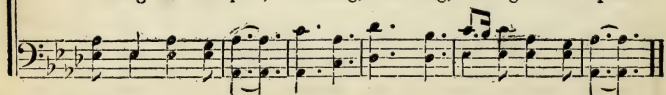
wash to - morrow, Waiting at the pool; Oth - ers step in
 bur - den bearing, Waiting at the pool; Can it be you
 back to cheer you, Waiting at the pool; Back from Canaan's
 cross the wa - ter, Waiting at the pool; You can nev - er
 more in - vite you, Waiting at the pool; Faith is near you,

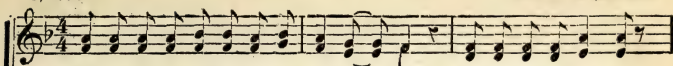


left and right, Wash their stained garments white, Leaving you in sorrow's night,
 never heard, Jesus long a - go hath stirred The waters with His mighty word,
 happy shore, Sorrows past and labor o'er, Where they stand in tears no more,
 more embrace Mother, or behold her face, If you keep the sinner's place,
 take her hand, Seek with her the better land, And no longer doubting stand

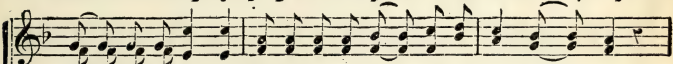
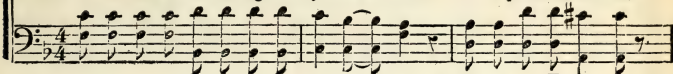


Waiting at the pool, Waiting, wait - ing, waiting at the pool.

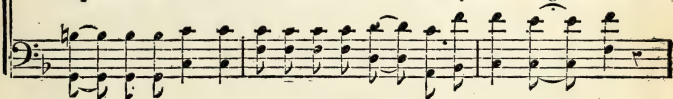




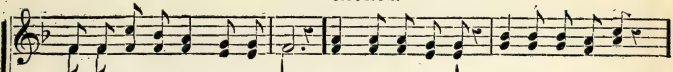
1. Yesterday I wander'd in the paths of sin, Danger all around me,
2. To-day I'm standing asking, oh, what shall I do? Sorrow overwhelms me,
3. To-morrow I'm dreading, for my foes will assail, E - vil passions in me,



Death straight before me; Yesterday the world crazed my soul with its din, —
 Cal - vary constrains me; To-day I'm halting here with forgiveness in view,
 Temp - ters all about me; To-morrow I'm sure all my own strength will fail,



CHORUS.



Mercy sang her sweet notes in vain.

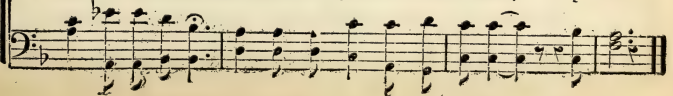
Mercy sings her sweet notes again. Oh! hear her calling, O - ver and o - ver,
 Mercy thou 'alt not sing in vain.

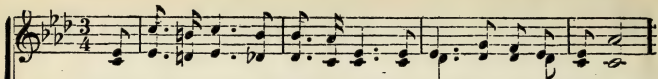


Oh! hear her calling, Lis - ten! be still! I can - not bear to re -

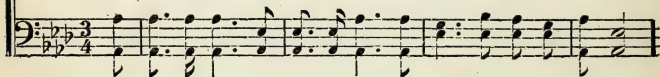


sist a - ny longer, Speak once a - gain and I'll hearken, — I will.

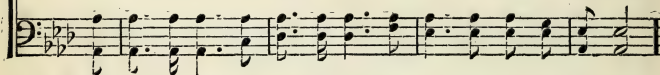




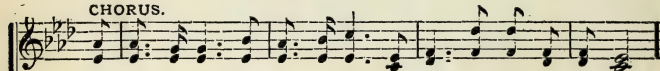
1. Oh, bless the Lord, he cleansed my soul, And filled my lips with singing;
2. He placed my feet up - on the Rock, The on - ly sure foundation;
3. His promise is for "all the days," His love for me is car - ing;
4. Then let me tell the hap - py news To oth - er souls around me;
5. His love is call - ing, seeking still, Come, ev - 'ry burden bringing;



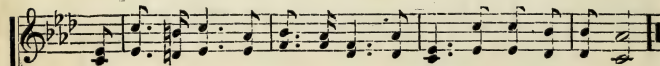
He came in my poor, sin - ful heart, And set the joy-bells ringing.
 He shows me wonders of his grace, The blessings of sal - va - tion.
 While in the "Father's House" above, A mansion he's pre - par - ing.
 I'm safe within the blessed fold, For Je - sus came and found me.
 The touch of Christ within your heart Will set the joy-bells ringing.



CHORUS.



Oh, praise the Lord, he first loved me, I feel new life up - springing;

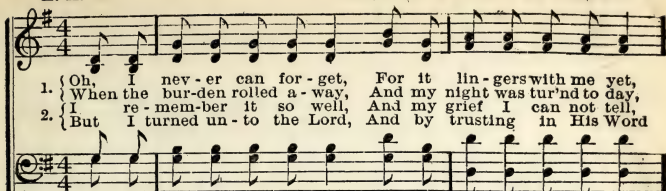


He came in my poor, sin - ful heart, And set the joy-bells ringing.



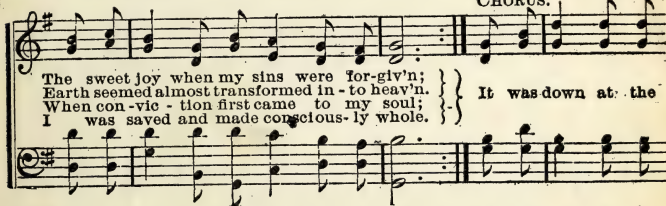
E. A. H.

By per., Rev. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

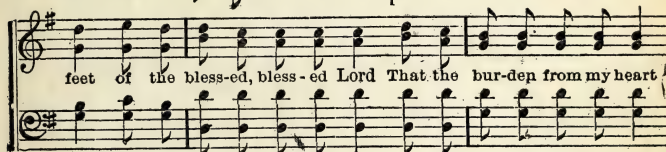


1. { Oh, I nev-er can for-get, For it lin-gers with me yet,
2. { When the bur-den rolled a-way, And my night was tur'nd to day,
3. { I re-mem-ber it so well, And my grief I can not tell,
4. { But I turned un-to the Lord, And by trusting in His Word

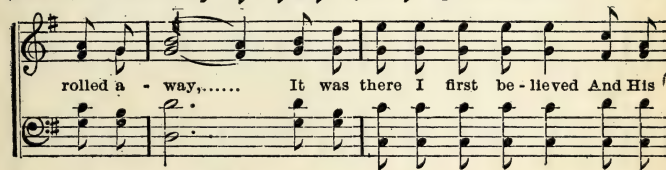
CHORUS.



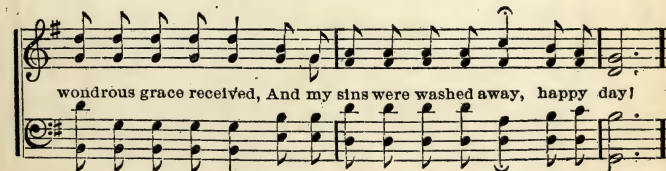
The sweet joy when my sins were for-giv'n;
Earth seemed almost transformed in-to heav'n.
When con-vic-tion first came to my soul;
I was saved and made conscious-ly whole. } It was down at the



feet of the bless-ed, bless-ed Lord That the bur-den from my heart



rolled a-way,..... It was there I first be-lieved And His



wondrous grace received, And my sins were washed away, happy day!

3.
Now my heart is full of song,
Hallelujahs thrill my tongue,
For His love and His goodness I know;
How can I but praise His name,
And His matchless love proclaim, [snow.
Who has washed me as white as the

4.
Brother, burdened with your sin,
Do you long for peace within?
Come to Jesus, your Savior and friend;
Unto Him your sins confess,
He will pardon, save, and bless,
And of sorrow and sin make an end.

1. Come to Je - sus, heart - sick broth - er, Come to - day. Come to-day,
 2. Ev - 'ry sin - spot He is tak - ing All a - way, All a-way;
 3. Bless - ed Je - sus, I will trust Thee, Though Thou slay, Though Thou slay;
 4. Hearts are strung with chords of pleas - ure, On them play, On them play,

He will nev - er cast thee from Him, Ne'er say nay. Ne'er say nay;
 Walk - ing in His ho - ly foot - steps Day by day, Day by day;
 Mould and fash - ion all my be - ing Like the clay, Like the clay;
 Breath of God, di - vin - est meas - ure, Some sweet lay, Some sweet lay;

Broth - er, all thy vain en - deav - or, Doth it pay? Doth it pay?
 Cast - ing all thy care up - on Him, He doth say, He doth say,
 Let me through these days of test - ing Watch and pray, Watch and pray,
 Hard - est toil and heav - y la - bor Seem like play, Seem like play,

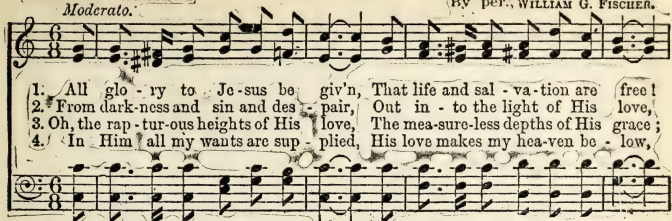
Come to Him, He will up - hold thee, Yes, al - way. Yes, al - way.
 "I am car - ing al - ways for thee, Ev - 'ry day, Ev - 'ry day."
 And to all Thy prov - ing ans - wer, Al - ways, Yea. Al - ways, Yea.
 Cloud - ed skies and drea - ry pros - pects Like a ray. Like a ray.

5 Heavenly strength and health are given
 As my day,
 No assault of fierce temptation
 Can waylay;
 Every sickness, He will take it
 All away,
 He, His strength in hours of weakness
 Will display.

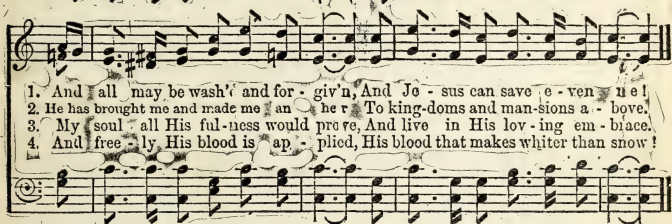
6 Oh! the coming of the Saviour--
 Soon He may,
 And my heart is turning ever
 Up that way.
 Never could these throbbing heart strings
 E'er betray;
 For He's soon and swiftly coming,
 Some sweet day.

(MRS. ANNIE WITTENMYER,
Moderato.)

By PER. WILLIAM G. FISCHER.



1. All glo - ry to Je - sus be - giv'n, That life and sal - va - tion are free!
 2. From dark - ness and sin and des - pair, Out in - to the light of His love,
 3. Oh, the rap - tur - ous heights of His love, The mea - sure - less depths of His grace;
 4. In Him all my wants are sup - plied, His love makes my hea - ven be - low,

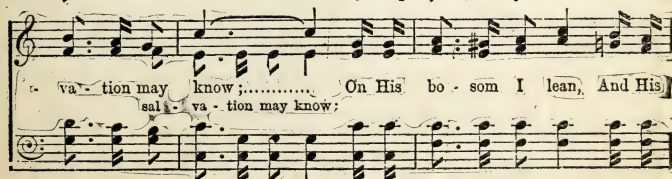


1. And all may be wash' and for - giv'n, And Je - sus can save e - ven me!
 2. He has brought me and made me an - ge - l, To king - doms and man - sions a - bove.
 3. My soul all His ful - ness would prove, And live in His lov - ing em - brace.
 4. And free - ly His blood is ap - plied, His blood that makes whiter than snow!

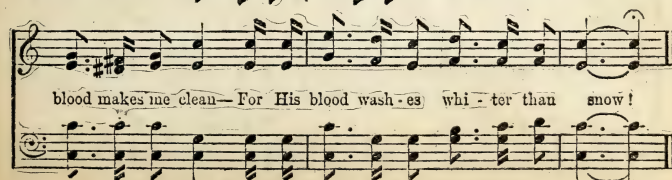
CHORUS.



Yes, Je - sus is migh - ty to save! And all His sal -
 is migh - ty to save!



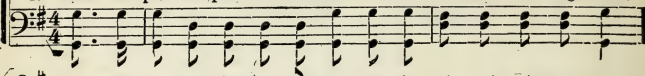
va - tion may know; On His bo - som I lean, And His
 sal - va - tion may know;



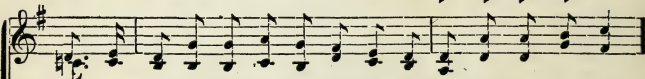
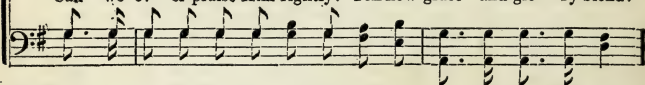
blood makes me clean— For His blood wash - es whi - ter than snow!



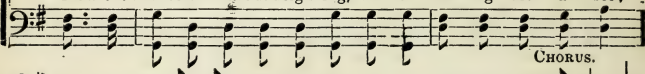
1. What a won-der-ful sal - va-tion! For its length and breadth and height
2. Oh, this bless-ed "who-so - ev - er," Call - ing ev - 'ry one who will,
3. Pre - cious prom - is - es of Je - sus, Sweep - ing ev - 'ry hu - man need!
4. What a per - fect, pres - ent Sav - iour! What a true and lov - ing friend,



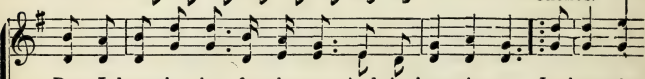
Far ex - cel the grandest knowledge Of the ser - a - phim in light;
To the sparkling, liv - ing wa - ters Flowing ful - ly, free - ly still;
For the grace of our Re - deem - er Must our high - est thought ex - ceed;
Can we ev - er praise Him rightly? Tell how grace and glo - ry blend?



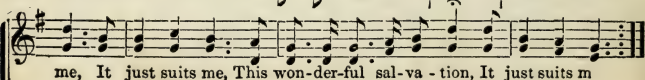
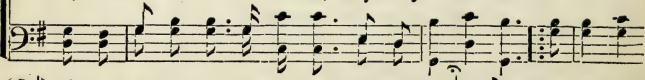
I can nev - er, nev - er fath - om Half its ho - ly mys - te - ry,
No, I know not why He loves me, But His blood is all my plea;
To the might - y, roy - al storehouse Let me use the gol - den key,
Now the Prince of Peace is reign - ing, O - ver - rul - ing all I see;



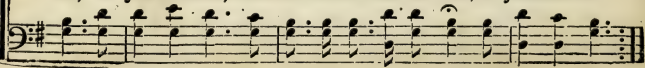
CHORUS.



But I know it is for sin - ners, And it just suits me. It just suits
I can trust His "who-so - ev - er," For it just suits me.
Find the spe - cial, ten - der promise That will just suit me.
So, what - ev - er lot He or - ders, May it just suit me.



me, It just suits me, This won - der - ful sal - va - tion, It just suits me



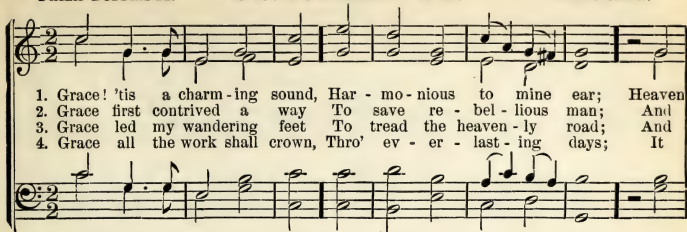
No. 61.

Grace! 'tis a Charming Sound.

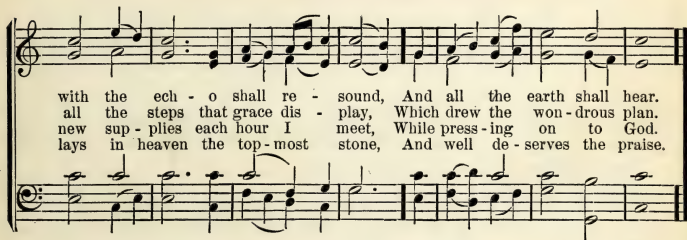
PHILIP DODDRIDGE.

SILVER STREET. S. M.

ISAAC SMITH.



1. Grace! 'tis a charm-ing sound, Har - mo-nious to mine ear; Heaven
 2. Grace first contrived a way To save re - bel - lious man; And
 3. Grace led my wandering feet To tread the heaven - ly road; And
 4. Grace all the work shall crown, Thro' ev - er - last - ing days; It



with the ech - o shall re - sound, And all the earth shall hear.
 all the steps that grace dis - play, Which drew the won-drous plan.
 new sup - plies each hour I meet, While press-ing on to God.
 lays in heaven the top-most stone, And well de - serves the praise.

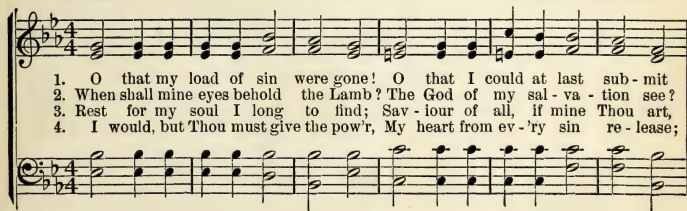
No. 62.

O that my Load of Sin were Gone.

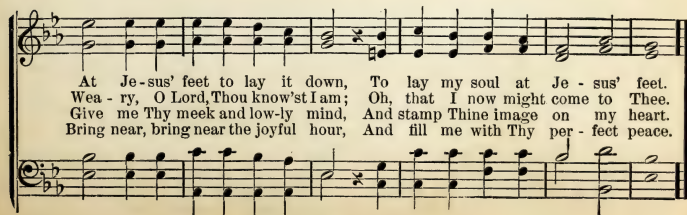
C. WESLEY.

L. M.

THOMAS J. RAYNER.



1. O that my load of sin were gone! O that I could at last sub-mit
 2. When shall mine eyes behold the Lamb? The God of my sal - va - tion see?
 3. Rest for my soul I long to find; Sav - iour of all, if mine Thou art,
 4. I would, but Thou must give the pow'r, My heart from ev - ry sin re - lease;



At Je - sus' feet to lay it down, To lay my soul at Je - sus' feet.
 Wea - ry, O Lord, Thou know'st I am; Oh, that I now might come to Thee.
 Give me Thy meek and low-ly mind, And stamp Thine image on my heart.
 Bring near, bring near the joyful hour, And fill me with Thy per - fect peace.

No. 63.

Amazing Grace.

C. M. D.

Jeremiah Ingalls, 1804. Arr. H., 1883.

{ A maz-ing grace! how sweet the sound, That saved a wretch like me!
I once was lost, but now am found; Was blind, but now I see.

"Twas grace that taught my heart to fear, And grace my fears re - lieved;

How pre-cious did that grace appear, The hour I first be - lieved.

Through many dangerstoils and snares, Yes, when this flesh and heart shall fail,
I have already come; And mortal life shall cease;

'Tis grace has brought me safe thus far, I shall possess within the veil,
And grace will lead me home. A life of joy and peace.

The earth shall soon dissolve like snow,
The sun forbear to shine;
But God who called me here below,
Will be forever mine.

JOHN NEWTON, AB., 1779.

No. 64.

I Saw One.

I saw One hanging on a tree,
In agonies and blood,
Who fixed His languid eyes on me,
As near His cross I stood.

Sure never till my latest breath
Can I forget that look;
It seemed to charge me with His death,
Though not a word He spoke.

My conscience felt and owned the guilt,
And plunged me in despair;
I saw my sins His blood had spilt,
And helped to nail Him there,

Alas, I knew not what I did!
But now my tears are vain:
Where shall my trembling soul be hid?
For I the Lord have slain!

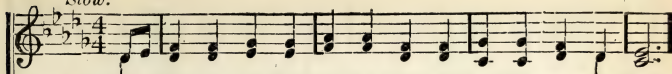
A second look He gave, which said,
"I freely all forgive;
This blood is for thy ransom paid;
I die that thou mayst live."

Thus while His death my sin displays
In all its blackened hue,
Such is the mystery of grace,
It seals my pardon too.

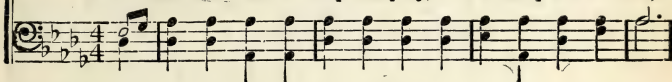
JOHN NEWTON, AB., 1779.

Rev. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN. By pers

Rev. J. H. WELCH.

Slow.

1. On Cal - va - ry there stood a Cross, And nailed thereon was One
2. There the Re-deem-er gave His blood To ran-som me from sin,
3. Up - on that Cross, that bit - ter Cross, My weight of guilt He bore,
4. Be - fore that cross I weep and pray, And worship and a - dore,



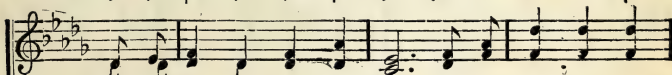
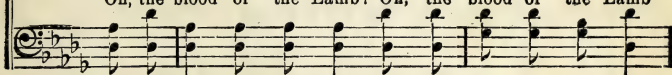
Who was the bear-er of my sin, God's well-be - lov - ed Son.
 And made an end of all my guilt, And brought redemption in.
 Se - cured a clear-ance for my sins; My soul can ask no more.
 And God's free grace I will ex - tol And. laud for ev - er - more.



CHORUS.



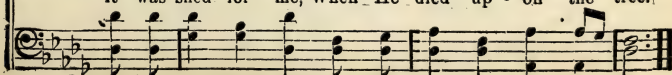
Oh, the blood of the Lamb! Oh, the blood of the Lamb



That was shed on Cal - va - ry! It was shed for you,



it was shed for me, When He died up - on the tree.



No. 66.

Art Thou Weary.

STEPHANOS. P. M.

H. W. BAKER.

I Art thou wea-ry, art thou lan-guid, Art thou sore dis-tress'd?

"Come to me," saith One, "and com-ing Be at rest." A - MEN

Hath He marks to lead me to Him,

If He be my Guide?—

"In His feet and hands are wound-
And His side." [prints,

Is there diadem, as Monarch,

That His brow adorns?—

"Yea, a crown, a very surety;
But of thorns."

If I find Him if I follow,

What His guerdon here?—

"Many a sorrow, many a labor,
Many a tear."

If I still hold closely to Him,

What hath He at last?—

"Sorrow banished, labor ended,
Jordan passed."

If I ask Him to receive me,

Will He say me nay?—

"Not till earth, and not till heaven
Pass away."

Finding, following, keeping, struggling.

Is He sure to bless?—

"Saints, apostles, prophets, martyrs,
Answer, Yes."

No. 67.

Come, Saith Jesus.

SEYMOUR.

7s.

Come, saith Jesus' sacred voice,
Come, and make my paths your choice;
I will guide you to your home,
Weary pilgrim, hither come!

Thou who, houseless, sole, forlorn,
Long hast borne the proud world's
scorn,

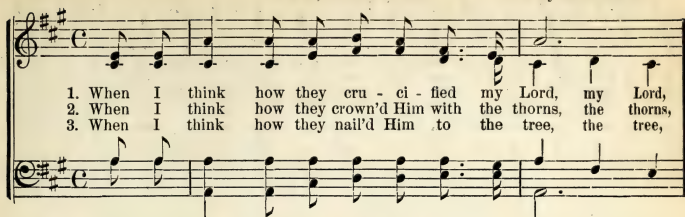
Long hast roamed the barren waste,
Weary wanderer, hither haste.

Ye who, tossed on beds of pain,
Seek for ease, but seek in vain;
Ye, by fiercer anguish torn,
In remorse for guilt who mourn:
Hither come! for here is found
Balm that flows for every wound;
Peace that ever shall endure,
Rest eternal, sacred, sure.

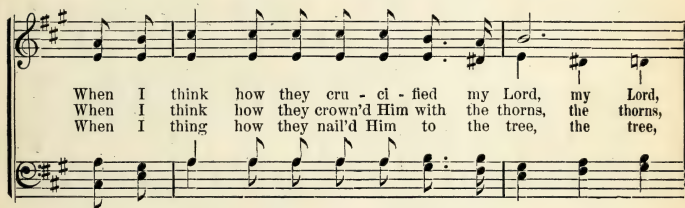
ANNA LETITIA BARBAULD, AB., 1825.

PLANTATION SONG.

Arr. by MAY AGNEW.



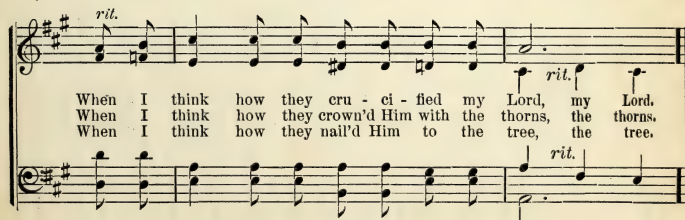
1. When I think how they cru - ci - fied my Lord, my Lord,
 2. When I think how they crown'd Him with the thorns, the thorns,
 3. When I think how they nail'd Him to the tree, the tree,



When I think how they cru - ci - fied my Lord, my Lord,
 When I think how they crown'd Him with the thorns, the thorns,
 When I think how they nail'd Him to the tree, the tree,



Oh, sometimes it caus - es me to trem - ble, trem - ble, trem - ble,
 Oh, sometimes it caus - es me to trem - ble, trem - ble, trem - ble,
 Oh, sometimes it caus - es me to trem - ble, trem - ble, trem - ble,

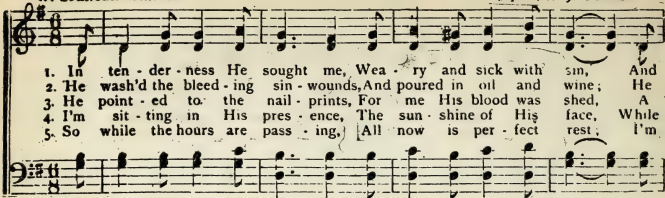


rit.
 When I think how they cru - ci - fied my Lord, *rit.* my Lord.
 When I think how they crown'd Him with the thorns, the thorns.
 When I think how they nail'd Him to the tree, the tree. *rit.*

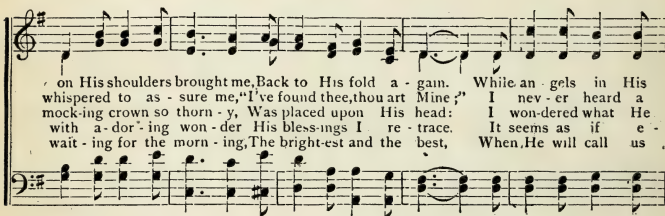
4. When I think how they pierced Him in the side.
5. When I think how they laid Him in the tomb.
6. When I think how the stone was rolled away.
7. When I think how He rose up from the grave.

W. SPENCER WALTON

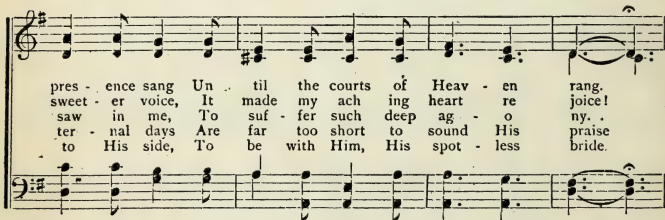
By per., A. J. GORDON.



1. In ten - der - ness He sought me, Wea - ry and sick with sin, And
 2. He wash'd the bleed - ing sin - wounds, And poured in oil and wine; He
 3. He point - ed to the nail - prints, For me His blood was shed, A
 4. I'm sit - ting in His pres - ence, The sun - shine of His face, While
 5. So while the hours are pass - ing, All now is per - fect rest, I'm

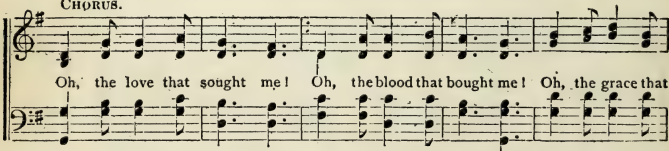


on His shoulders brought me, Back to His fold a - gain. While an - gels in His
 whispered to as - sure me, "I've found thee, thou art Mine;" I nev - er heard a
 mock - ing crown so thorn - y, Was placed upon His head: I won - dered what He
 with a - dor - ing won - der His bless - ings I re - trace. It seems as if e -
 wait - ing for the morn - ing, The bright - est and the best, When He will call us

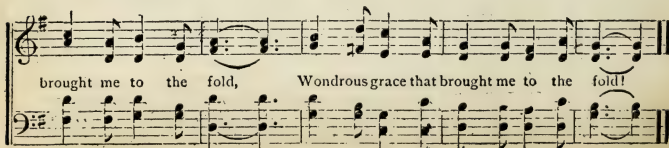


pres - ence sang Un - til the courts of Heav - en rang.
 sweet - er voice, It made my ach - ing heart re - joice!
 saw in me, To suf - fer such deep ag - o - ny.
 ter - nal days Are far too short to sound His praise
 to His side, To be with Him, His spot - less bride.

CHORUS.



Oh, the love that sought me! Oh, the blood that bought me! Oh, the grace that



brought me to the fold, Wondrous grace that brought me to the fold!

No. 70.

8s & 8s.

Lord, I hear of showers of blessing
Thou art scattering full and free;
Showers the thirsty land refreshing;
Let some droppings fall on me. Even
me.

Pass me not, O gracious Father!
Sinful though my heart may be;
Thou might'st leave me, but the rather
Let Thy mercy light on me.

Pass me not, O tender Saviour!
Let me love and cling to Thee;
I am longing for Thy favor;
When Thy comest, call for me.

Pass me not, O mighty Spirit!
Thou canst make the blind to see;
Witnesser of Jesus' merit,
Speak the word of power to me.

Pass me not, this lost one bringing,
Satan's slave Thy child shall be,
All my heart to Thee is springing;
Blessing others, oh, bless me.

ELIZABETH CODNER, 1860.

No. 71.

H. M.

Blow ye the trumpet, blow,
The gladly solemn sound;
Let all the nations know,
To earth's remotest bound. *Chorus.*

Extol the Lamb of God,
The all-atoning Lamb;
Redemption by His blood,
Throughout the world proclaim. *Cho.*

Jesus, our great High Priest,
Hath full atonement made;
Ye weary spirits, rest;
Ye mournful souls, be glad. *Cho.*

'Tis who have sold for nought,
Your heritage above,
Shall have it back unbought,
The gift of Jesus' love. *Cho.*
WESLEY, 1750.

No. 72.

L. M.

Just as I am, without one plea,
But that Thy blood was shed for me,
And that Thou bid'st me come to Thee
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

Just as I am—poor, wretched, blind;
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need, in Thee I find,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

Just as I am—Thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve,
Because Thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

Just as I am—Thy love unknown
Hath broken every barrier down:
Now, to be Thine, yea, Thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT, 1841.

No. 73.

7s, 6L.

From the cross uplifted high,
Where the Saviour deigns to die,
What melodious sounds we hear,
Bursting on the ravished ear!
"Love's redeeming work is done;
Come and welcome, sinner, come,

"Sprinkled now with blood the throne,
Why beneath thy burdens groan?
On my pierced body laid,
Justice owns the ransom paid;
Bow the knee, embrace the Son;
Come and welcome, sinner, come,

"Spread for thee, the festal board
See with richest dainties stored;
To thy Father's bosom pressed
Yet again a child confessed,
Never from his house to roam;
Come and welcome, sinner, come,
THOMAS HAWES, 1792.

No. 74.

L. M.

Oh, do not let the word depart,
And closethine eyes against the light.
Poor sinner harden not thy heart;
Thou wouldst be saved— why not to-
night?

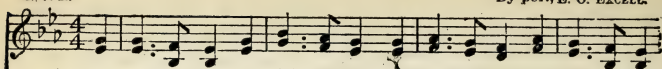
Tomorrow's sun may never rise
To bless thy long-deluded sight.
This is the time; oh, then, be wise!
Thou wouldst be saved— why not to-
night?

Our God in pity lingers still,
And wilt thou thus his love requite?
Renounce at once thy stubborn will.
Thou wouldst be saved— why not to-
night?

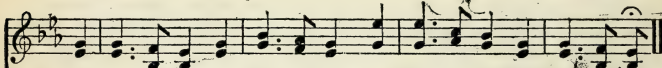
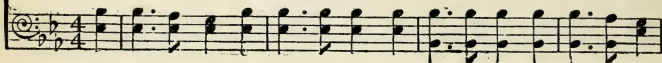
ELIZABETH HOLMES REED, 1842.

E. O. E.

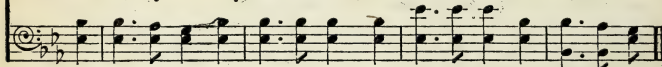
By per., E. O. EXCELL.



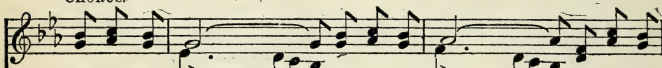
1. My robes were once so stain'd with sin, I knew not how to make them clean,
2. That promise, "Who-so-ev-er will," In-clud-ed me-in-cludes me still!
3. I do not doubt, nor do I say, "I hope the sin is wash'd a-way,"
4. Oh! who will come and wash to-day Till all their stains are wash'd a-way;



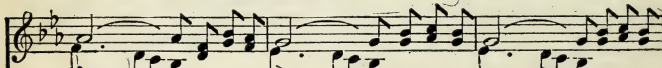
1. Un - til a voice said, sweet and low, "Go, wash—I'll make them white as snow!"
2. I came, and ev - er since I know His blood it cleans-eth white as snow!
3. For in His Word I read it so: His blood it cleans-eth white as snow!
4. Un - til by faith they see and know Their robes are wash'd as white as snow!



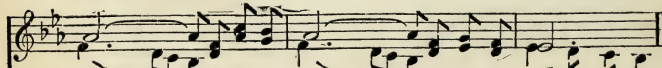
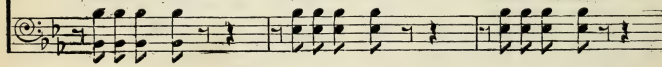
CHORUS.



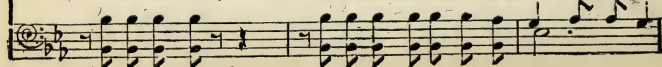
I've wash'd my robes..... in Je - sus' blood ;..... And He has
I've wash'd my robes..... in Je - sus' blood ;



made..... them white as snow !..... I've wash'd my robes..... in Je - sus'
And He has made them white as snow ! I've wash'd my robes



blood ;..... And He has made..... them white as snow !
in Je - sus' blood ; And He has made them white as snow, white as snow



A. B. S.

Rev. A. B. SIMPSON.

1. 'Tis so sweet to walk with Je-sus, Step by step and day by day;
 2. 'Tis so safe to walk with Je-sus, Lean-ing hard up - on His arm,
 3. Step by step I'll walk with Je-sus, Just a mo-ment at a time,

Step-ping in His ve - ry footprints Walk-ing with Him all the way.
 Following close - ly where He leads us, None can hurt and naught can harm.
 Heights I have not wings to soar to Step by step my feet can climb.

CHORUS.

Step by step, Step by step, I would walk with Je - sus,
 Walk with Je-sus,

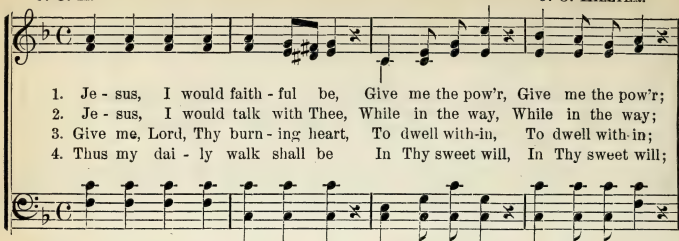
All the day, all the way, Keep - ing step with Je - sus.

4 All the way I'll walk with Jesus,
 Thro' the sunshine, thro' the gloom,
 Tho' His blood-marked steps may lead me,
 To the garden, to the tomb.

6 Then, with all who walked with Jesus,
 We shall walk with Him in white,
 While He turns our grief to gladness,
 And our darkness into light.

5 Here a while we walk with Jesus,
 But the time will not be long
 Till the night shall change to morning,
 And the sorrow into song.

7 Jesus, keep me closer—closer,
 Step by step, day by day:
 Stepping in Thy very footprints,
 Walking with Thee all the way.

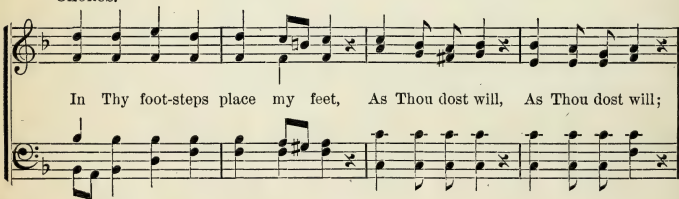


1. Je - sus, I would faith - ful be, Give me the pow'r, Give me the pow'r;
 2. Je - sus, I would talk with Thee, While in the way, While in the way;
 3. Give me, Lord, Thy burn - ing heart, To dwell with-in, To dwell with-in;
 4. Thus my dai - ly walk shall be In Thy sweet will, In Thy sweet will;



Je - sus, I would walk with Thee, Each passing hour, Each passing hour.
 Joy - ful, while Thy smile I see, Each hap - py day, Each hap - py day.
 Thine own na - ture, Lord, im - part, To free from sin, To free from sin.
 Je - sus on - ly, on - ly Thee, My heart can fill, My heart can fill.

CHORUS.



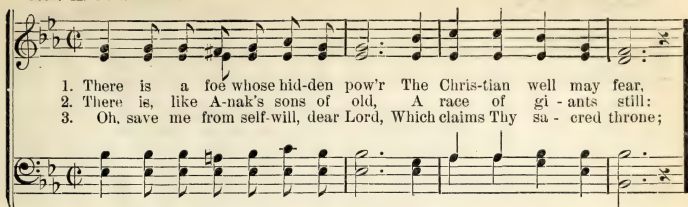
In Thy foot-steps place my feet, As Thou dost will, As Thou dost will;



And if thorns my path - way meet, Bid me be still, be still.

Rev. A. B. SIMPSON.

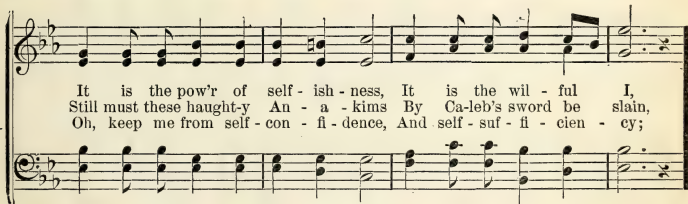
Miss. L. SHEPARD.



1. There is a foe whose hid-den pow'r The Chris-tian well may fear,
 2. There is, like A-nak's sons of old, A race of gi - ants still;
 3. Oh, save me from self-will, dear Lord, Which claims Thy sa - cred throne;



More sub - tle far than in - bred sin, And to the heart more dear.
 Self - glo - ry - ing, self - con - fi - dence, Self - seek-ing and self - will.
 Oh! let my will be lost in Thine, And let Thy will be done.



It is the pow'r of self - ish - ness, It is the wil - ful I,
 Still must these haught-y An - a - kims By Ca-leb's sword be slain,
 Oh, keep me from self - con - fi - dence, And self - suf - fi - cien - cy;



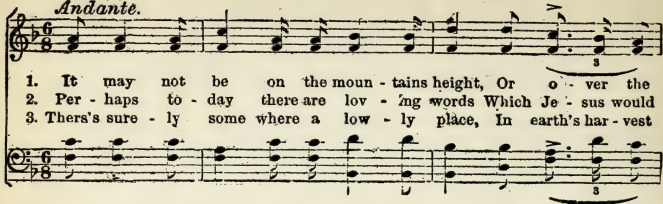
And ere my Lord can live in me, My ver - y self must die.
 Ere Hebron's heights of heav'n - ly love, Our con-quer-ing feet can gain.
 Let me exchange my strength for Thine, And lean a - lone on Thee.

4 Oh, save me from self-seeking, Lord,
 Let me not be my own;
 A living sacrifice I come,
 Lord, keep me Thine alone.
 From proud vain glory save me, Lord,
 From pride of praise and fame;
 To Christ be all the honor given,
 The glory to His name.

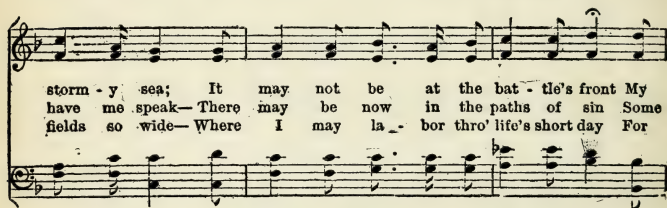
5 Oh, Jesus, slay the self in me
 By Thy consuming breath;
 Show me Thy heart, Thy wounds, Thy shame,
 And love my soul to death.
 When the Sechinah flame came down,
 E'en Moses could not stay;
 So let Thy glory fill me now,
 And self forever slay.

MARY BROWN.

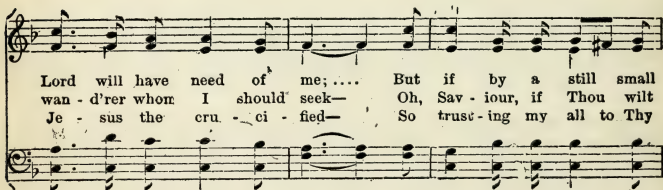
By per., CARRIE E. ROUNSEFELL.

Andante.


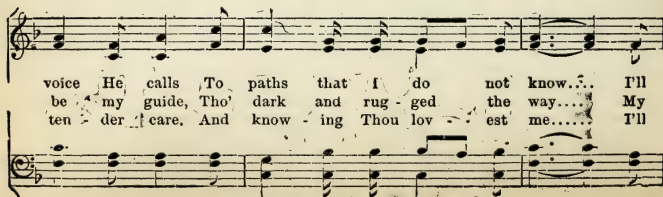
1. It may not be on the moun - tains height, Or o - ver the
 2. Per - haps to - day there are lov - ing words Which Je - sus would
 3. There's sure - ly some where a low - ly place, In earth's har - vest



storm - y sea; It may not be at the bat - tle's front My
 have me speak— There may be now in the paths of sin Some
 fields so wide— Where I may la - bor thro' life's short day For



Lord will have need of me; ... But if by a still small
 wan - d'r'er whom I should seek— Oh, Sav - iour, if Thou wilt
 Je - sus the cru - ci - fied— So trust - ing my all to Thy



voice He calls To paths that I do not know... I'll
 be my guide, Tho' dark and rug - ged the way.... My
 ten - der care, And know - ing Thou lov - est me..... I'll

Consecration. Concluded.

an - - swer Dear Lord with my hand in
voice..... shall ech - - o Thy mes - - - sage
do..... Thy will with a heart sin -

Thine, I'll go where you want me to go.....
sweet, I'll say what you want me to say.....
-cere, I'll be what you want me to be.....

REFRAIN.

I'll go where you want me to go dear Lord O - ver

moun-tain, or plain, or sea;... I'll say what you want me to

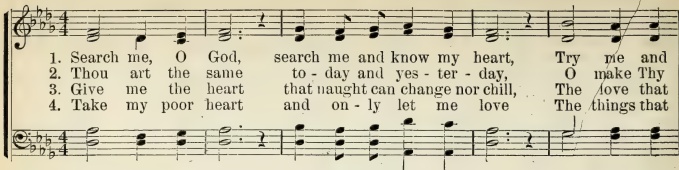
say. dear Lord, I'll be what you want me to be....

No. 80.

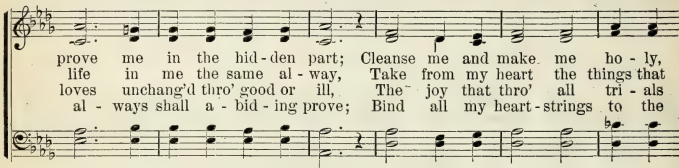
Search Me, O God.

A. B. S.

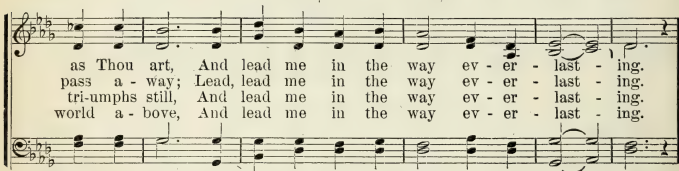
Rev. A. B. SIMPSON



1. Search me, O God, search me and know my heart, Try me and
 2. Thou art the same to-day and yes-ter-day, O make Thy
 3. Give me the heart that naught can change nor chill, The love that
 4. Take my poor heart and on-ly let me love The things that

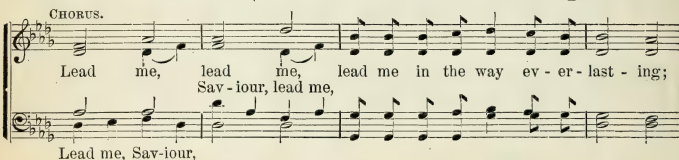


prove me in the hid-den part; Cleanse me and make me ho-ly,
 life in me the same al-way, Take from my heart the things that
 loves unchang'd thro' good or ill, The joy that thro' all tri-als
 al-ways shall a-bid-ing prove; Bind all my heart-strings to the

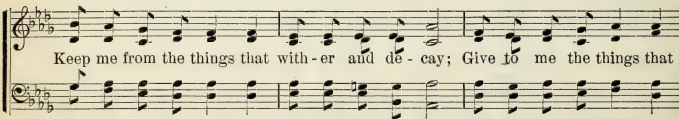


as Thou art, And lead me in the way ev-er-last-ing.
 pass a-way; Lead, lead me in the way ev-er-last-ing.
 tri-umphs still, And lead me in the way ev-er-last-ing.
 world a-bove, And lead me in the way ev-er-last-ing.

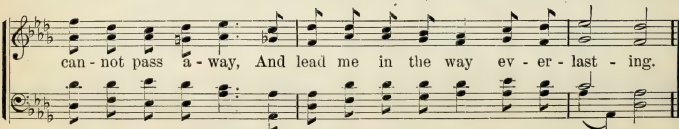
CHORUS.



Lead me, lead me, lead me in the way ev-er-last-ing;
 Sav-iour, lead me,
 Lead me, Sav-iour,



Keep me from the things that with-er and de-cay; Give to me the things that



can-not pass a-way, And lead me in the way ev-er-last-ing.

- 5 Help me to lay my treasures up on high; Teach me to seek my future in the sky;
 Give me my portion yonder by and by, And lead me in the way everlasting.
- 6 Oh, let my work abide the testing day That shall consume the stubble and the hay;
 Oh, build my house upon the rock, I pray, And lead me in the way everlasting.

No. 81.

Sweet Rest of Purity.

"There remaineth therefore a rest unto the people of God."—Heb. iv. 9.

J. B. GUINN. FROM S. F. SMITH.

1. Our Fa - ther, 'tis of Thee, Sweet rest of pur - i - ty,
 2. My Sav - iour, 'tis of Thee, Rest prom - ised e'en to me,
 3. Our Fa - ther, 'tis of Thee, Giv - er of pur - i - ty,

Pre - cious and best; Rest where we do a - bide, Rest in the
 Giv'n from a - bove; I now o - bey Thy will, Thy prom - ise
 To Thee we sing; Be now our fa - ces bright, With Je - sus'

cruc - i - fied, From ev - 'ry sin - ful pride, Thy pow'r doth save.
 now ful - fill, May my heart al - ways thrill With per - fect love.
 ho - ly light, Per - fect us in the right, Great God our King.

Copyright, 1896, by J. B. Guinn. By per.

No. 82.

I am Thine Own, O Christ!

Mrs. H. BRADLEY.

Rev. A. A. WRIGHT.

p *Slowly and tenderly.*

- | | | |
|---|--|---|
| 1 I am Thine own, O Christ;
Henceforth entirely Thine;
And life from this glad hour,
New life is mine. | 3 My joyful song of praise
In sweet content I sing;
To Thee the note I raise,
My King! my King! | 5 O peace,—O holy rest,
O balmy breath of love;
O heart, divinest, best,—
Thy depth I prove. |
| 2 No earthly joy can lure
My quiet soul from Thee;
This deep delight, so pure,
Is heaven to me. | 4 I cannot tell the art
By which such bliss is given;
I know Thou hast my heart,
And I—have heaven. | 6 I ask this gift of Thee—
A life all lily-fair.
And fragrant as the place,
Where seraphs are. |

No. 83.

I Am Entering In.

A. B. S.

Rev. A. B. SIMPSON.

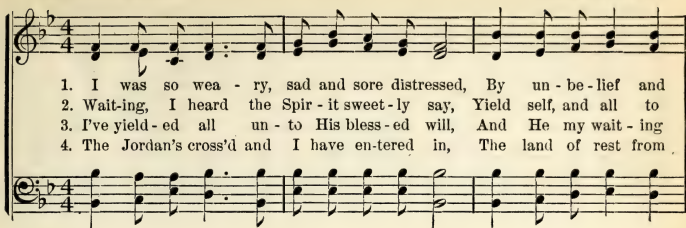
1. I have come with my guilt to the al - tar of blood, In the
 2. In my blood sprink-led robes I can stand with - out dread, When the
 3. I have passed thro' the veil to the sa - cred a - bode, Where His

la - ver of cleans-ing, I'm washed from my sin; And now, to the
 lamps of the Lord o'er the Cher - u - bim shine; I'm feast-ing my
 glo - ry, the Sav - iour re - veals to His own; And now in the

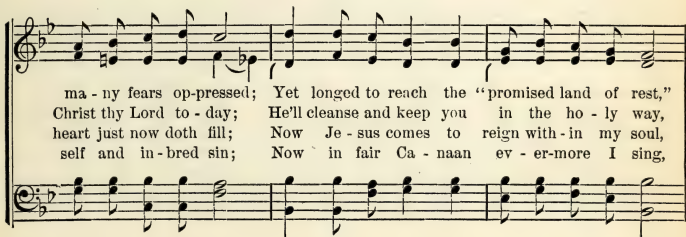
cen - do.
 in - ner-most pres-ence of God To the Ho - ly of Ho - lies, I am
 soul on the heav-en - ly bread, I am breath-ing the o - dors of
 in - ner-most pres-ence of God, I am dwell - ing for - ev - er, with

CHORUS.
 en - ter - ing in.
 in - cense di - vine. } I am en - ter - ing in, I am en - ter - ing
 Je - sus a - lone. }

in, To the Ho - ly of Ho - lies, I am en - ter - ing in.

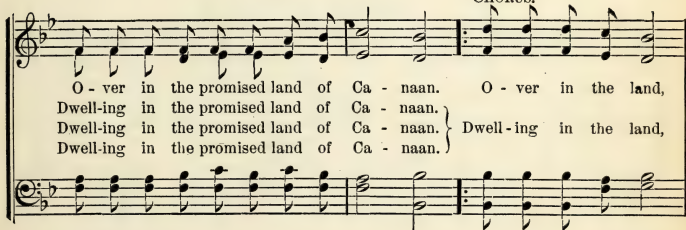


1. I was so wea - ry, sad and sore distressed, By un - be - lief and
 2. Wait - ing, I heard the Spir - it sweet - ly say, Yield self, and all to
 3. I've yield - ed all un - to His bless - ed will, And He my wait - ing
 4. The Jordan's cross'd and I have en - tered in, The land of rest from

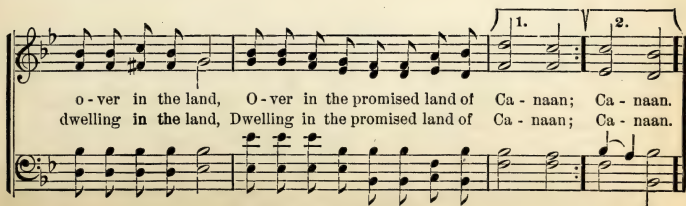


ma - ny fears op - pressed; Yet longed to reach the "promised land of rest,"
 Christ thy Lord to - day; He'll cleanse and keep you in the ho - ly way,
 heart just now doth fill; Now Je - sus comes to reign with - in my soul,
 self and in - bred sin; Now in fair Ca - naan ev - er - more I sing,

CHORUS.

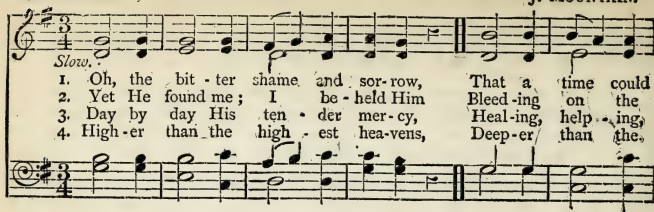


O - ver in the promised land of Ca - naan. O - ver in the land,
 Dwell - ing in the promised land of Ca - naan. } Dwell - ing in the land,
 Dwell - ing in the promised land of Ca - naan. }
 Dwell - ing in the promised land of Ca - naan.



o - ver in the land, O - ver in the promised land of Ca - naan; Ca - naan.
 dwelling in the land, Dwelling in the promised land of Ca - naan; Ca - naan.

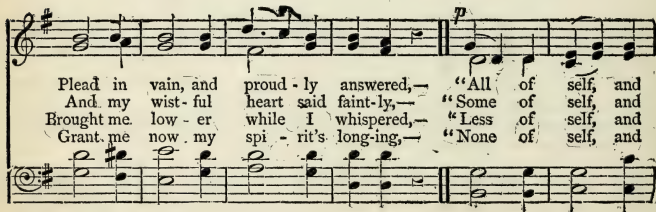
Slow.



1. Oh, the bit - ter shame and sor - row, That a time could
 2. Yet He found me; I be - held Him Bleed - ing on the
 3. Day by day His ten - der mer - cy, Heal - ing, help - ing,
 4. High - er than the high - est hea - vens, Deep - er than the.

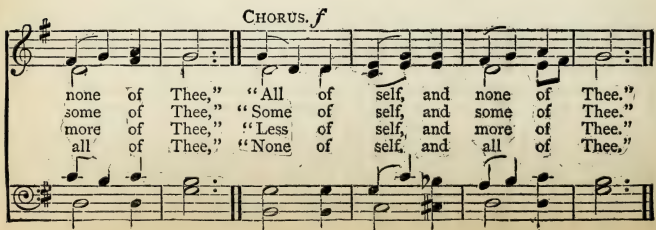


e - ver be, When I let the Sa - viour's pi - ty
 curs - ed tree, Heard Him pray, "For - give them, Fa - ther,"
 full and free, Sweet and strong, and ah! so pa - tient,
 deep - est sea, Lord, Thy love at last hath con - quered :



Plead in vain, and proud - ly answered, — "All of self, and
 And my wist - ful heart said faint - ly, — "Some of self, and
 Brought me low - er while I whispered, — "Less of self, and
 Grant me now my spi - rit's long - ing, — "None of self, and

CHORUS. *f*



none of Thee," "All of self, and none of Thee."
 some of Thee," "Some of self, and some of Thee."
 more of Thee," "Less of self, and more of Thee."
 all of Thee," "None of self, and all of Thee."

No. 86.

Give Me Strength.

DR. H. BONAR,
Calmly.

REV. CANON HAVERGAL,

1. I said—My God, at length, This e - vil heart re - move,
 2. Come near - er, near - er still, The hid - den life im - part;
 3. Less way - ward let me be, More pli - a - ble and mild;
 4. Less, less of self each day, Less of the world and sin;
 5. More mould - ed to Thy will, In all things would I be;

De - ny all o - ther strength, But give me strength to love,
 Bend, break this stub-born will, Dis - solve this sto - ny heart,
 In meek sim - pli - ci - ty More like a trust - ful child,
 More of Thy Son I pray, More of Thy self with - in.
 High - er and high - er still, Like - er and lik - er Thee.

No. 87.

Nothing Between.

E. H. H.

Plaintive.

J. MOUNTAIN,

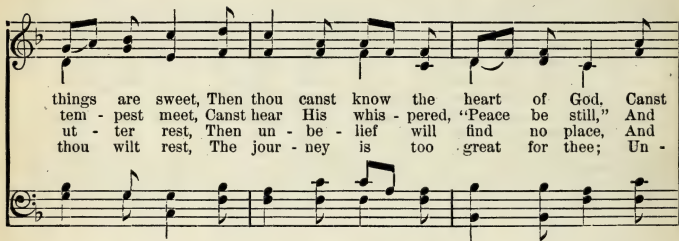
1. Nothing between, Lord, nothing between; Let me Thy glo - ry see, Draw my soul
 2. Nothing between, Lord, nothing between; Let not earth's din and noise, Stifle Thy
 3. Nothing between, Lord, nothing between; Nothing of earthly care, Nothing of
 4. Nothing between, Lord, nothing between; Un - be - lief dis - ap - pear, Vanish each

pp
 close to Thee, Then speak in love to me, — Nothing between, Nothing between.
 still small voice; In it let me re - joice, — Nothing between, Nothing between.
 tear or prayer, No robe that self may wear, — Nothing between, Nothing between.
 doubt and fear, Fading when Thou art near, — Nothing between, Nothing between.

ANON.

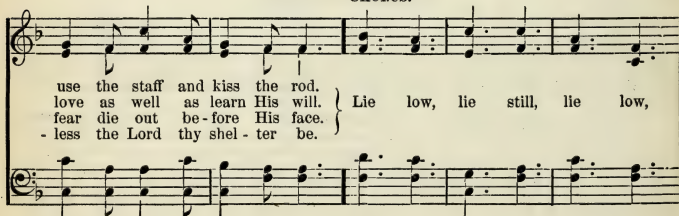


1. Lie low, O heart at Je - sus, feet, For then all bit - ter
 2. Lie low, O heart at Je - sus, feet, Then thou canst ev - 'ry
 3. Lie still, O heart, up - on His breast, And prove the peace of
 4. Lie still, O heart, up - on His breast, For He can work if

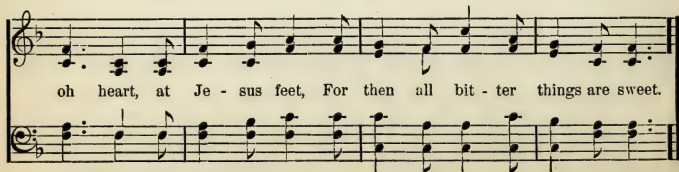


things are sweet, Then thou canst know the heart of God, Canst
 tem - pest meet, Canst hear His whis - pered, "Peace be still," And
 ut - ter rest, Then un - be - lief will find no place, And
 thou wilt rest, The jour - ney is too great for thee; Un -

CHORUS.



use the staff and kiss the rod.
 love as well as learn His will. } Lie low, lie still, lie low,
 fear die out be - fore His face.
 - less the Lord thy shel - ter be.



oh heart, at Je - sus feet, For then all bit - ter things are sweet.

Jazz

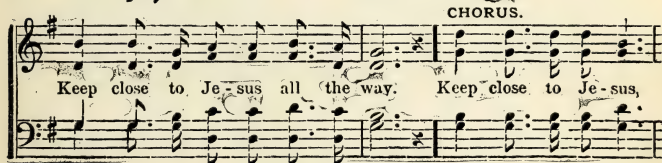


1. When you start for the land of heaven-ly rest, Keep close to
 2. Never mind the storms or trials as you go, Keep close to
 3. To be safe from the darts of the e-vil one, Keep close to
 4. We shall reach our home in heaven by and bye, Keep close to

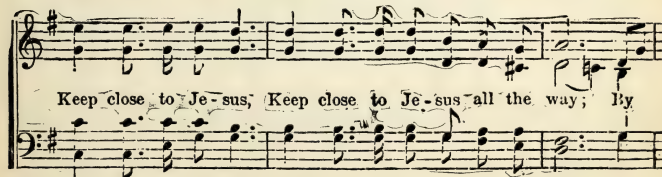


Jesus all the way; For he is the Guide, and he knows the way best,
 Jesus all the way; 'Tis a com-fort and joy his fa-vor to know,
 Jesus all the way; Take the shield of faith till the vic-to-ry is won,
 Jesus all the way; Where to those we love we'll never say good-bye,

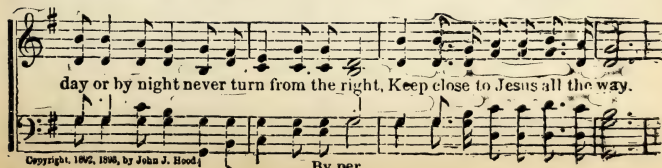
CHORUS.



Keep close to Je-sus all the way. Keep close to Je-sus,



Keep close to Je-sus, Keep close to Je-sus all the way; By



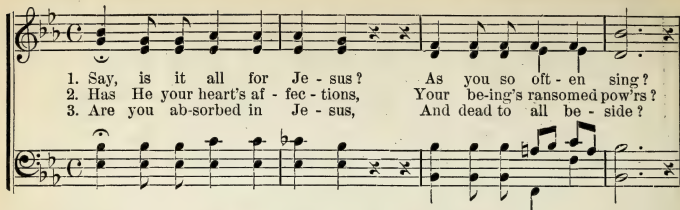
day or by night never turn from the right, Keep close to Jesus all the way.

No. 90

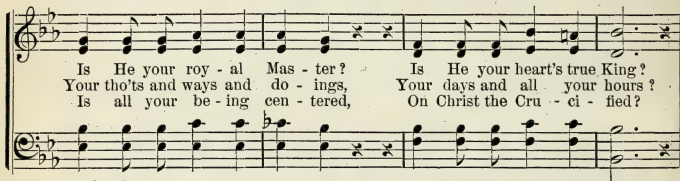
Say, is it All For Jesus?

A. B. S.

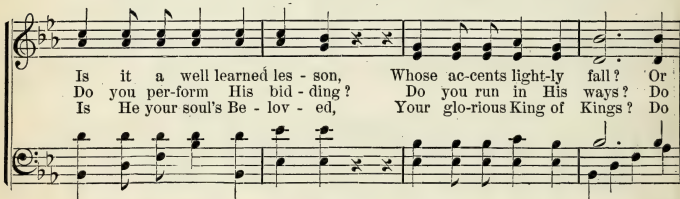
Rev. A. B. SIMPSON.



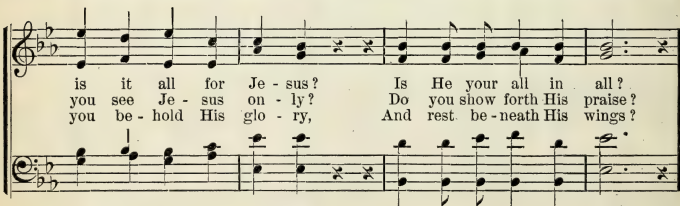
1. Say, is it all for Je - sus? As you so oft - en sing?
 2. Has He your heart's af - fec - tions, Your be - ing's ransomed pow'rs?
 3. Are you ab - sorbed in Je - sus, And dead to all be - side?



Is He your roy - al Mas - ter? Is He your heart's true King?
 Your tho'ts and ways and do - ings, Your days and all your hours?
 Is all your be - ing cen - tered, On Christ the Cru - ci - fied?



Is it a well learned les - son, Whose ac - cents light - ly fall? Or
 Do you per - form His bid - ding? Do you run in His ways? Do
 Is He your soul's Be - lov - ed, Your glo - rious King of Kings? Do



is it all for Je - sus? Is He your all in all?
 you see Je - sus on - ly? Do you show forth His praise?
 you be - hold His glo - ry, And rest be - neath His wings?

CHORUS.



Yes, it is all for Je - sus, Low at His feet I fall; I

bring to Him the roy - al di - a - dem, I bring to Him the

roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all.

No. 91.

Christ is All.

LOUISE SHEPARD.

L. S.

1. More than grief's heart-bro - ken sigh, More than foes' most cru - el blow,
 2. More than cups filled to the brim, More than bless - ings like the sea,
 3. More than plans and hopes at-tained, More than for - tune's high - est tide,
 4. Christ is more than an - y grace, More than aught His hand could bring,

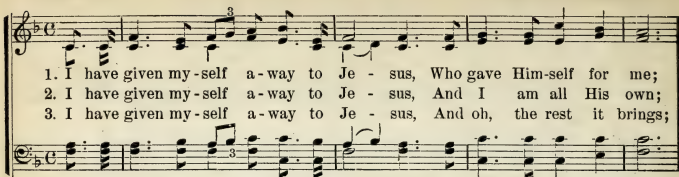
cres.

More than friend-ships' sweet - est tie, More than hours of bit - ter woe:
 More than grace re - ceived from Him, More than sweet - est tho'ts could be:
 More than bat - tles fought and gained, More than be - ing sat - is - fied:
 Christ is more than an - y place, Christ is more than an - y thing:

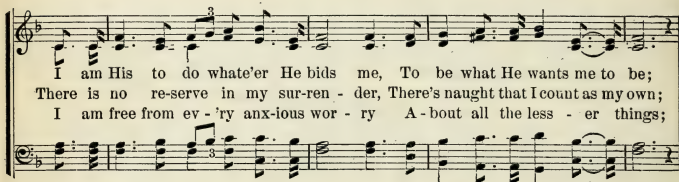
Christ is all— all in all; Christ is more than all be - low.
 Christ is all— all in all; Christ is more than all to me.
 Christ is all— all in all; Christ more all than all be - side.
 Christ is all— all in all; Christ is more than ev - 'ry - thing.

A. B. S.

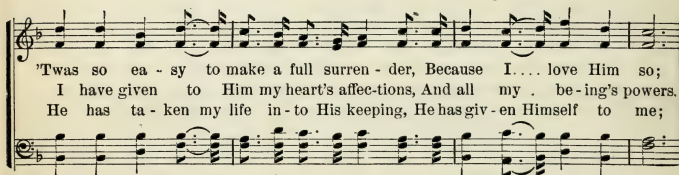
Rev. A. B. SIMPSON.



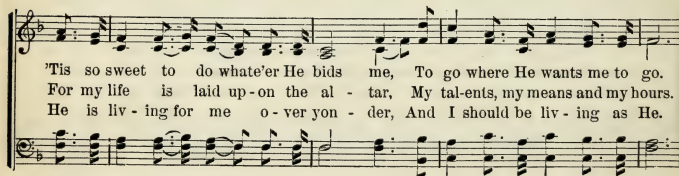
1. I have given my-self a-way to Je - sus, Who gave Him-self for me;
 2. I have given my-self a-way to Je - sus, And I am all His own;
 3. I have given my-self a-way to Je - sus, And oh, the rest it brings;



I am His to do whate'er He bids me, To be what He wants me to be;
 There is no re-serve in my sur-ren - der, There's naught that I count as my own;
 I am free from ev-'ry anx-i-ous wor-ry A-bout all the less - er things;

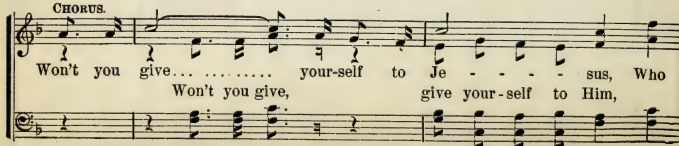


'Twas so ea - sy to make a full surren - der, Because I... love Him so;
 I have given to Him my heart's affec-tions, And all my be-ing's powers.
 He has ta - ken my life in-to His keeping, He has giv-en Himself to me;



'Tis so sweet to do whate'er He bids me, To go where He wants me to go.
 For my life is laid up-on the al - tar, My tal-ents, my means and my hours.
 He is liv - ing for me o-ver yon - der, And I should be liv - ing as He.

CHORUS.



Won't you give... your-self to Je - - - - - sus, Who
 Won't you give, give your-self to Him,

I have Given Myself Away. Concluded.

gave Him-self for you? Won't you go..... where'er He
for you? Won't you go,

sends you, Won't you do what He wants you to do?
go where'er He sends, what He wants you to do?

No. 93.

Songs in the Night.

J. O. H.

J. O. HILLYER.

1. O hap-py day! bright hap-py day! When Je-sus washed my sins a-way!
2. O soul of mine, since that glad hour, When Je-sus saved thee by His pow'r,
3. When sor-row gives its deep-est call And griefs in-fold me as a pall,

He touch'd my heart, my life made bright, And gave me "sweet songs in the night!"
Thy darken'd life has chang'd to light; And thrills with "sweet songs in the night!"
Then love's bright, gold-en sheen of light Brings to me "sweet songs in the night!"

CHORUS.
Songs in the night, songs in the night! He gives me sweet songs in the night!

By permission.

1. Draw me, Sav-iour, near - er, Near - er and near - er to Thee; Let me see, still
 2. As the ea - gles, soar ing, High - er and high - er as - cend; Thus, while Thee a -
 3. As the riv - er flow - ing, Dai - ly draws near - er the sea; Thus may I keep

clear - er, All Thy love for me. Freed from self, and whol - ly Thine,
 dor - ing, Up - ward I would tend. Far from earth and sin a - way,
 go - ing, Till I'm lost in Thee. E'er ad - vance and grow in grace,

Let me in Thy beau - ty shine; While I sing, oh, may I be
 Near - er heav - en's per - fect day; E - ven now, oh, may I be } Drawn still closer,
 Till I see Thee face to face; Then I'll sing e - ter - nal - ly,

rit.
 clos - er to Thee; Clos - er, clos - er, clos - er to Thee.

1. I choose to give to God What - ev - er He may say; He
 2. I choose to live for God, Wheth - er in sun or gloom; Why
 3. I choose to love in God The lives He links with mine, I

has some bet - ter thing for me, I choose to have His way.
 should I fear, what - e'er may come? He lives to bring me home.
 choose to take Thy heart in me, And lose my love in Thine.

CHORUS.

I choose Thy will O Lord, Thy love - my heart has won;

Thy way not mine, My will is Thine, Thy will, O Lord be done.

4 I choose to work for God;
 Doing each little thing
 As unto Him, while evermore
 I hear His answer ring;

5 "Well done, beloved child;
 Choosing My will for thine;
 I choose to come and work in Thee
 And count thy interest Mine."

1. I've giv - en all..... I have to Je - - sus, I could not
 2. He sought me when..... I wan-dered blind - - ly In paths of
 3. Oh, hap - py choice!..... O bless - ed Sav - - iour, What gladness

dare to say Him nay..... Between my heart..... and earth's fair
 world - - li - ness and pride,.... He won me by..... His matchless
 fills my heart to - day,..... Thy love and grace outpoured up -

vis - - ion I see His cross..... and hear Him say,.....
 beau - - ty, This wondrous Je - - sus cru - ci - fied
 - on me Is more than heart..... or lips can say,.....

"For thee I suf - - fered pain and sor - - row, For thee I
 And as I list - ened to His sto - - ry Of tears and
 There's peace in dark - - est storm or sor - - row, And joy com -

died in ag - o - ny."..... No pow'r on earth..... can woo me
 shame.... and ag - o - ny..... I turn'd me from..... the world for
 - plete;.... Thy love so free..... Has charm'd my soul;..... 'tis mine for -

O Lamb of God. Concluded.

from Him, My choice is made..... e - ter - nal - ly.....
 - ev - - er, My choice was made— 'twas "Christ for me.".....
 - ev - - er, My choice is made..... e - ter - nal - ly.....

CHORUS.

O Lamb of God, I love Thee so,.....
 O Lamb of God, I love Thee so,

I would with Thee,..... life's jour - ney go;.....
 I would with Thee life's jour-ne-y go;

Charm'd by Thy love..... so rich and free,.....
 Charm'd by Thy love, so rich and free,

My life, my love..... I give to Thee.....
 My life, my love, I give to Thee.

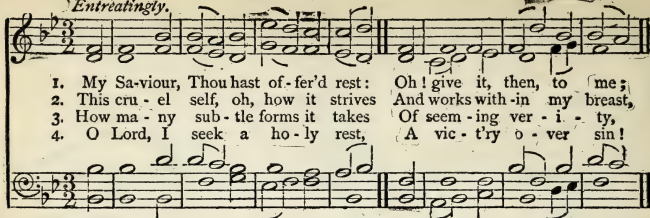
No. 97.

O, Give Me Rest from Self.

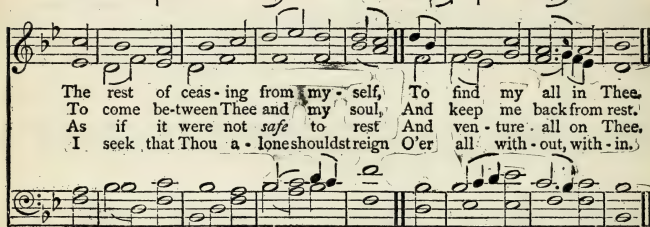
E. H. H.

SIR GEORGE SMART.

Entreatingly.



1. My Sa-viour, Thou hast of-fer'd rest: Oh! give it, then, to me;
 2. This cru-el self, oh, how it strives And works with-in my breast,
 3. How ma-ny sub-tle forms it takes Of seem-ing ver-i-ty,
 4. O Lord, I seek a ho-ly rest, A vic-t'ry o-ver sin!



The rest of ceas-ing from my-self, To find my all in Thee.
 To come be-tween Thee and my soul, And keep me back from rest.
 As if it were not safe to rest And ven-ture all on Thee,
 I seek that Thou a-lone shouldst reign O'er all with-out, with-in.

5 In Thy strong hand I lay me down,
 So shall the work be done:
 For who can work so wondrously
 As the Almighty One?

6 Work on, then, Lord, till on my soul
 Eternal light shall break,
 And, in Thy likeness perfected,
 I "satisfied" shall wake.

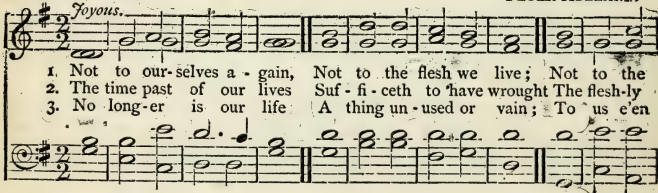
No. 98.

Not to Ourselves We Live.

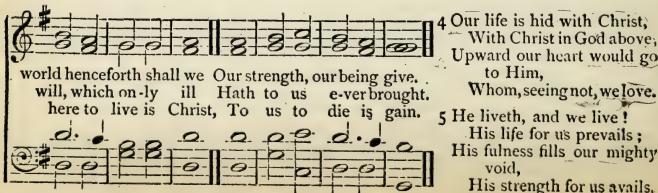
DR. H. BONAR.

PETER ABELARD.

Joyous.



1. Not to our-selves a-gain, Not to the flesh we live; Not to the
 2. The time past of our lives Suf-fi-ceth to have wrought The flesh-ly
 3. No long-er is our life A thing un-used or vain; To us e'en



4 Our life is hid with Christ,
 With Christ in God above,
 Upward our heart would go
 to Him,
 Whom, seeing not, we love.
 5 He liveth, and we live!
 His life for us prevails;
 His fulness fills our mighty
 void,
 His strength for us avails,

No. 99.

When I Survey.

DONCASTER. L. M.

EDWARD MILLER.

1. When I sur-vey the won-drous cross On which the Prince of glo-ry died,
My rich-est gain I count but loss, And pour con-tempt on all my pride. A - MEN.

2 Forbid it, Lord ! that I should boast,
Save in the death of Christ, my God ;
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to his blood,

3 See ! from his head, his hands, his feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down ;
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet ?
Or thorns compose so rich a crown ?

4 His dying crimson, like a robe,
Spreads o'er his body on the tree ;
Then am I dead to all the globe,
And all the globe is dead to me.

5 Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small ;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

ISAAC WATTS, 1707.

*No. 100.

Stand Up.

L. M.

Stand up, my soul, shake off thy fears,
And gird the Gospel armor on ;
March to the gates of endless joy, [gone.
Where thy great Captain Saviour's

What though thine inward lusts rebel ;
'Tis but a struggling gasp for life ;
The weapons of victorious grace
Shall slay thy sins, and end the strife.

Then let my soul march boldly on,
Press forward to the heavenly gate ;
There peace and joy eternal reign, [wait.
And glittering robes for conquerors

There shall I wear a starry crown,
And triumph in Almighty grace ;
While all the armies of the skies
Join in my glorious Leader's praise.

ISAAC WATTS, AB., 1709.

No. 101.

Never Further.

7s.

Never further than Thy cross ;
Never higher than Thy feet ;
Here earth's precious things seem dross ;
Here earth's bitter things grow sweet.

Gazing thus our sins we see,
Learn Thy love while gazing thus—
Sin, which laid the cross on Thee,
Love, which bore the cross for us.

Here we learn to serve and give ,
And, rejoicing, self deny ;
Here we gather love to live,
Here we gather faith to die.

Till amid the Hosts of light,
We in Thee redeemed complete,
Through Thy cross made pure and white,
Cast our crowns before Thy feet.

MRS. CHARLES.

MAY AGNEW.

Arr. by MAY AGNEW.

1. I seek not to fol - low the ways of the world, I
 2. Thro' all the chang - ing scenes of life, Thro'

crave no lon - ger its joys to be - hold, Since Christ my Sav - iour has
 dark - est hours and bit - ter - est strife, My Sav - iour near me His

giv - en to me, His own full sal - va - tion so per - fect and free; No
 watch doth keep; He car - ries me thro' when the wa - ters are deep, How

long - er a slave, I'm a child of the King, With glad - ness of
 could I for - get Him or turn a - way? He's the joy of my

heart I praise Him and sing, No long - er doubt - ing His
 life, and the Sun of my day, With - out His Spir - it how

I Seek Not to Follow. Concluded.

pow - er I know The blood of my Sav - iour does cleanse white as snow.
could I know The blood of my Sav - iour does cleanse white as snow.

3 When fiercely the tempter my spirit assails, Sweet haven of refuge, for earth's weary ones,
And over me darkly life's waters roll; To Thee for my souls needs, unfailing I go,
His presence sweetly assures me of rest, And herald with gladness the mercy I know,
And sorrow is banished. His love fills my "The blood of my Saviour does cleanse white
soul. as snow.

No.103. O Lord in Me Thy Mighty Power Exert.

ANNA SIMPSON.

1. O Lord, in me Thy might-y pow'r ex - ert, En - light - en,
2. I want to bring poor sin - ners to Thy throne, I want to
3. I want a meek, a gen - tle, qui - et frame, A heart that
4. I want to do what - ev - er God re - quires; I want my

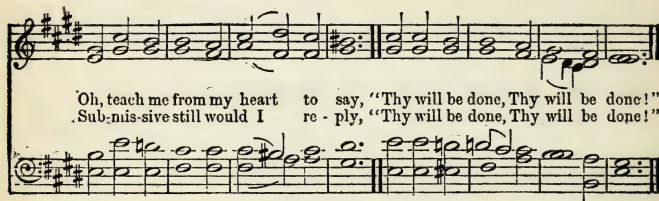
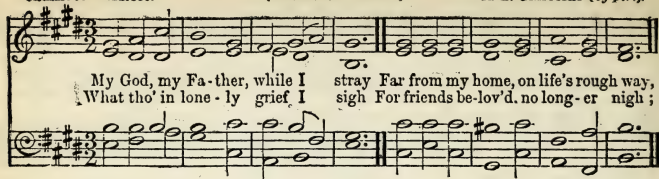
com - fort, sanc - ti - fy my heart; Sweet - en my tem - per,
love and hon - or Christ a - lone; I want to feel the
glows with love to Je - sus' name; I want a liv - ing
heart to burn with pure de - sires: I want to be what

and sub-due my will, Make me like Je-sus—with Thy Spir - it fill.
Spir - it's in-ward pow'r, And stand prepared for death's e - vent - ful hour.
sac - ri - fice to be To Him who died a sac - ri - fice for me.
Christ my Lord com-mands, And leave my-self, my all, in His blest hands.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT.

(ERDINGTON. S.S.S.4.)

A. E. GRIFFITHS (by per.).



If Thou shouldst call me to resign
What most I prize—it ne'er was mine;
I only yield Thee what was Thine:
"Thy will be done!"

If but my fainting heart be blest
With Thy sweet spirit for its guest,
My God, to Thee I leave the rest;
"Thy will be done!"

Renew my will from day to day;
Blend it with Thine, and take away
Whate'er now makes it hard to say,
"Thy will be done!"

Then when on earth I breathe no more
The prayer oft mixed with tears before,
I'll sing upon a happier shore,
"Thy will be done!"

No. 105.

11s & 10s.

"Let us go forth!" a leave the world
behind us, [way;
And meet the perils of the pilgrim
Where Jesus walked let mocking scof-
fers find us, [us stay.
Still hastening onward, as they bid

"Let us go forth!" and tell the same
sweet story, [became;
Now Christ for us a helpless babe
Point to the dying Lamb, the Lord of
glory, [Jesus' name.
Strong in the might that lives in

"Let us go forth!" The pilgrim and the
stranger [must tread;
Owns not the earth his weary foot
God's sinless Son, once pillowed in the
manger, [head.
Had not below whereon to rest his

"Let us go forth!" Where Jesus walked
before us, [ing breath;
Unmoved by praise or censure's fleet-
God's eye of love is fondly watching
o'er us, [neath.
The arms eternal stretching under-

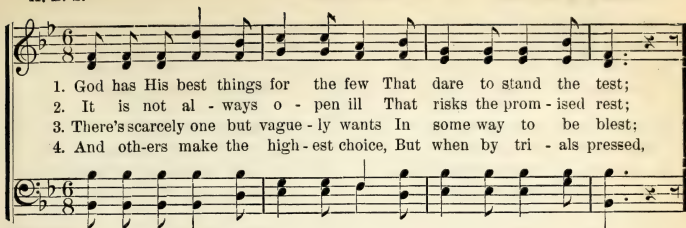
No. 106.

7s & 6s

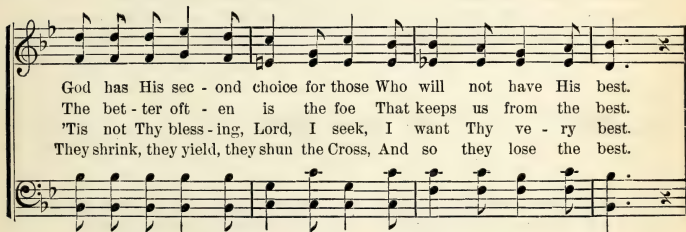
Rise, my soul, and stretch thy wings;
Thy better portion trace;
Rise from transitory things,
Towards heaven, thy native place:
Sun, and moon, and stars decay;
Time shall soon this earth remove;
Rise, my soul, and haste away
To seats prepared above.

Cease, ye pilgrims, cease to mourn;
Press onward to the prize;
Soon our Saviour will return,
Triumphant in the skies:
Yet a season, and you know
Happy entrance will be given,
All our sorrows left below,
And earth exchanged for heaven.

ROBERT SEAGRAVE, 1742.

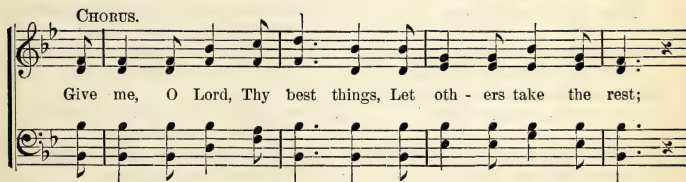


1. God has His best things for the few That dare to stand the test;
 2. It is not al - ways o - pen ill That risks the prom - ised rest;
 3. There's scarcely one but vague - ly wants In some way to be blest;
 4. And oth - ers make the high - est choice, But when by tri - als pressed,

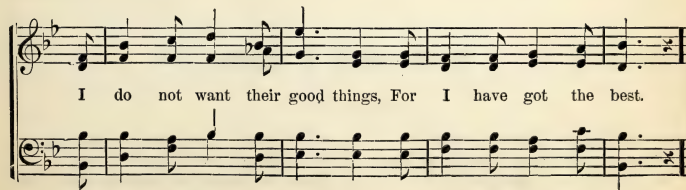


God has His sec - ond choice for those Who will not have His best.
 The bet - ter oft - en is the foe That keeps us from the best.
 'Tis not Thy bless - ing, Lord, I seek, I want Thy ve - ry best.
 They shrink, they yield, they shun the Cross, And so they lose the best.

CHORUS.



Give me, O Lord, Thy best things, Let oth - ers take the rest;



I do not want their good things, For I have got the best.

5 I want, in this short life of mine,
 As much as can be pressed,
 Of service true for God and man;
 Help me to be my best.

6 I want, among the victor throng,
 To have my name confessed;
 And hear my Master say at last,
 "Well done, you did your best."

No. 108. There is a Name I Love to Hear.

C. M.

There is a name I love to hear,
I love to sing its worth;
It sounds like music in mine ear,
The sweetest name on earth.

It tells me of a Saviour's love,
Who died to set me free;
It tells me of His precious blood,
The sinner's perfect plea.

It tells me of a Father's smile,
Beaming upon His child;
It cheers me through this 'little while,"
Through desert, waste and wild.

It bids my trembling soul rejoice,
And dries each rising tear;
It tells me in a "still small voice,"
To trust and not to fear.

Jesus, the name I love so well,
The name I love to hear!
No saint on earth its worth can tell,
No heart conceive how dear.

This name shall shed its fragrance still
Along this thorny road—
Shall sweetly smooth the rugged hill
That leads me up to God.

REV. F. WHITFIELD.

No. 109. O, Jesus Christ.

C. M.

O, Jesus Christ, grow Thou in me,
And all things else recede;
My heart be daily nearer Thee,
From sin be daily freed.

Each day, let Thy supporting might
My weakness still embrace;
My darkness vanish in Thy light;
Thy life my death efface.

In Thy bright beams, which on me fall,
Fade every evil thought;

That I am nothing, Thou art all,
I would be daily taught.

Make this poor self grow less and less,
Be Thou my life and aim;
O, make me daily, through Thy grace,
More worthy of Thy name.

Let faith in Thee and in Thy might
My every motive move;
Be Thou alone my soul's delight,
My passion and my love.

REV. J. C. LAVATER

No. 110. In the Cross of Christ.

AUTUMN. 8s & 7s.

In the cross of Christ I glory,
Towering o'er the wrecks of time;
All the light of sacred story
Gathers round its head sublime.
When the woes of life o'ertake me,
Hopes deceive, and fears annoy,
Never shall the cross forsake me:
Lo! it glows with peace and joy.

When the sun of bliss is beaming
Light and love upon my way,
From the cross the radiance streaming,
Adds new luster to the day.
Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure,
By the cross are sanctified;
Peace is there, that knows no measure,
Joys that through all time abide.

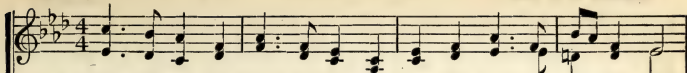
JOHN BOWRING, 1825.

No. 111.

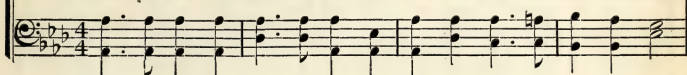

A. B. S.

Trust and Rest.

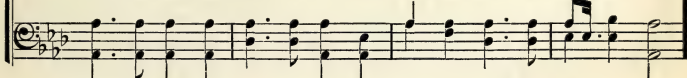
Rev. A. B. SIMPSON.



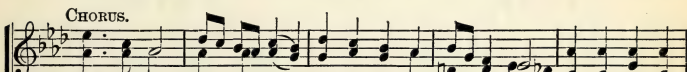
1. Trust and rest in Christ for-ev - er, Lean Thy head up - on His breast;
 2. Trust and rest for full sal - va - tion, Till the land is all possessed,
 3. Trust and rest in Christ for heal - ing, You who are with pain oppressed;

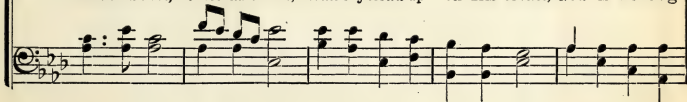

Noth - ing from His love can sev - er Those who ful - ly trust and rest.
 God will seal your con - se - cra - tion As you simp - ly trust and rest.
 Do not wait for sign or feel - ing, Claim His prom - ise, trust and rest.



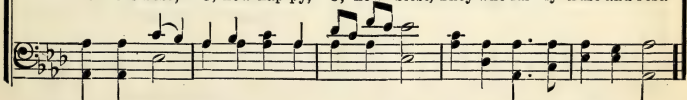
CHORUS.



Trust and rest, trust and rest, Lean thy head up - on His breast, God is working

for the best; O, how hap - py, O, how blest, They who ful - ly trust and rest.



4 Trust and rest in hours of sorrow
 Every wrong shall be redressed
 In some happy bright to-morrow;
 If you only trust and rest.

5 Trust and rest when all around thee
 Puts thy faith to sorest test;
 Let no fear or foe confound thee,
 Wait for God and trust and rest.

6 Trust and rest with heart abiding,
 Like a birdling in its nest,
 Underneath His feathers hiding,
 Fold thy wings and trust and rest.

7 Trust and rest till gentle fingers
 Fold thy hands across thy breast,
 While the echo softly lingers
 Everlasting trust and rest.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

By per., Wm. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. We walk by faith, . . . and oh, how sweet . . . The flow'rs that
 2. We walk by faith, . . . he wills it so, . . . And marks the
 3. We walk by faith, . . . di-vine-ly blest, . . . On him we
 4. And thus by faith, . . . till life shall end, . . . We'll walk with

grow . . . beneath our feet, . . . And fragrance breathe a-long the
 path . . . that we should go; . . . And when at times . . . our sky is
 lean, . . . in him we rest; . . . The more we trust . . . our Shepherd's
 him, . . . our dearest Friend, . . . Till safe we tread . . . the fields of

way . . . That leads the soul . . . to end-less day.
 dim, . . . He gen-tly draws . . . us close to him.
 care, . . . The more his love . . . 'tis ours to share.
 light, . . . Where faith is lost . . . in per-fect sight.

CHORUS.

express.

We walk by faith, but not alone, Our Shepherd's tender voice we hear,

And feel his hand within our own, And know that he is al-ways near.

JOSIAH CONDER. 1837.

MRS. ABBY CLARK-FORD

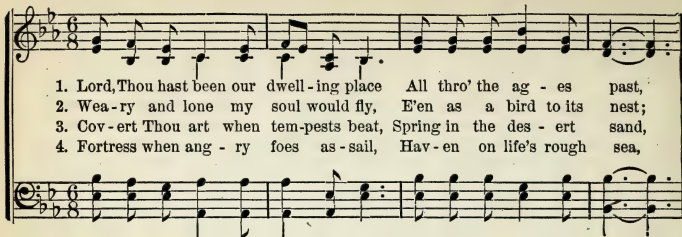
1. Day by day the man - na fell; Oh, to learn this les son well,
 2. "Day by day," the prom - ise reads; Dai - ly strength for dai - ly needs,
 3. Thou my dai - ly task, shalt give; Day by day to Thee I live:
 4. Fond am - bi - tion, whis - per not; Hap - py is my hum - ble lot:
 5. Oh, to live ex - empt from care, By the en - er - gy of prayer,

Still by con - stant mer - cy fed, Give me, Lord, my dai - ly bread.
 Cast for - bod - ing fears a - way; Take the man - na of to - day.
 So shall add - ed years ful - fill Not mine own, my Fa - ther's, will.
 Anx - ious bus - y cares, a - way; I'm pro - vi - ded for to - day.
 Strong in faith with mind sub - dued, Yet e - late with grat - i - tude!

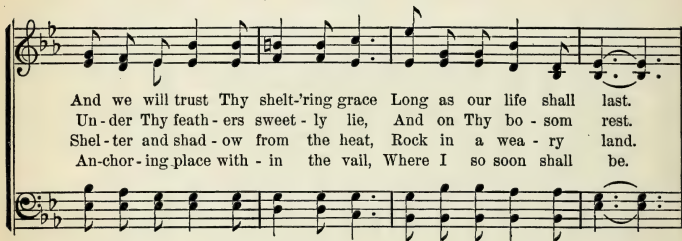
CHORUS.

Day by day He feeds me, Hour by hour He leads me,
 He feeds, He feeds, me, He leads, He leads me,

Ev - 'ry day, all the way To the Fa - ther - land.

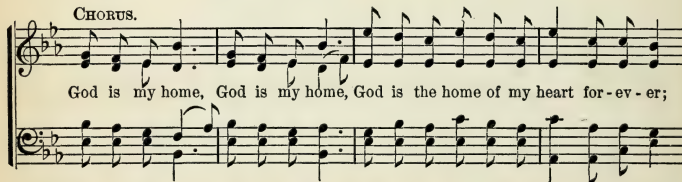


1. Lord, Thou hast been our dwell - ing place All thro' the ag - es past,
 2. Wea - ry and lone my soul would fly, E'en as a bird to its nest;
 3. Cov - ert Thou art when tem - pests beat, Spring in the des - ert sand,
 4. Fortress when ang - ry foes as - sail, Hav - en on life's rough sea,

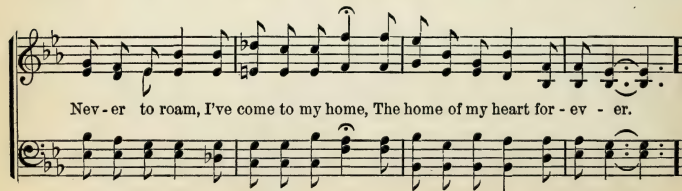


And we will trust Thy shelt - ring grace Long as our life shall last.
 Un - der Thy feath - ers sweet - ly lie, And on Thy bo - som rest.
 Shel - ter and shad - ow from the heat, Rock in a wea - ry land.
 An - chor - ing place with - in the vail, Where I so soon shall be.

CHORUS.



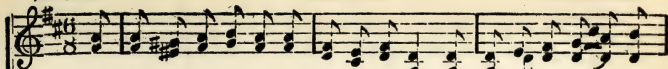
God is my home, God is my home, God is the home of my heart for - ev - er;



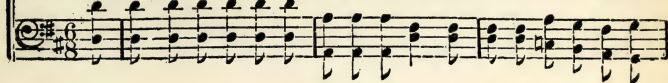
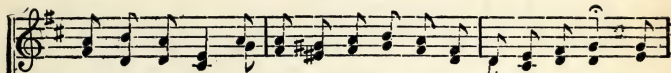
Nev - er to roam, I've come to my home, The home of my heart for - ev - er.

5 Weary and tempest-tossed no more,
 All of my wanderings past,
 Doubting and strife and grief are o'er,
 And I am home at last.

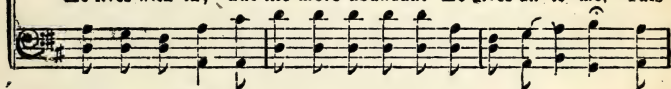
6 Wandering one, why wilt thou roam,
 Far from thy Father's face?
 Prodigal child, come home, come home,
 God is thy dwelling place.




1. I've yield-ed to God, and I'm saved ev'ry hour; I've yielded to God, and I
 2. I've entered the rest of the peo-ple of God, The ho-ly of holies made
 3. I've reckoned my-self to be dead un-to sin; And risen with Christ, and now

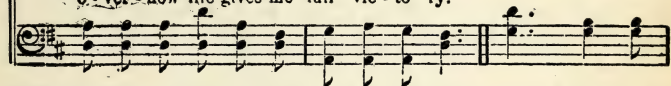
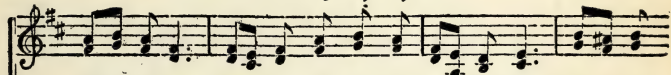
feel His sweet pow'r; I've trusted His prom-is-es, not one has failed Of
 pure by His blood; His law is with-in, I de-light in His will, I've
 He lives with-in; 'The life more abundant' He gives un-to me. This





CHORUS.



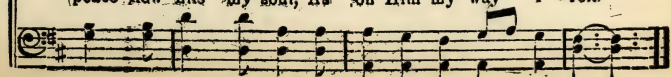
all His good word, tho' the temp-ter as-sailed. Sweet, qui-et
 learned how to wait up-on God and be still.
 o-ver-flow life gives me full vic-to-ry.

yield-ed life, Bless-ed rest from all storm and strife; God's own

peace now fills my soul, As on Him my way I-roll.

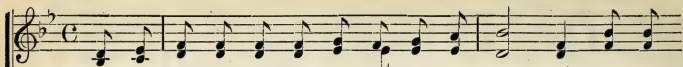


No. 116.

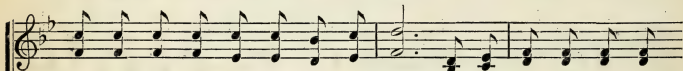
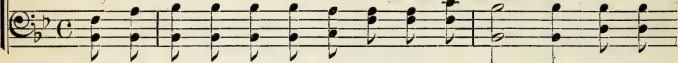
Only Wait.

A. B. S.

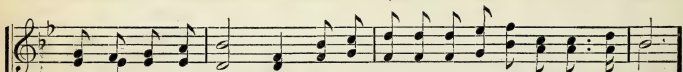
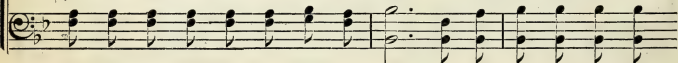
Rev. A. B. SIMPSON.



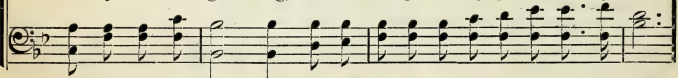
1. Oft there comes a gen - tle whis - per o'er me steal - ing, When my
2. When I can - not un - der - stand my Fa - ther's lead - ing, And it
3. When the prom - ise seems to lin - ger, long de - lay - ing, And I
4. When I see the wick - ed pros - per in their sin - ning, And the



tri - als and my bur - dens seem too great; Like the sweet - voiced bells of
seems to be but hard and cru - el fate, Still I hear that gen - tle
trem - ble, lest, per - haps, it comes too late. Still I hear that sweet - voiced
righteous pressed by many a cru - el strait, I re - mem - ber this is



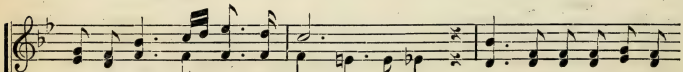
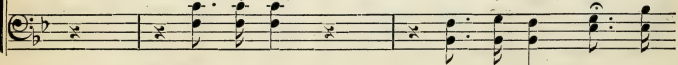
eve - ning soft - ly peal - ing, It is say - ing to my spir - it—On - ly wait.
whis - per ev - er plead - ing, God is work - ing, God is faith - ful—On - ly wait.
an - gel ev - er say - ing, Tho' it tar - ry, it is com - ing—On - ly wait.
on - ly the be - gin - ning, And I whis - per to my spir - it—On - ly wait.



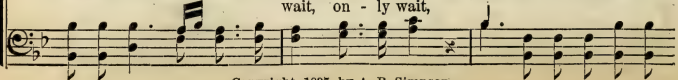
CHORUS.



On - ly wait, On - ly wait, on - ly wait; God is



working—trust, and on - ly wait; Wait, and ev - 'ry cloud will
wait, on - ly wait,



Only Wait. Concluded.

bright - en ; Wait, and ev - 'ry load will light - en ;
bright - en, bright-en ; light - en, light - en ;

Wait, and ev - 'ry wrong will right - en, If you on - ly wait.
right - en, right - en,

No. 117. Light of the Lonely Pilgrim.

DENNY.

(WINCHESTER OLD, C.M.)

ALISON'S PSALTER.

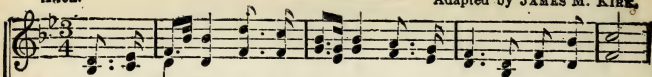
1. Light of the lone - ly pilgrim's heart! Star of the com - ing day!
2. Come, bless - ed Lord! let ev - 'ry shore And ans - w'ring is - land sing

1. A - rise, and with Thy morn - ing beams Chase all our griefs a - way.
2. The prais - es of Thy roy - al name, And own Thee as their King.

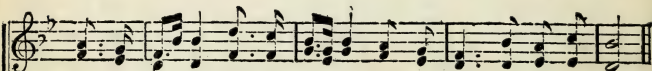
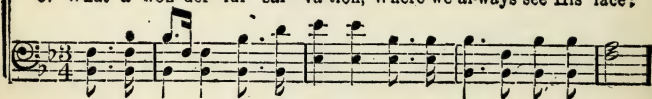
3. Jesus! Thy fair creation groans—
The air, the earth, the sea—
In unison with all our hearts,
And calls aloud for Thee.

4. Thine was the Cross with all its fruits
Of grace and peace divine;
Be Thine the crown of glory now,
The palm of victory Thine.

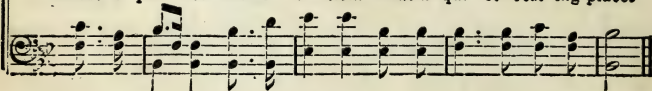
Anon.



1. Joys are flow-ing like a riv - er, Since the Com-fort-er has come;
2. Bringing life, and health and gladness, All a-round this heavenly Guest,
3. Like the rain that falls from heaven, Like the sun-light from the sky,
4. See a fruit-ful field is grow-ing, Blessed fruits of righteousness:
5. What a won-der-ful sal - va-tion, Where we al-ways see His face;

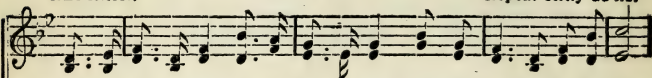


He a-bides with us for - ev - er, Makes the frus-tring heart His home.
 Banished un - be - lief and sad-ness, Changed our weariness to rest.
 So the Ho - ly Ghost is giv-en, Com-ing on us from on high.
 And the streams of life are flow-ing. In the lone-ly wil - der-ness.
 What a per - fect hab - i - ta-tion. What a qui - et rest-ing place.

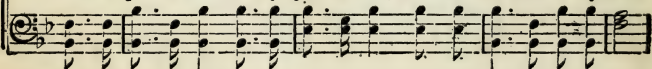
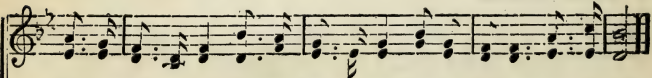


REFRAIN.

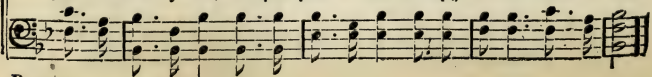
Repeat softly ad lib.



Bless-ed qui-et-ness, ho-ly qui-et-ness, What as-sur-ance in my soul!

*Ad lib.*.....

On the storm-y sea, He speaks peace to me, How the billows cease to roll.



By per

E. A. H.

By per., Rev. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

1. I must tell Je - sus, all of my tri - als; I cannot bear these
 2. I must tell Je - sus all of my trou - bles; He is a kind, com -
 3. Tempted and tried I need a great Sav - ior, One who can help my
 4. O how the world to e - vil al - lures me! O how my heart is

burdens a - lone; In my distress He kindly will help me; He ev - er
 passionate Friend; If I but ask Him, He will de - liv - er, Make of my
 burdens to bear; I must tell Jesus, I must tell Jesus; He all my
 tempted to sin! I must tell Jesus, and He will help me Over the

CHORUS.

loves and cares for His own.
 trou - bles quickly an end.
 cares and sorrows will share.
 world the vict'ry to win. } I must tell Je - sus! I must tell

Je - sus! I cannot bear my burdens a lone; I must tell

Rit.
 Je - sus! I must tell Je - sus! Jesus can help me, Jesus a - lone.

The Peace of God.

Rev. A. B. SIMPSON.

QUARTETTE. *p*

1. There's a peace that pass-eth un-der-stand-ing, For the pray'r-ful,
2. Are you fear-ing, fret-ting, or re-pin-ning? You can nev-er
3. You may bring Him ev-'ry care and bur-den, You may tell Him
4. Faith can nev-er reach its con-sum-ma-tion Till the vic-tor's

trust-ful, thankful heart; Like a gar-ri-son the soul com-mand-ing,
know God's per-fect peace: On His bo-som all your weight re-clin-ing,
ev-'ry need in pray'r, You may trust Him for the dark-est mo-moment,
thank-ful song we raise: In the glo-rious cit-y of sal-va-tion,

rallentando.

It will shield from ev-'ry fi-ery dart. Would you know to
All your rest- less doubts and cares must cease. Would you know the
He is car- ing, where-fore need you care? Would you know the
God has told us all the gates are praise. Would you claim the

whom the peace is giv-en? Would you find the ve-ry joy of heav'n.
peace that God has giv-en? Would you find the ve-ry joy of heav'n.
peace His grace has giv-en? Would you find the ve-ry joy of heav'n.
peace that God has giv-en? Would you find the ve-ry joy of heav'n.

CHORUS.

Be care-ful for noth-ing, Be pray'r-ful for ev-'rything, Be thank-ful for

The Peace of God. Concluded.

cres. *f*

a - ny - thing, And the peace of God that pass-eth un-der-stand-ing Shall

ff

keep, shall keep, shall keep your minds and hearts.
your minds and hearts, your minds and hearts,

No. 121.

Our Times are in Thy Hand.

W. F. LOVD.

Lutheran Melody.

Sustained.

1. Our times are in Thy hand— O God, we wish them there
2. Our times are in Thy hand— What - e - ver they may be;
3. Our times are in Thy hand— Why should we doubt or fear?
4. Our times are in Thy hand: Je - sus, the Cru - ci - fied,
5. Our times are in Thy hand: We'll al - ways trust to Thee,

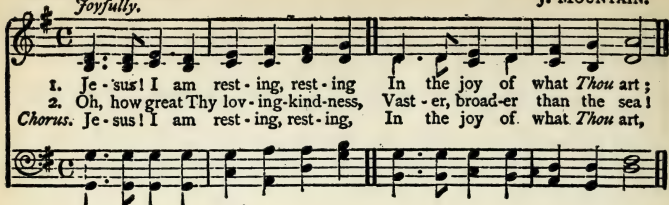
Our lives, our souls, our all we leave En - tire - ly to Thy care.
Pleas - ing or pain - ful, dark or bright, As best may seem to Thee.
A Fa - ther's hand will ne - ver cause His child a need - less tear.
Whose hand our ma - ny sins have pierced Is now our guard and guide.
Till we pos - sess the prom - ised land, And all Thy glo - ry see.

No.

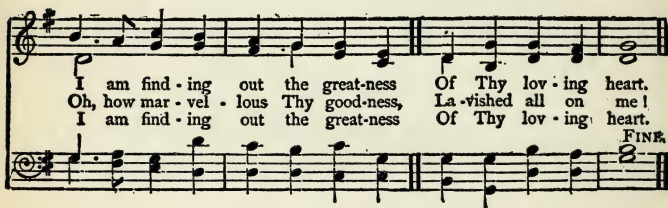
Jesus! I am Resting, Resting.

JEAN SOPHIA PIGOTT.

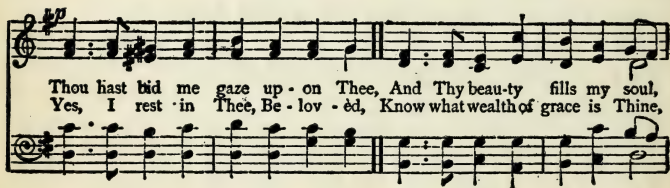
J. MOUNTAIN.

Foynfully.


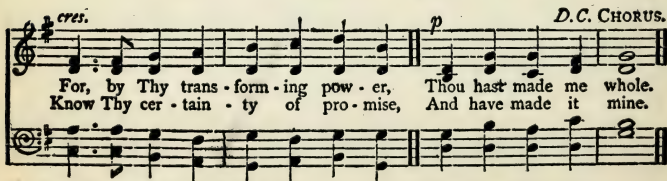
1. Je - sus! I am rest - ing, rest - ing In the joy of what *Thou* art;
 2. Oh, how great Thy lov - ing - kind - ness, Vast - er, broad - er than the sea!
Chorus. Je - sus! I am rest - ing, rest - ing, In the joy of. what *Thou* art,



I am find - ing out the great - ness Of Thy lov - ing heart.
 Oh, how mar - vel - lous Thy good - ness, La - vished all on me!
 I am find - ing out the great - ness Of Thy lov - ing heart. FINE.



Thou hast bid me gaze up - on Thee, And Thy beau - ty fills my soul,
 Yes, I rest in Thee, Be - lov - ed, Know what wealth of grace is Thine,



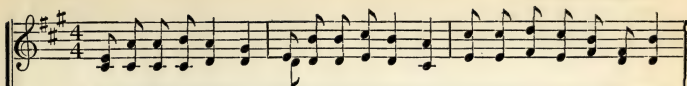
cres. For, by Thy trans - form - ing pow - er, Thou hast made me whole.
 Know Thy cer - tain - ty of pro - mise, And have made it mine. *p* D.C. CHORUS.

3 Simply trusting Thee, Lord Jesus,
 I behold Thee as Thou art,
 And Thy love so pure, so changeless,
 Satisfies my heart;
 Satisfies its deepest longings,
 Meets, supplies its every need,
 Compasseth me round with blessings:
 Thine is love indeed!

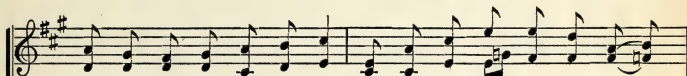
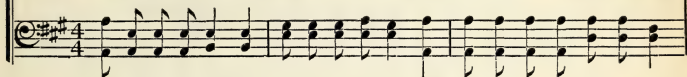
4 Ever lift Thy face upon me,
 As I work and wait for Thee;
 Resting 'neath Thy smile, Lord Jesus,
 Earth's dark shadows flee.
 Brightness of my Father's glory,
 Sunshine of my Father's face,
 Keep me ever trusting, resting,
 Fill me with Thy grace.

L. S.

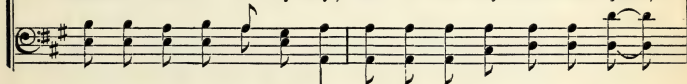
LOUISE SHEPARD.



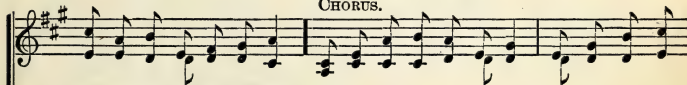
1. Je-sus knows thy sorrow, Knows each dread tomorrow, There will no temp-ta-tion come,
 2. Je-sus knows that tri-al, Knows that sad de-ni-al, He thus proves thee but to know
 3. Je-sus knows thy sadness, Comes to give thee gladness, And to fill thy heart with praise,



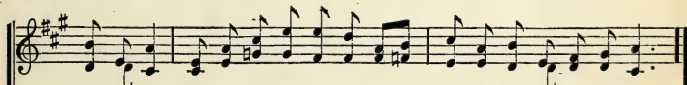
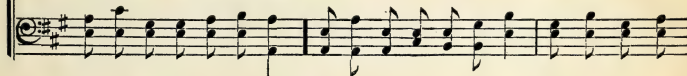
But thou'lt find in Him a home, There will no temp-ta-tion come,
 If He's more than all be-low, He thus proves thee but to know
 Wheth-er dark or sun-ny days, And to fill thy heart with praise,



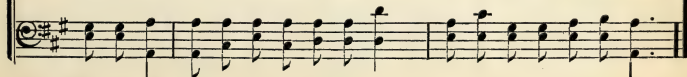
CHORUS.



But thou'lt find in Him a home.
 If He's more than all be-low. } Je-sus knows He has thy care, Je-sus loves thy
 Wheth-er dark or sun-ny days. }



griefs to bear; All the day and all the way, 'Till the glo-ry we shall share.



- 4 Jesus knows thy weakness,
 'Tis to teach thee meekness
 That He takes from thee thy power,
 Holding thee to Him each hour.

- 5 Jesus knows thy trying,
 On His bosom lying,
 Lean and let Him live His life,
 Ceasing all thy weary strife.

A. B. S.

Rev. A. B. SIMPSON.

1. There are some who believe the Bi - ble, And some who be - lieve a part,
 2. It as - sures me of sal - va - tion, Thro' Je - sus' pre - cious blood,
 3. And it tells me there is cleans-ing From ev - 'ry se - cret sin,

Some who trust with a res - er - va - tion, And some with all their heart.
 For the souls that trust His - mer - cy, And yield themselves to God.
 And a great and full sal - va - tion, To keep the heart with - in.

But I know that its ev - 'ry prom - ise Is firm and true al - ways,
 And I claim for my - self the prom - ise, And just be - gin to praise,
 And I take Him in His full - ness, With all His glo - ri - ous grace,

It is tried as the pre - cious sil - ver, And it means just what it says.
 For it says I am saved by trust - ing, And I trust just as it says.
 For He says it is mine for tak - ing, And I take just what He says.

REFRAIN.

Yes, it means just what it says, Yes, it
 Yes, it means, what it says,

It Means Just What it Says. Concluded.

means. just what it says, No word He has
Yes, it means, just what it says,

spok - en can ev - er be brok - en, For it means just what it says.

4 And it tells me He will heal me,
And hear my feeblest cry,
And that all His royal bounty,
Will all my need supply.
And I seem to know no better,
Than trust Him all my ways,
For He says I may trust Him fully,
And I trust just as He says.

5 It is strange we trust each other,
And only doubt our Lord;
We will take the word of mortals
And yet distrust His Word;
But oh, what light and glory,
Would shine o'er all our days,
If we always would remember
That He means just what He says.

No. 125. I am Trusting Thee, Lord Jesus.

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL.

REV. SIR H. W. BAKER.

Tenderly.

1. I am trusting Thee, Lord Je-sus, Trust-ing on - ly Thee ! Trust-ing Thee for
2. I am trusting Thee for par-don, At Thy feet I bow ; For Thy grace and
3. I am trusting Thee for cleansing, In the crimson flood ; Trust-ing Thee to
4. I am trusting Thee to guide me, Thou a - lone shalt lead, Ev - 'ry day and

full sal - va - tion, Great and free.
ten - der mer - cy, Trust - ing now,
make me ho - ly, By Thy blood.
hour sup - ply - ing All my need.

5 I am trusting Thee for power,
Thine can never fail ;
Words which Thou Thyself shalt
give me,
Must prevail.

6 I am trusting Thee, Lord Jesus,
Never let me fall !
I am trusting Thee for ever,
And for all.

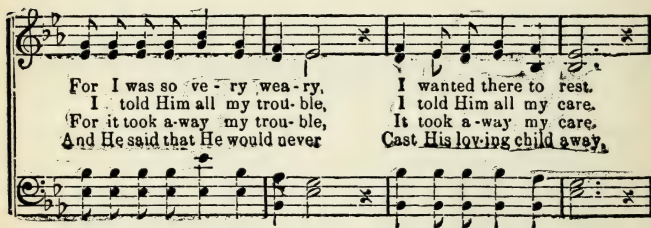
P. --- LONSDALE.

By per., JAS. M. KIRK.



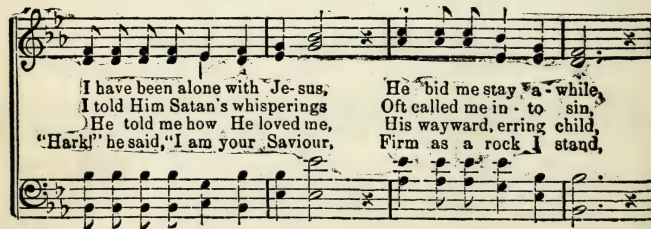
1. I have been alone with Je-sus,
 2. Shall I tell you what I told Him,
 3. Shall I tell you what He told me,
 4. Then He told me I was welcome,

My head up-on His breast,
 While I was waiting there?
 While I was waiting there?
 To stay with Him for aye,



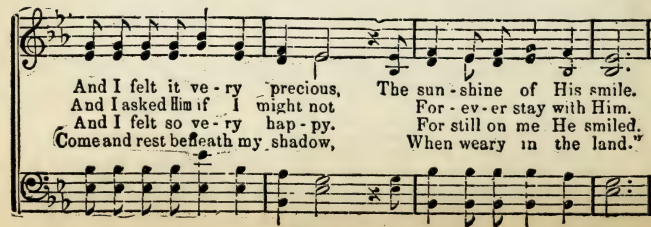
For I was so ve-ry wea-ry,
 I told Him all my trou-ble,
 For it took a-way my trou-ble,
 And He said that He would never

I wanted there to rest.
 I told Him all my care.
 It took a-way my care,
 Cast His lov-ing child away,



I have been alone with Je-sus,
 I told Him Satan's whisperings
 He told me how He loved me,
 "Hark!" he said, "I am your Saviour,

He bid me stay a-while,
 Oft called me in-to sin,
 His wayward, erring child,
 Firm as a rock I stand,

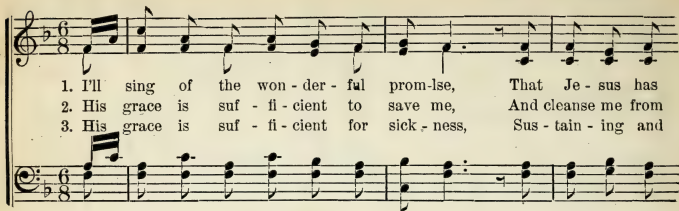


And I felt it ve-ry pre-cious,
 And I asked Him if I might not
 And I felt so ve-ry hap-py.
 Come and rest beneath my shadow,

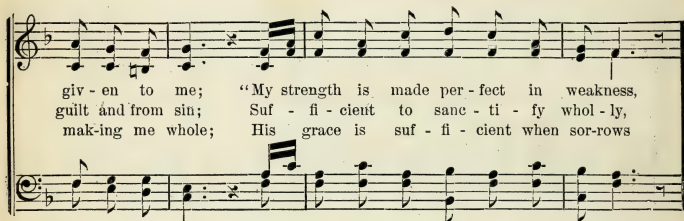
The sun-shine of His smile.
 For-ev-er stay with Him.
 For still on me He smiled.
 When weary in the land."

A. B. S.

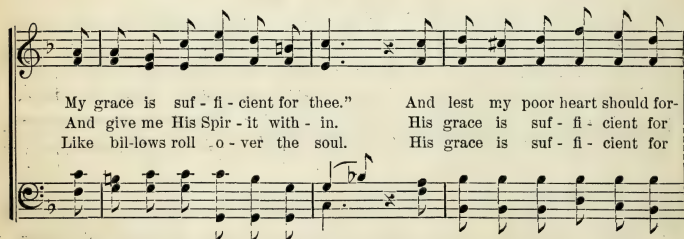
Rev. A. B. SIMPSON.



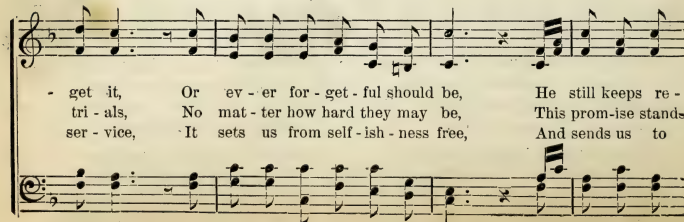
1. I'll sing of the won - der - ful prom - ise, That Je - sus has
 2. His grace is suf - fi - cient to save me, And cleanse me from
 3. His grace is suf - fi - cient for sick - ness, Sus - tain - ing and



giv - en to me; "My strength is made per - fect in weakness,
 guilt and from sin; Suf - fi - cient to sanc - ti - fy whol - ly,
 mak - ing me whole; His grace is suf - fi - cient when sor - rows

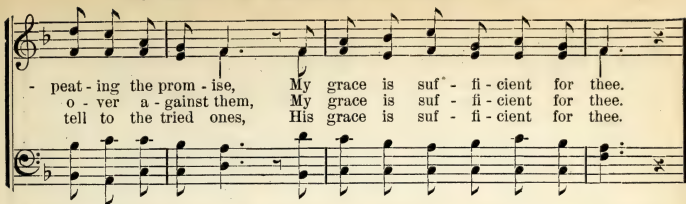


My grace is suf - fi - cient for thee." And lest my poor heart should for -
 And give me His Spir - it with - in. His grace is suf - fi - cient for
 Like bil - lows roll o - ver the soul. His grace is suf - fi - cient for



- get it, Or ev - er for - get - ful should be, He still keeps re -
 tri - als, No mat - ter how hard they may be, This prom - ise stands
 ser - vice, It sets us from self - ish - ness free, And sends us to

My Grace Is Sufficient for Thee. Concluded.

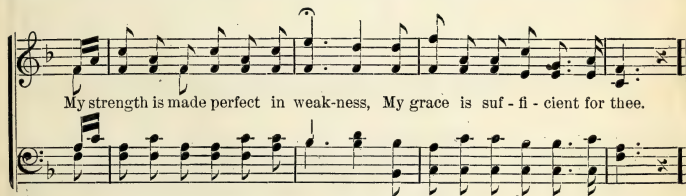


- peat - ing the prom - ise, My grace is suf - fi - cient for thee.
o - ver a - gainst them, My grace is suf - fi - cient for thee.
tell to the tried ones, His grace is suf - fi - cient for thee.

CHORUS.



Yes o - ver and o - ver and o - ver, My Sav-iour keeps saying to me;



My strength is made perfect in weak-ness, My grace is suf - fi - cient for thee.

4 His grace is sufficient to live by,
And should we be summoned to die
'Twill light up the valley of shadows,
And bear us away to the sky.
And when we shall stand with the ransom'd,
And Christ in His glory shall see,
We'll fall at His footstool confessing,
Thy grace was sufficient for me.

5 It is not our grace that's sufficient,
But His grace, it ever must be;
Our graces are transient and changi
His grace is unfailing as He.
And so I am ever repeating,
His wonderful promise to me.
My strength is made perfect in weakness,
My grace is sufficient for thee.

No. 129.

Tarry With Me.

8 & 7s.

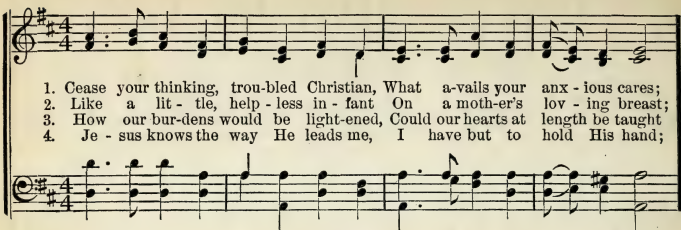
Tarry with me, O my Saviour!
For the day is passing by;
See! the shades of evening gather,
And the night is drawing nigh.
Deeper, deeper grow the shadows,
Paler now the glowing west,
Swift the night of death advances
Shall it be the night of rest?
Lonely seems the vale of shadow;
Sinks my heart with troubled fear;
Give me faith for clearer vision,
Speak thou, Lord, in words of cheer.

Let me hear thy voice behind me,
Calming all these wild alarms;
Let me, underneath my weakness,
Feel the everlasting arms.
Feeble, trembling, fainting, dying,
Lord, I cast myself on Thee;
Tarry with me through the darkness;
While I sleep, still watch by me.
Tarry with me, O my Saviour!
Lay my head upon Thy breast
Till the morning; then awake me—
Morning of eternal rest!

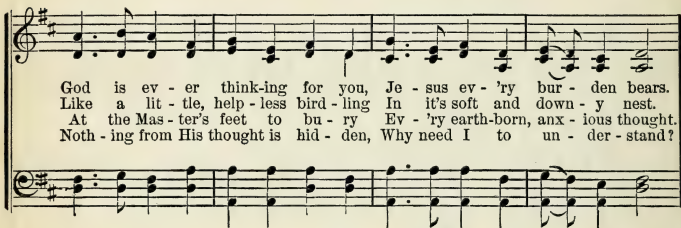
CAROLINE SPRAGUE SMITH, 1855.

A. B. S.

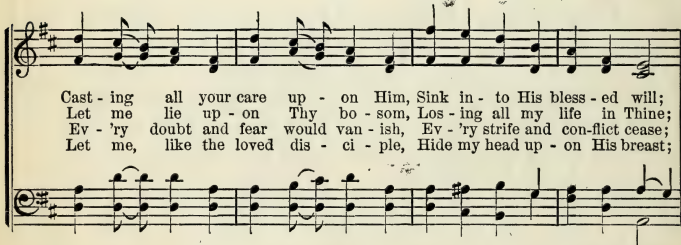
Rev. A. B. SIMPSON.




1. Cease your thinking, troubled Christian, What a-vails your anx-ious cares;
 2. Like a lit-tle, help-less in-fant On a moth-er's lov-ing breast;
 3. How our bur-dens would be light-ened, Could our hearts at length be taught
 4. Je-sus knows the way He leads me, I have but to hold His hand;



God is ev-er think-ing for you, Je-sus ev-'ry bur-den bears.
 Like a lit-tle, help-less bird-ling In it's soft and down-y nest.
 At the Mas-ter's feet to bu-ry Ev-'ry earth-born, anx-ious thought.
 Noth-ing from His thought is hid-den, Why need I to un-der-stand?



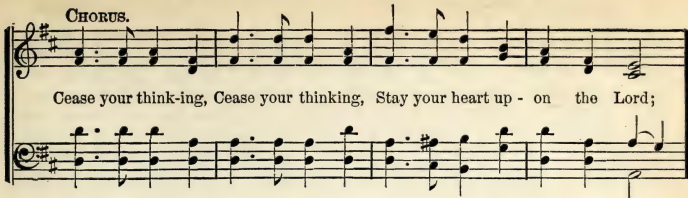
Cast-ing all your care up-on Him, Sink in-to His bless-ed will;
 Let me lie up-on Thy bo-som, Los-ing all my life in Thine;
 Ev-'ry doubt and fear would van-ish, Ev-'ry strife and con-flict cease;
 Let me, like the loved dis-ci-ples, Hide my head up-on His breast;



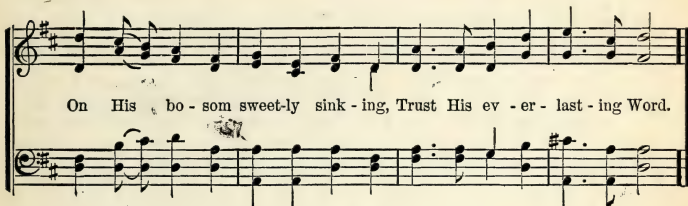
While He folds you to His bo-som, Sweet-ly whisp'ring, "Peace be still."
 Hide me un-der-neath Thy feath-ers, Sweet-ly whisp'ring, "Thou art mine."
 Love would sway a bound-less em-pire, O'er a realm of end-less peace.
 'Till up-on His faith-ful bo-som, All my cares are hushed to rest.

Cease Your Thinking. Concluded.

CHORUS.



Cease your think-ing, Cease your thinking, Stay your heart up - on the Lord;



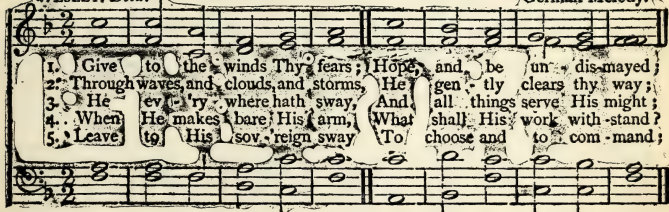
On His bo - som sweet-ly sink - ing, Trust His ev - er - last - ing Word.

No. 131.

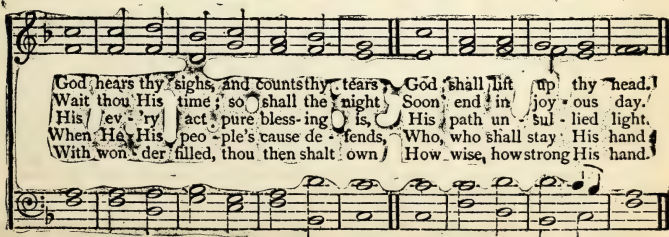
Give to the Winds Thy Fears.

WESLEY, *Bold.*

German Melody.



1. Give to the winds Thy fears; Hope, and be un-dis-mayed;
 2. Through waves, and clouds, and storms, He gen-tly clears thy way;
 3. He ev'-ry where hath sway, And all things serve His might;
 4. When He makes bare His arm, What shall His work with-stand?
 5. Leave to His sov-reign sway To choose and to com-mand;



God hears thy sighs, and counts thy tears, God shall lift up thy head.
 Wait thou His time; so shall the night Soon end in joy-ous day.
 His ev'-ry act pure bless-ing is, His path un-sul-lied light.
 When He His peo-ple's cause de-fends, Who, who shall stay His hand?
 With won-der filled, thou then shalt own How wise, how strong His hand.

6. Thou seest our weakness, Lord,
 Our hearts are known to Thee;
 Oh lift Thou up the sinking hand,
 Confirm the feeble knee!

7 Let us, in life and death,
 Thy steadfast truth declare;
 Proclaiming, with our latest breath,
 Thy love and guardian care!

REV. E. A. HOFFMAN.

A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. What a fel-low-ship, what a joy divine, Lean-ing on the ev - er-
 2. Oh, how sweet to walk in this pilgrim way, Lean-ing on the ev - er-
 3. What have I to dread, what have I to fear, Lean-ing on the ev - er-

last - ing arms; What a bless - ed-ness, what a peace is mine,
 last - ing arms; Oh, how bright the path grows from day to day,
 last - ing arms? I have bless - ed peace with my Lord so near,

REFRAIN.

Lean-ing on the ev - er-last-ing arms. Lean - - ing,
 Lean-ing on the ev - er-last-ing arms.
 Lean-ing on the ev - er-last-ing arms. Lean-ing on Je-sus,

lean - - ing, Safe and se - cure from all a - larms;
 Lean-ing on Je - sus,

Lean - - ing, lean - - ing, Lean-ing on the ev - er-last-ing arms.
 Leaning on Jesus, leaning on Je-sus,

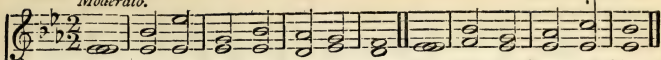
No. 133.

Calm Me, My God.

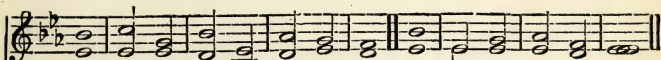
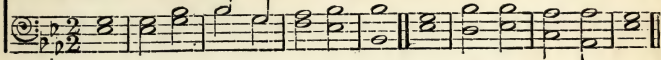
DR. H. BONAR.

Moderato.

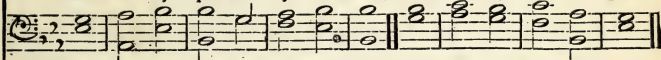
RAVENSCROFT.



1. Calm me, my God, and keep me calm, While these hot breez - es blow ;
2. Calm me, my God, and keep me calm, Soft rest - ing on Thy breast ;
3. Yes, keep me calm, though loud and rude The sounds my ear that greet,
4. Calm in the hour of buoy - ant health, Calm in my hour of pain ;



Be like the night-dew's cool - ing balm Up - on earth's fe - vered brow.
Soothe me with ho - ly hymn and psalm, And bid my spi - rit rest.
Calm in the clo - set's so - li - tude, Calm in the bus - tling street ;
Calm in my po - ver - ty or wealth, Calm in my loss or gain.



- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>5 Calm 'mid the restless heaving throng,
Who do not know Thy name ;
Calm in the sufferance of wrong,
Like Him who bore my shame.</p> | <p>6 Calm as the ray of sun or star
Which storms assail in vain ;
Moving unruffled through earth's war,
The eternal calm to gain.</p> |
|---|---|

No. 134.

To the Cross of Christ.

Foysful.

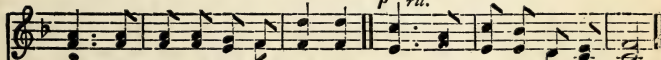
German Evening Hymn.



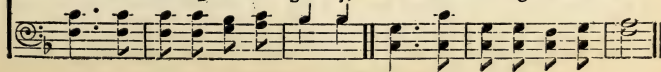
1. To the cross of Christ, my Sa - viour, I had brought my wea - ry soul ;
2. At the cross, while meekly bow - ing, Je - sus, smil - ing, bade me live ;
3. At the cross, while prostrate ly - ing, Je - sus' blood flowed o'er my soul ;
4. At the cross, I'm calm - ly trust - ing, Ev - 'ry mo - ment now is sweet,



p rit.



Bur - den'd, faint, and broken - heart - ed, Pray - ing, "Je - sus, make me whole."
"I have died for your trans - ges - sions, And I free - ly all for - give."
All my guilt and sin were co - vered, And He whispered, "Child, be whole."
I am tast - ing of His glo - ry, I am rest - ing at His feet.



A. B. S.

Rev. A. B. SIMPSON.

1. There's a lit-tle word that the Lord has giv'n For our help in the hour of
 2. There's anoth-er word that the Lord has giv'n, In the ver-y same verse we
 3. While we trust in feel-ing or in-ward frames We shall al-ways be tossed a-
 4. As the mar-i-ner, when the skies are dim, Sails on by his com-pass

need,—Let us reckon on our-selves to be dead to sin, To be dead and
 read,—Let us reckon on our-selves as a-live in Him, As a-live and a-
 bout, Let us an-chor fast to the Word of God, And reckon on a-
 true; So our faith would cling to the prom-ise firm, And reckon on the

CHORUS.

dead in-deed.
 - live in-deed.
 - way our doubt.
 jour-ney thro'.

Let us reckon, reckon, reck-on, Let us reckon, rather than

feel; Let us be true to the reckon-ing, And He will make it real.

5 O how sweet it is to be anchored fast
 To a hope that can never fail;
 Let us reckon on with a firmer trust,
 Till we anchor within the vale.

6 You may claim the promise from ev'ry pain,
 You may know His power to heal;
 But your faith must rest in His word alone,
 And reckon, rather than feel.

No. 136.

My Heart is Resting.

ANNA L. WARING.

Swiss Melody.

Smoothly.

1. My heart is rest-ing, O my God, I will give thanks and sing :
 2. Now the frail ves-sel Thou hast made, No hand but Thine shall fill—
 3. I thirst for springs of heaven-ly life, And here all day they rise ;

My heart is at the se-cret source Of ev-'ry pre-cious thing.
 The wa-ters of the earth have failed, And I am thirs-ty still.
 I seek the trea-sure of Thy love, And close at hand it lies.

4 And a "new song" is in my mouth,
 To long-loved music set—
 Glory to Thee for all the grace
 I have not tasted yet !

6 There is a certainty of love
 That sets my heart at rest ;
 A calm assurance for to-day
 That to be poor is best !

No. 137.

Jesus is the Same Forever.

REV. WADE ROBINSON.

Calmly.

J. MOUNTAIN.

1. Je-sus is the same for e-ver ; We may change, but Je-sus ne-ver, —
 2. Oh, what rest in Him a-bid-ing, In His love and care con-fid-ing,
 3. From our wand'rings home returning, Lo, He meets us with His yearning,
 4. Small the ser-vice we can ren-der, He is pa-tient still and ten-der, —

Je-sus ne-ver.
 Still con-fid-ing !
 Fond-est yearn-ing:
 Oh, how ten-der !

5 Day by day He walks beside us,
 Ours to shield us, ours to guide us,
 Shield and guide us.
 6 Calm we sleep, for He, unsleeping,
 Folds us with almighty keeping,
 Sleepless keeping.
 7 Lo, the heart that He created,
 Only with Himself is sated,
 Sweetly sated,
 8 He is nearer than our nearest,
 He is dearer than our dearest,
 More than dearest.

No. 138.

Lovest Thou Me?

KATE HANKEY.

LOUISE SHEPARD.

Plaintive.

1. I saw Him leave His Fa-ther's throne, For-sake that glo - ry, all His
 2. I saw Him in temp - ta - tion's hour, Weak, but o'er-com-ing Sa-tan's
 3. I heard Him once, by Ja-cob's well, The mes - sage of sal - va - tion
 4. I saw Him come, by pi - ty led, And stand be-side my fev'-rish

own! For love of me. And from the low - ly man-ger-bed, I
 pow'r, For love of me. And as the tempter fled a - way I
 tell, For love of me. My heart had been as cold as stone; But
 bed, For love of me. Then heard Him whisper, as dis-ease Gave

CHORUS. *mf* *pp rit.*
 heard a gen-tle Voice that said:
 heard a Voice that seemed to say:
 how could I re - sist that tone?
 way to health, and pain to ease, } "Lov-est thou Me?" "Lovest Thou Me?"

5 He saw me weeping for my sin,
 And turned to breathe His peace within,
 For love of me.
 Oh, may it never lose its power,
 His voice in that sweet pardoning hour,
 "Lovest Thou Me?"

6 Once, with His own outstretched arm,
 He turned the storm into a calm,
 For love of me:
 Then came and took me by the hand,
 And said, as we approached the land,
 "Lovest Thou Me?"

No. 139.

In Heavenly Love Abiding.

ST HILDA.

7s & 6s.

In heavenly love abiding,
 No change my heart shall fear
 And safe is such confiding,
 For nothing changes here:
 The storm may roar without me,
 My heart may low be laid;
 But God is round about me,
 And can I be dismayed?
 Wherever He may guide me,
 No want shall turn me back;
 My Shepherd is beside me,
 And nothing can I lack;

His wisdom ever waketh,
 His sight is never dim;
 He knows the way He taketh,
 And I will walk with Him.
 Green pastures are before me,
 Which yet I have not seen;
 Bright skies will soon be o'er me,
 Where darkest clouds have been:
 My hope I can not measure;
 My path to life is free;
 My Saviour has my treasure,
 And He will walk with me.

ANNA LETITIA WARING, 1850.

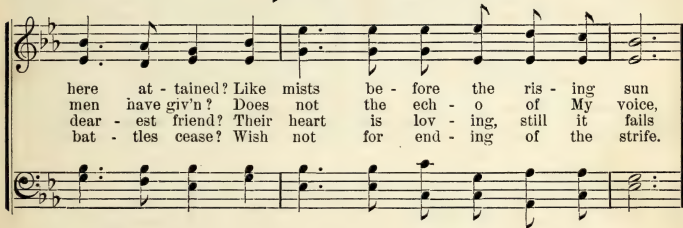
LOUISE SHEPARD.

1 SAM. 1: 8.


Dr. J. STEINER,



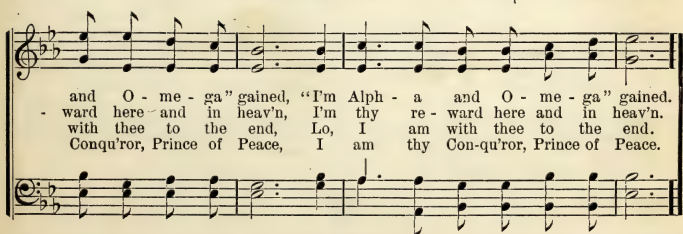
1. "Am I not bet - ter un - to thee" Than world - ly hon - or
 2. "Am I not bet - ter un - to thee" Than pass - ing prais - es
 3. "Am I not bet - ter un - to thee" Than e'en the near - est,
 4. "Am I not bet - ter un - to thee" Than peace - ful days when



here at - tained? Like mists be - fore the ris - ing sun
 men have giv'n? Does not the ech - o of My voice,
 dear - est friend? Their heart is lov - ing, still it fails
 bat - tles cease? Wish not for end - ing of the strife.



All fade, as dreams when night is done. "I'm Alph - a
 Which says, "Well done," make thee re - joice? I'm thy re -
 In the dark hour when all as - sails. Lo, I am
 Let Me but rule with - in thy life, I am thy



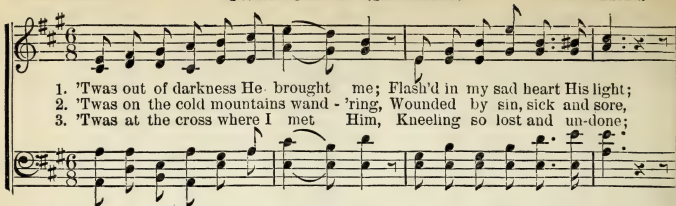
and O - me - ga" gained, "I'm Alph - a and O - me - ga" gained.
 - ward here and in heav'n, I'm thy re - ward here and in heav'n.
 with thee to the end, Lo, I am with thee to the end.
 Conqu'r'r, Prince of Peace, I am thy Con-qu'r'r, Prince of Peace.

- 5 "Am I not better unto thee" than any gift received from Me?
 Is not My presence at thy side
 Enough to make thee satisfied?
 "Abide in Me and I in Thee."
- 6 "Am I not better unto thee" than hopes of coming morn afar?
 'Tis heaven come down below to rest,
 When I am dwelling in thy breast.
 "I am thy bright and morning star."

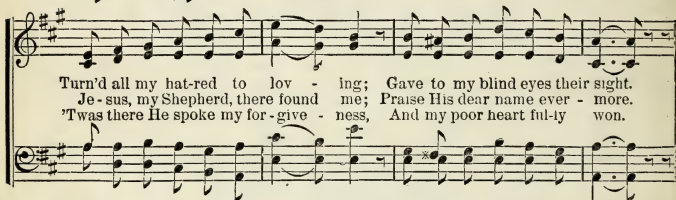
No. 141.

'Twas Out of Darkness.

J. O. HILLYER.

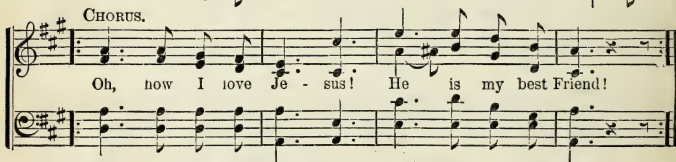


1. 'Twas out of darkness He brought me; Flash'd in my sad heart His light;
 2. 'Twas on the cold mountains wand - ring, Wounded by sin, sick and sore,
 3. 'Twas at the cross where I met Him, Kneeling so lost and un-done;



Turn'd all my hat-red to lov - ing; Gave to my blind eyes their sight.
 Je - sus, my Shepherd, there found me; Praise His dear name ever - more.
 'Twas there He spoke my for - give - ness, And my poor heart ful-ly won.

CHORUS.



Oh, now I love Je - sus! He is my best Friend!

4 'Twas there with great condescension,
 Jesus came into my heart;
 Day by day fill'd me with gladness;
 For His work set me apart.

5 Jesus, the pure Light of heaven,
 Lives all the while in my heart;
 Gives me His joy beyond measure;
 Tells me we never shall part.

By permission.

No. 142.

Your Harps.

S.M.

Your harps, ye trembling saints,
 Down from the willows take:
 Loud to the praise of Love Divine,
 Bid every string awake.

Though in a foreign land,
 We are not far from home:
 And nearer to our house above
 We every moment come.

Or should the surges rise,
 And peace delay to come,
 Blest is the sorrow, kind the storm,
 That drives us nearer home.

The people of His choice,
 He will not cast away;
 Yet do not always here expect
 Upon the mount to stay.

No. 143.

'Tis I.

C. M.

When waves of trouble round me swell,
 My soul is not dismayed:
 I hear a voice I know full well—
 "'Tis I—be not afraid."

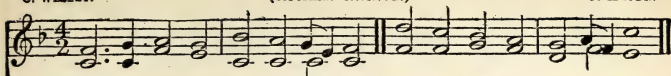
There is a gulf that must be crossed;
 Saviour be near to aid!
 Whisper when my frail bark is tossed,
 "'Tis I—be not afraid."

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT, 1834.

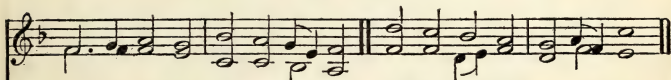
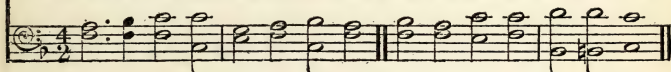
C. WESLEY.

(AUSTRIA. 8.7.3.7. D.)

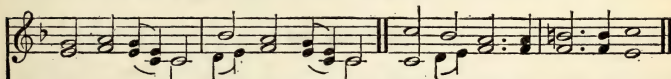
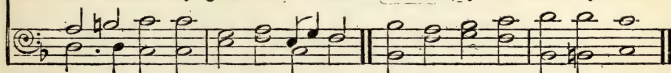
J. HAYDN.



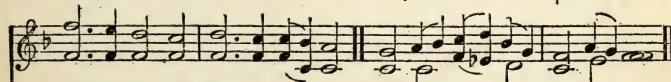
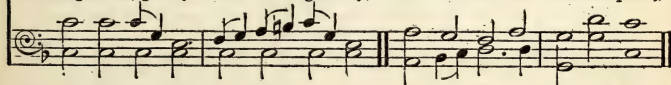
1. Love di-vine, all loves ex-cel-ling, Joy of heav'n to earth come down ;
2. Breathe, O breathe Thy lov-ing Spi-rit In-to ev-'ry trou-bled breast !
3. Come, al-migh-ty to de-liv-er, Let us all Thy life re-ceive ;
4. Fin-ish then Thy new cre-a-tion, Pure and spot-less let-us be ;



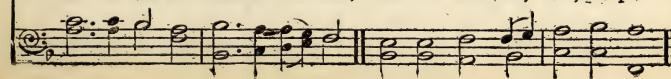
1. Fix in us Thy hum-ble dwell-ing ; All Thy faith-ful mer-cies crown.
2. Let us all in Thee in-he-rit, Let us find that se-cond rest.
3. Sud-den-ly re-turn, and nev-er, Nev-er more Thy tem-ples-leave :
4. Let us see Thy great sal-va-tion. Per-fect-ly re-stor'd by Thee :



1. Je-sus, Thou art all com-pas-sion ; Pure, un-bound-ed love Thou art ;
2. Take a-way our bent to sin-nig—Al-pha and O-me-ga be ;
3. Thee we would be al-ways bless-ing, Serve Thee as Thy hosts a-bove ;
4. Chang'd from glo-ry in-to glo-ry, Till in heav'n we take our place.



1. Vi-sit us with Thy sal-va-tion, En-ter ev-'ry long-ing heart.
2. End of faith as its be-gin-ning, Set our hearts at li-ber-ty.
3. Pray, and praise Thee with-out ceas-ing ; Glo-ry in Thy per-fect love.
4. Till we cast our crowns be-fore Thee, Lost in won-der, love, and praise.



No. 145.

BISHOP OF EXETER.

Peace, Perfect Peace.

PAX TECUM, 10, 10.

1. Peace, per - fect peace, in this dark world of sin?
 2. Peace, per - fect peace, by thron - ing du - ties press'd?
 3. Peace, per - fect peace, with sor - rows surg - ing round?

The blood of Je - sus whis - pers peace with in.
 To do the will of Je - sus - this is rest.
 On Je - sus' bo - som naught but calm is found.

- 4 Peace, perfect peace, with loved ones far away?
 In Jesus' keeping we are safe and they.
 5 Peace, perfect peace, our future all unknown?
 Jesus we know; and He is on the throne.
 6 Peace, perfect peace, death shadowing us, and ours?
 Jesus has vanquished death and all its powers.
 7 It is enough; earth's struggles soon shall cease!
 And Jesus call us to heaven's perfect peace.

No. 146.

A. B. S.

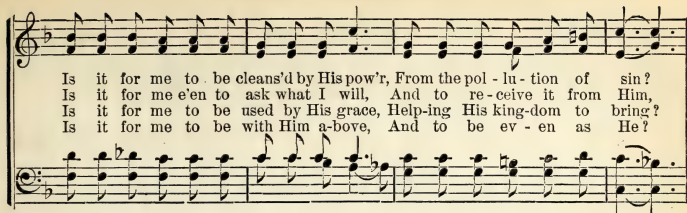
Is it for me?

Rev. A. B. SIMPSON.

1. Is it for me to be pardon'd and sav'd, Simp-ly by trust-ing His word?
 2. Is it for me to be per-fect-ly whole, Thro' His a-noint-ing di - vine;
 3. Is it for me to re-joice and be glad, Ev - en when tempests may roar;
 4. Is it for me to be heir to a crown, Brighter than ru - by or sun?

Is it for me so de-filed and depraved, Je - sus to claim as my Lord?
 Claiming in spir - it and bo - dy and soul, All of His ful-ness as mine?
 Nev - er a - gain to be anx - ious or sad, But to re-joice ev - er - more?
 Is it for me on the world to look down, And its am - bi - tions to shun?

Is it for Me? Concluded.



Is it for me to be cleans'd by His pow'r, From the pol-lu-tion of sin?
 Is it for me e'en to ask what I will, And to re-ceive it from Him,
 Is it for me to be used by His grace, Help-ing His king-dom to bring?
 Is it for me to be with Him a-bove, And to be ev-en as He?

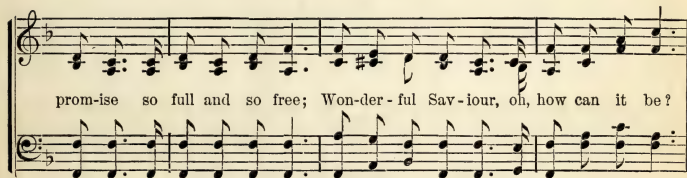


Is it for me to be kept ev-'ry hour, By His a-bid-ing with-in?
 Can I ex-pect that His ful-ness will fill Ev-er my cup to the brim?
 Is it for me to in-her-it a place, E'en on the throne of my King?
 Won-der-ful, matchless and in-fi-nite love! Are there such glo-ries for me?

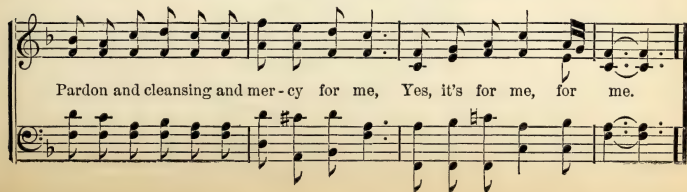
CHORUS.



Is it for me, for me?..... I am so glad it's for me; Won-der-ful
 Is it for me?



prom-ise so full and so free; Won-der-ful Sav-iour, oh, how can it be?

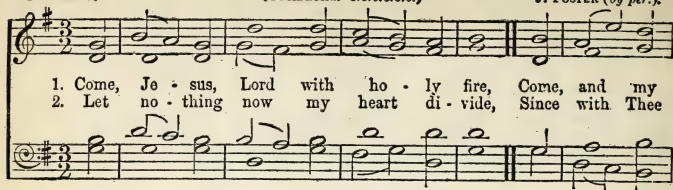


Pardon and cleansing and mer-cy for me, Yes, it's for me, for me.

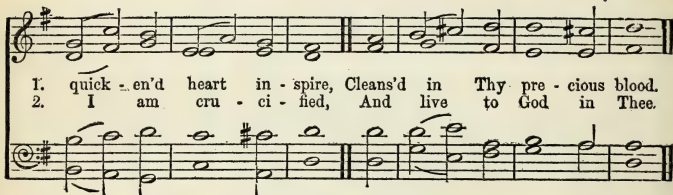
C. WESLEY.

(PEMBROKE. 8.8.6.8.8.6.)

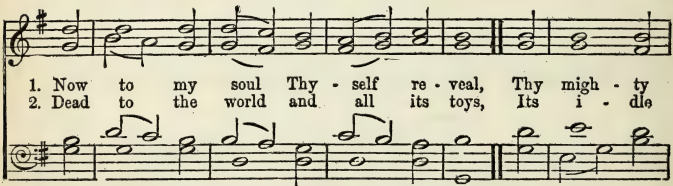
J. FOSTER (by per. S.)



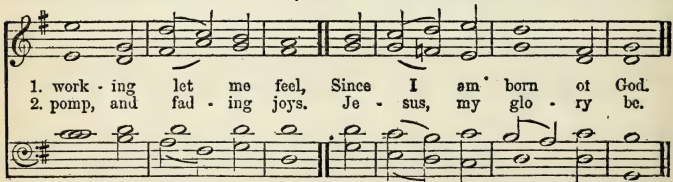
1. Come, Je - sus, Lord with ho - ly fire, Come, and my
2. Let no - thing now my heart di - vide, Since with Thee



1. quick - en'd heart in - spire, Cleans'd in Thy pre - cious blood.
2. I am cru - ci - fied, And live to God in Thee.



1. Now to my soul Thy - self re - veal, Thy migh - ty
2. Dead to the world and all its toys, Its i - dle



1. work - ing let me feel, Since I am born of God.
2. pomp, and fad - ing joys. Je - sus, my glo - ry be.

3. Me with a quenchless thirst inspire,
A longing, infinite desire,
And fill my craving heart.
Less than Thyself, oh, do not give;
In might Thyself within me live;
Come, all Thou hast and art!
4. My will be swallowed up in Thee,
Light in Thy light still may I see
In Thine unclouded face.
Called the full strength of trust to prove
Let all my quickened heart be love
My spotless life be praise,



1. My Je - sus, I love Thee, I know Thou art mine;
 2. I love Thee, be - cause Thou hast first lov - ed me,
 3. I will love Thee in life, I will love Thee in death,
 4. In man - sions of glo - ry and end - less de - light,



For Thee all the fol - lies of sin I re - sign;
 And pur - chased my par - don on Cal - va - ry's tree;
 And praise Thee as long as Thou lend - est me breath;
 I'll ev - er a - dore Thee in heav - en so bright;



My gra - cious Re - deem - er, my Sav - iour art Thou,
 I love Thee for wear - ing the thorns on Thy brow;
 And say when the death - dew lies cold on my brow,
 I'll sing with the glit - ter - ing crown on my brow,



If ev - er I loved Thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.

1. Let us dwell on Tim-nath-Se-rah Where the sun for-ev-er shines,
 2. Josh-ua dwelt on Tim-nath-Se-rah When his might-y task was done,
 3. Let me dwell on Tim-nath-Se-rah Where the clouds of sin-ful care,

Where the night and dark-ness come not, And the day no more de-clines;
 All he asked was Tim-nath-Se-rah, Lof-ty ci-ty of the sun;
 Can-not reach my hap-py dwell-ing In the pure, ce-les-tial air:

Where our mourn-ing days are end-ed, And our night of weep-ing done,
 So would I o'er sin vic-to-rious, All my Land of Prom-ise won,
 Doubt and fear and sin be-hind me, Earth be-neath me, heav'n be-yond,

Let me dwell on Tim-nath-Se-rah, Glo-ri-ous ci-ty of the sun.
 Dwell with Christ on Tim-nath-Se-rah, Glo-ri-ous ci-ty of the sun.
 O how sweet is Tim-nath-Se-rah, Glo-ri-ous ci-ty of the sun.

CHORUS.

Let us dwell, yes, let us dwell, Let us dwell in Tim-nath-Se-rah,

Timnath-Serah. Concluded.

Glo-rious ci - ty of the sun, Where our mourn-ing days are end-ed,

And our nights, yes, all our nights of weep-ing done.....

The musical score consists of two systems of staves. Each system has a treble and a bass staff. The first system contains the lyrics 'Glo-rious ci - ty of the sun, Where our mourn-ing days are end-ed,'. The second system contains the lyrics 'And our nights, yes, all our nights of weep-ing done.....'. The music is written in a common time signature and features various musical notations including eighth, sixteenth, and triplet notes, as well as rests and bar lines.

No. 150. Jesus, the Very Thought of Thee.

BERNARD OF CLAIRVAUX (tr.)

(HEBER. C.M.)

GEO. KINGSLEY.

1. Je - sus, the ve - ry thought of Thee With sweet-ness fills my breast;

But sweet-er far Thy face to see, And in Thy pre-sence rest!

The musical score for 'Jesus, the Very Thought of Thee' is presented in two systems. Each system includes a treble and a bass staff. The first system is for the first verse, with lyrics '1. Je - sus, the ve - ry thought of Thee With sweet-ness fills my breast;'. The second system is for the second verse, with lyrics 'But sweet-er far Thy face to see, And in Thy pre-sence rest!'. The music is in 3/2 time and includes various musical notations such as eighth, sixteenth, and quarter notes, rests, and bar lines.

- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>2. No voice can sing, nor heart can frame,
Nor can the memory find,
A sweeter sound than Thy blest name,
O Saviour of mankind!</p> <p>3. Oh, hope of every contrite heart,
Oh, joy of all the meek;
To those who fall, how kind Thou art,
How good to those who seek!</p> | <p>4. But what to those who find? ah! this
Nor tongue nor pen can show;
The love of Jesus, what it is,
None but His loved ones know.</p> <p>5. Jesus! our only joy be Thou,
As Thou our prize wilt be;
Jesus! be Thou our glory now,
And in eternity.</p> |
|--|---|

No. 151.

Full Salvation.

Rev. F. BOTTOME, D. D.

ENGLISH AIR.

1. Full sal - va - tion! Full sal - va - tion! Lo, the foun - tain o - pened wide
 2. Oh, the glo - rious rev - el - a - tion! See the cleans - ing cur - rent flow,
 3. Love's re - sist - less cur - rent sweep - ing All the re - gions deep with - in;

Streams thro' ev - 'ry land and na - tion From the Sa - viour's wounded side.
 Wash - ing stains of con - dem - na - tion Whit - er than the driv - en snow;
 Thought, and wish, and sens - es keep - ing Now, and ev - 'ry in - stant, clean;

Full sal - va - tion! Full sal - va - tion! Full sal - va - tion!
 Full sal - va - tion! Full sal - va - tion! Full sal - va - tion!
 Full sal - va - tion! Full sal - va - tion! Full sal - va - tion!
 Full sal - va - tion! Full sal - va - tion! Full sal - va - tion!

Streams an end - less crim - son tide, Streams an end - less crim - son tide.
 Oh, the rapt - 'rous bliss to know! Oh, the rapt - 'rous bliss to know.
 From the guilt and pow'r of sin, From the guilt and pow'r of sin.

4 Life immortal, heaven descending,
 Lo! my heart the Spirit's shrine!
 God and man in oneness blending—
 Oh, what fellowship is mine!
 Full salvation!
 Raised in Christ to life divine!

5 Care and doubting, gloom and sorrow,
 Fear and shame are mine no more;
 Faith knows naught of dark to - morrow,
 For my Saviour goes before:
 Full salvation!
 Full and free for evermore.

A. B. S.

Rev. A. B. SIMPSON.

1. Up from my heart a song is springing, It sets my spir - it all a -
 2. I love Him so be-cause He bought me, By Cal-v'ry's cup of bit - ter
 3. The love of Je - sus pass - eth tell - ing, Words are too weak my praise to

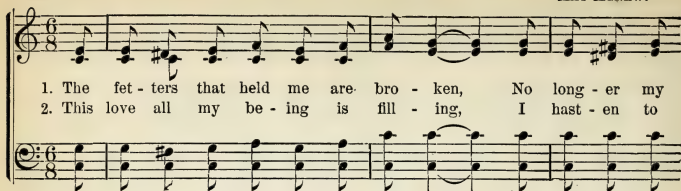
- glow, This is the song my heart is sing-ing, While all the bells of joy are
 woe, I love Him so be-cause He sought me, And to His fold He gent - ly
 show, But when I reach my Fa-ther's dwell-ing, My soul shall sing with rapt-ure

CHORUS.

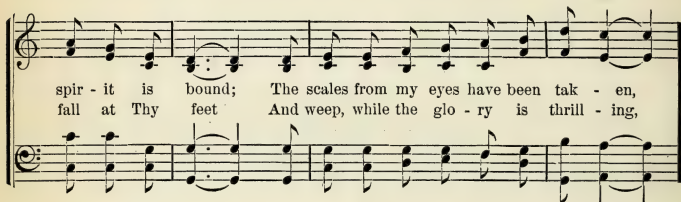
ring-ing; My precious Lord, I love Him so. } I love Him so,
 brought me; O, sure-ly I should love Him so. }
 swell-ing; My precious Lord, I love Him so. } I love Him so; 'Tis

this that makes His yoke so light, 'Tis this that makes my heart so bright, And

du - ty now is just de - light, Be - cause I love Him so.



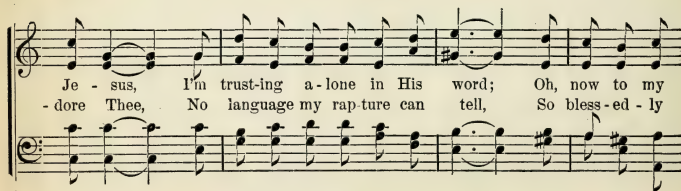
1. The fet - ters that held me are bro - ken, No long - er my
2. This love all my be - ing is fill - ing, I hast - en to



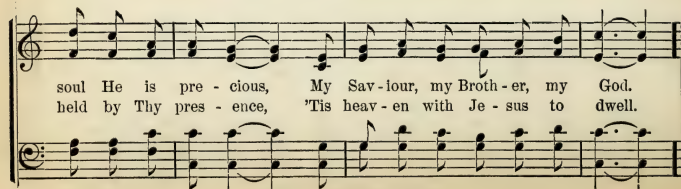
spir - it is bound; The scales from my eyes have been tak - en,
fall at Thy feet And weep, while the glo - ry is thrill - ing,



What glo - ry! what joy I have found. I'm rest - ing, I'm rest - ing in
"My Lord and my God" I re - peat. My Lord and my God, I a -



Je - sus, I'm trust - ing a - lone in His word; Oh, now to my
- dore Thee, No language my rap - ture can tell, So bless - ed - ly



soul He is pre - cious, My Sav - iour, my Broth - er, my God.
held by Thy pres - ence, 'Tis heav - en with Je - sus to dwell.

No. 154.

The Right Side.

Rev. A. B. SIMPSON.

LOUISE SHEPARD.

1. Would you know a wise and won-drous watch-word? Would you
 2. While we walk with Him in ho-ly right-ness, We must
 3. God who reared the sol-id rocks and mountains, Clothed with

learn a great and price-less art? Would you find the sweet and sa-cred
 shine as child-ren of the light; While we shout our hap-py hal-le-
 bloom and green their smil-ing face, All His love would clothe our rig-id

CHORUS.
 se-cret Of a bright and hap-py heart?
 - lu-jahs, We must al-so do the right. } Look on the right side,
 right-ness With His love-li-ness and grace. }

keep on the bright side, Gath-er up the sun-shine and the song;

For the right side is the bright side, And the joy of the Lord makes strong.

1. When I can read my ti - tle clear To man-sions in the skies,
D. C.—And wipe my weep-ing eyes, And wipe my weep-ing eyes,

D. C.
 I bid fare - well to ev - 'ry fear, And wipe my weep-ing eyes.
 I bid fare - well to ev - 'ry fear, And wipe my weep-ing eyes.

2 Should earth against my soul engage,
 And fiery darts be hurled,
 Then I can smile at Satan's rage,
 And face a frowning world.
 3 Let cares, like a wild deluge, come,
 And storms of sorrow fall!

May I but safely reach my home,
 My God, my heaven, my all.
 4 There shall I bathe my weary soul
 In seas of heavenly rest,
 And not a wave of trouble roll
 Across my peaceful breast.

No. 156.

Christ of All My Hopes.

R. WARDLAW.

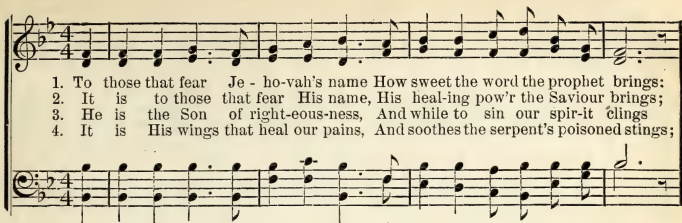
LITANY. 7s. D.

FINE.

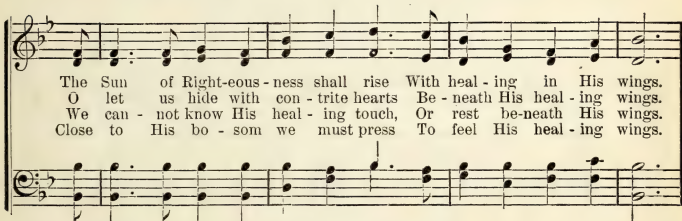
1. } Christ, of all my hopes the ground, Christ, the spring of all my joy, {
 } Still in Thee may I be found, Still for Thee my pow'rs em - ploy. {
 2. } Firm - ly trust - ing in Thy blood, Noth - ing shall my heart confound; {
 } Safe - ly I shall pass the flood, Safe - ly reach Immanuel's ground. }

D. C.—Till I close my earth - ly race, May I prove it Christ to live.
D. C.—Hav - ing known it Christ to live, Let me know it gain to die.

D. C.
 Foun - tain of o'er - flow - ing grace, Free - ly from Thy ful - ness give;
 Thus, oh thus, an en - trance give To the land of cloud-less sky!




1. To those that fear Je - ho-vah's name How sweet the word the prophet brings;
 2. It is to those that fear His name, His heal-ing pow'r the Saviour brings;
 3. He is the Son of right-eous-ness, And while to sin our spir-it clings
 4. It is His wings that heal our pains, And soothes the serpent's poisoned stings;

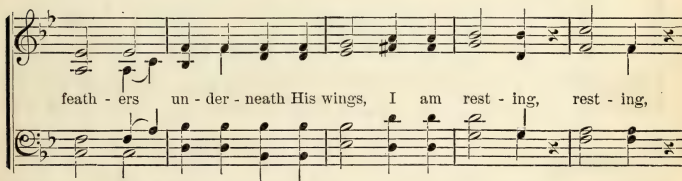


The Sun of Right-eous-ness shall rise With heal-ing in His wings.
 O let us hide with con-trite hearts Be-neath His heal-ing wings.
 We can-not know His heal-ing touch, Or rest be-neath His wings.
 Close to His bo-som we must press To feel His heal-ing wings.

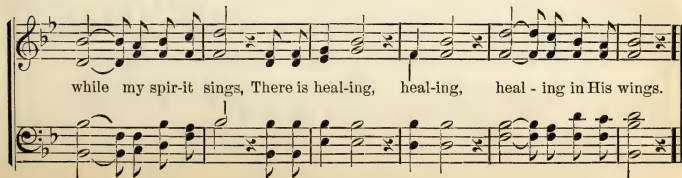
CHORUS.



There is heal-ing, heal-ing, heal-ing in His wings, Covered by His

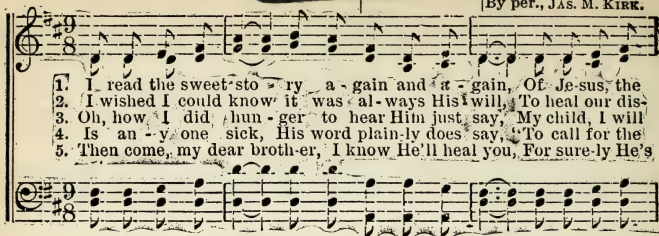


feath-ers un-der-neath His wings, I am rest-ing, rest-ing,

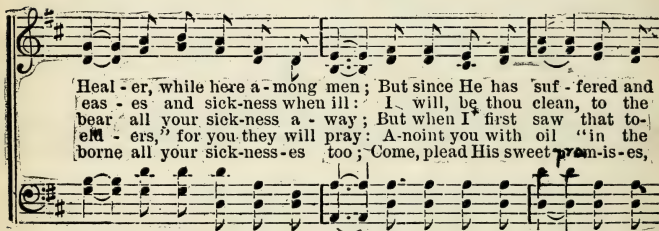


while my spir-it sings, There is heal-ing, heal-ing, heal-ing in His wings.

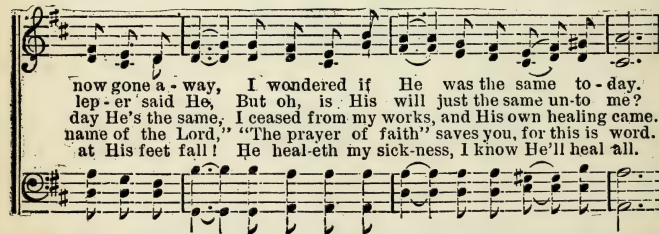
(By per., JAS. M. KIRK.



1. I read the sweet sto - ry a - gain and a - gain, Of Je - sus, the
 2. I wished I could know it was al - ways His will, To heal our dis -
 3. Oh, how I did hun - ger to hear Him just say, My child, I will
 4. Is an - y one sick, His word plain - ly does say, To call for the
 5. Then come, my dear broth - er, I know He'll heal you, For sure - ly He's

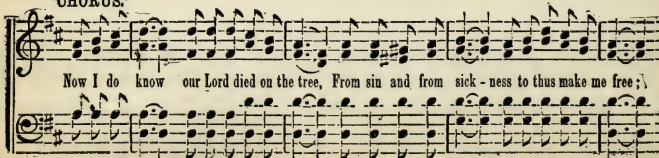


Heal - er, while here a - mong men; But since He has suf - fered and
 eas - es and sick - ness when ill: I will, be thou clean, to the
 bear all your sick - ness a - way; But when I first saw that to -
 em - ers, for you they will pray: A - noint you with oil "in the
 borne all your sick - ness - es too; Come, plead His sweet prom - is - es,



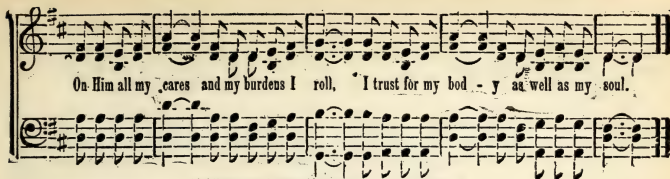
now gone a - way, I wondered if He was the same to - day.
 lep - er said He, But oh, is His will just the same un - to me?
 day He's the same, I ceased from my works, and His own healing came.
 name of the Lord," "The prayer of faith" saves you, for this is word.
 at His feet fall! He heal - eth my sick - ness, I know He'll heal all.

CHORUS.



Now I do know our Lord died on the tree, From sin and from sick - ness to thus make me free;

Trust for Body and Soul. Concluded.



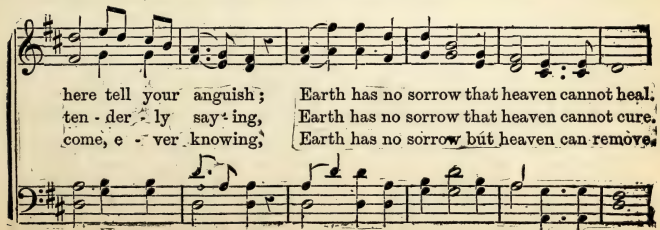
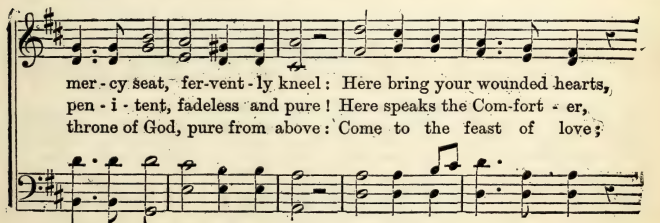
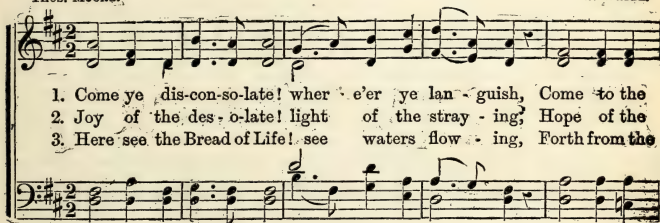
Copyright, 1892, by MYLAND & KIRK.

No. 159.

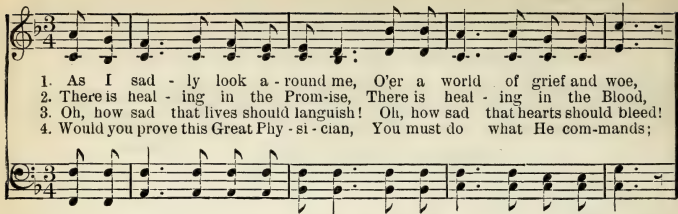
Come ye disconsolate.

THOS. MOORE.

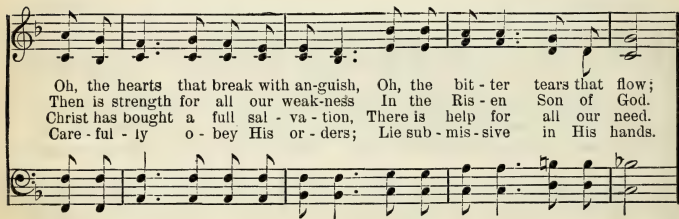
S. WEBER.



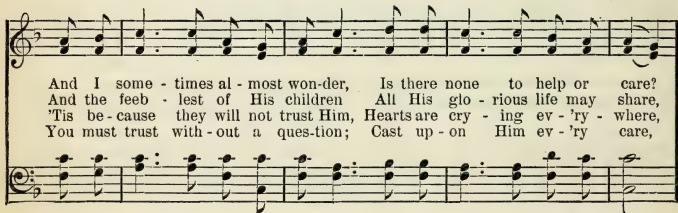
REV. A. B. SIMPSON.



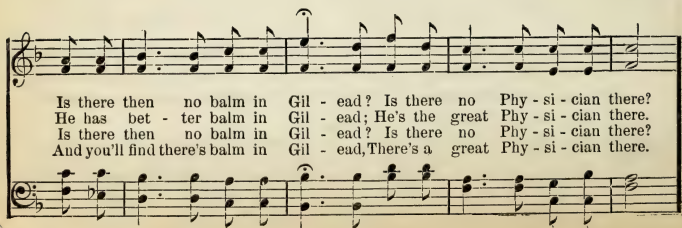
1. As I sad - ly look a - round me, O'er a world of grief and woe,
 2. There is heal - ing in the Prom - ise, There is heal - ing in the Blood,
 3. Oh, how sad that lives should languish! Oh, how sad that hearts should bleed!
 4. Would you prove this Great Phy - si - cian, You must do what He com - mands;



Oh, the hearts that break with an - guish, Oh, the bit - ter tears that flow;
 Then is strength for all our weak - ness In the Ris - en Son of God.
 Christ has bought a full sal - va - tion, There is help for all our need.
 Care - ful - ly o - bey His or - ders; Lie sub - mis - sive in His hands.



And I some - times al - most won - der, Is there none to help or care?
 And the feeb - lest of His children All His glo - rious life may share,
 'Tis be - cause they will not trust Him, Hearts are cry - ing ev - 'ry - where,
 You must trust with - out a ques - tion; Cast up - on Him ev - 'ry care,



Is there then no balm in Gil - ead? Is there no Phy - si - cian there?
 He has bet - ter balm in Gil - ead; He's the great Phy - si - cian there.
 Is there then no balm in Gil - ead? Is there no Phy - si - cian there?
 And you'll find there's balm in Gil - ead, There's a great Phy - si - cian there.

Balm in Gilead. Concluded.

CHORUS.

Yes, there's balm, there's balm in Gil - ead; There's a Great Phy - si - cian there,

Let us bring Him all our sickness; Cast up - on Him all our care.

Copyright, 1897, by Rev. A. B. Simpson.

No. 161.

HEBRON.

At Even.

L. M.

At evening when the sun was set,

The sick, O Lord, around Thee lay,

Oh, with what various pains they meet!

Oh, with what joy they went away!

Once more 'tis evening, Lord, and we,

Oppressed with various ills draw near

What though Thy face we cannot see,

We feel and know that Thou art near.

O gracious Lord, our woes dispel!

For some are sick and some are sad,

And some have never loved Thee well,

And some have lost the love they had.

Thy touch has still its ancient power,

No word of Thine can fruitless fall.

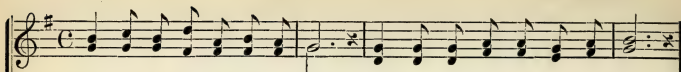
Here, in this solemn evening hour,

And, in Thy mercy, heal us all.

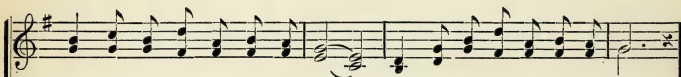
REV. HENRY TIVELLS.

L. S.

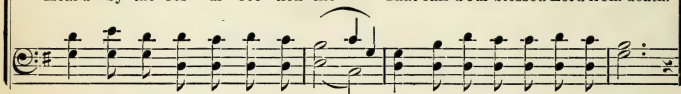
LOUISE SHEPARD.



1. Life for the bo - dy thro' His blood, Saved in our Spir - it, bo - dy, soul;
2. Life for the bo - dy thro' His word, That word which speaks in liv - ing pow'r;
3. Life for the bo - dy from a - bove, Life thro' the Spir - it's quick'ning breath;



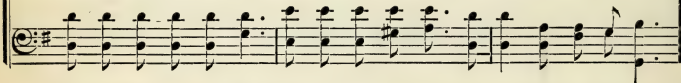
Christ did not die to save a part, But has redeem'd and claims the whole.
 That word which form'd the worlds of space, Can give to us new life each hour.
 Heal'd by the res - ur - rec - tion life That rais'd our blessed Lord from death.



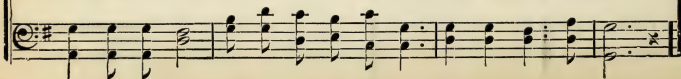
CHORUS.



Tak - ing life from Je - sus—Free - ly day by day, Be - lieve in the promise—



Trust and o - bey; Life and strength receiving All our pil - grim way.



1. Oft there comes a won-drous mes-sage When my hopes are grow-ing dim,
 2. When my frame is worn with sick-ness, And with tears my eye - lids swim,
 3. When my way is closed in dark-ness, And my foes are fierce and grim,

I can hear it thro' the dark-ness Like some sweet and far - off hymn.
 I can hear the prom-ise ring - ing Like some sweet and heav'n-ly hymn.
 Still it sings a - bove the con - flict, Like some glad, vic - to - rious hymn.

CHORUS.

Noth - ing is too hard for Je - sus, No man can work like Him;

Noth-ing is too hard for Je - sus, No man can work like Him.

4 When my heart is crushed with anguish,
 And the waters reach the brim,
 Faith can hear the mighty chorus,
 Like some mighty battle-hymn.

5 Let us claim the mighty promise,
 Let us light the torches dim,
 Let us join the mighty chorus,
 Let us swell the glorious hymn.

1. He who hath led will lead All through the wil - der - ness;
 2. He who hath made thee whole Will heal thee day by day;
 3. He who hath made thee nigh Will draw thee near - er still;

He who hath fed thee still will feed, He who hath blest will bless;
 He who hath spo - ken to thy soul Hath ma - ny things to say;
 He who hath giv'n the first sup - ply Will sat - is - fy and fill.

He who hath heard thy cry Will nev - er close His ear;
 He who hath gent - ly taught Yet more will make thee know;
 He who hath giv'n the grace Yet more and more will send;

He who hath marked thy faint - est sigh, Will not for - get thy tear,
 He who so won - drous - ly hath wrought Yet great - er things will show,
 He who hath set thee in the race Will speed thee to the end,

Will not for - get thy tear. He lov - eth al - ways, fail - eth nev - er.
 Yet great - er things will show. He lov - eth al - ways, fail - eth nev - er.
 Will speed thee to the end. He lov - eth al - ways, fail - eth nev - er.

The Unfailing One. Concluded.

So rest on Him to - day, To - day, for - ev - er.

4 He who hath won thy heart
Will keep it true and free;
He who hath shown thee what thou art
Will show Himself to thee,
He who hath bid thee live
And made thy life His own,
Life more abundantly will give,
And keep it His alone.

5 Then trust Him for to-day
As thine unfailing Friend,
And let Him lead thee all the way,
Who loveth to the end.
And let the morrow rest
In His beloved hand,
His good is better than our best,
As we shall understand.

No. 165.

Jesus Heals To-Day.

J. M. K.

Moderato.

By per., JAS. M. KIRK.

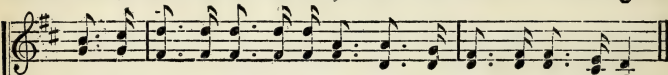
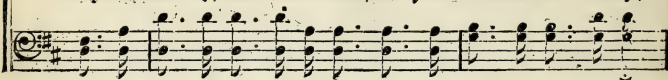
1. Have you found the great Physician, Je - sus Christ of Gal - i - lee?
2. Con - secrate your life to Je - sus, Spir - it, soul, and bod - y too;
3. Do you doubt God's will to heal you? Take His word and ask for light;
4. Oh! I'm glad to tell you, suf - frer, Christ has more than healing too;

He who bore our pain and sorrow, On the shameful, cru - el tree?
For "the Lord is for the bod - y," Ev' - ry pow'r He gave to you.
If you seek in deep contri - tion, He will guide your heart aright.
Life a - bun - dant o - ver - flowing, He will glad - ly give to you.

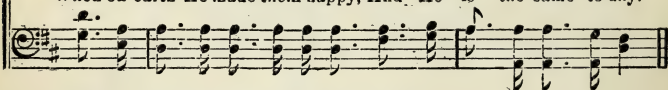
Jesus Heals To-Day. Concluded.



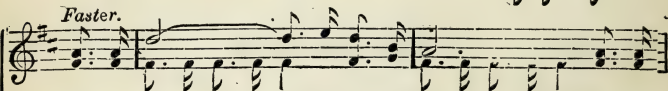
Still He heals the sick and suffering, As be-fore He went away;
Let there be no res-er-va-tion, Give the Lord full right of way:
Do not fear to claim His promise, He will not your trust betray,
Step out bold-ly, claim His fullness, Let your sad-ness flee away;



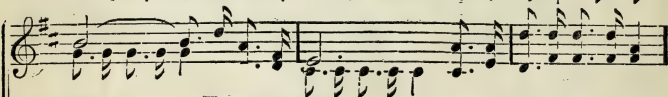
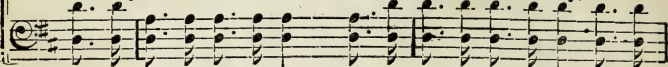
For His word most plainly tells us, "He is just the same to-day."
He will come and heal His temple, For He is the same to-day.
When on earth He gladly heal'd them, And He is the same to-day.
When on earth He made them happy, And He is the same to-day.



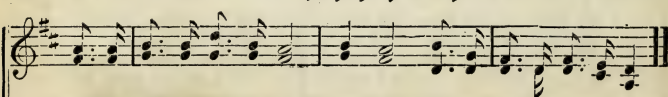
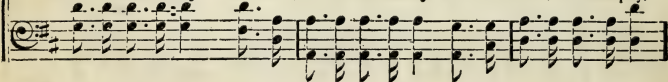
Faster.



He is just . . . the same to-day; As be-
He is just the same to-day, As be-fore He went a-way, As be-



fore . . . He went a-way.
fore He went away, As be-fore He went away. Look to Him, believe and pray;

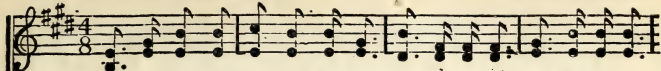


Trust His word and then o-bey. "Praise God, He is just the same to-day."



Music from "The Wells of Salvation,"
new words by Rev. W. A. SPENCER.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



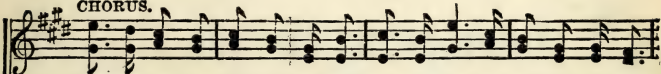
1. Brother for Christ's kingdom sighing, Help a lit-tle, help a lit-tle;
2. Is thy cup made sad by tri-al? Help a lit-tle, help a lit-tle;
3. Though no wealth to thee is giv-en, Help a lit-tle, help a lit-tle;



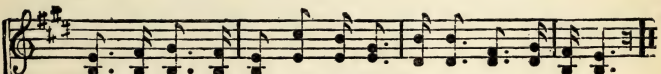
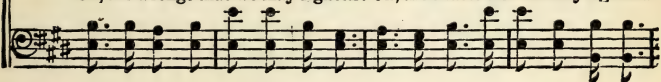
Help to save the mil-lions dy-ing, Help just a lit-tle.
Sweet-en it with self-de-ni-al, Help just a lit-tle.
Sac-ri-fice is gold in heav-en, Help just a lit-tle.



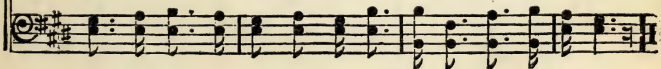
CHORUS.



Oh, the wrongs that we may righten! Oh, the hearts that we may lighten!



Oh, the skies that we may brighten! Helping just a lit-tle.

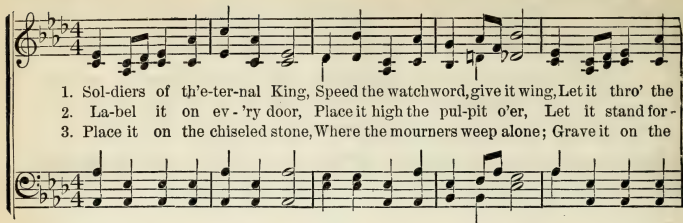


4 Let us live for one another,
Help a little, help a little;
Help to lift each fallen brother,
Help just a little.

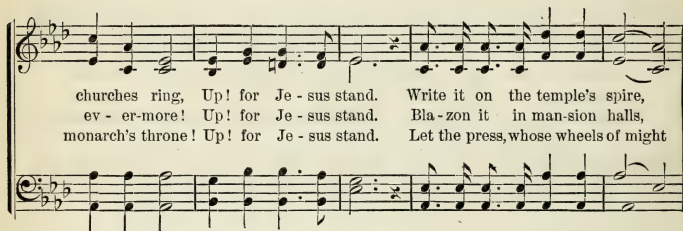
5 Tho' thy life is pressed with sorrow,
Help a little, help a little;
Bravely look t'ward God's to-morrow
Help just a little.

J. F. K.

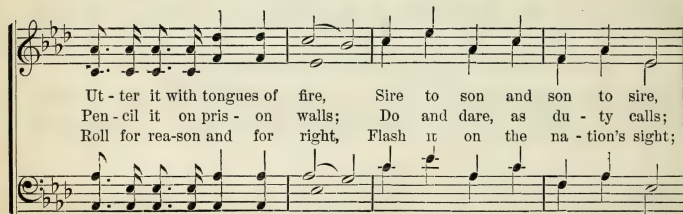
Mrs. JOSEPH F. KNAPP.



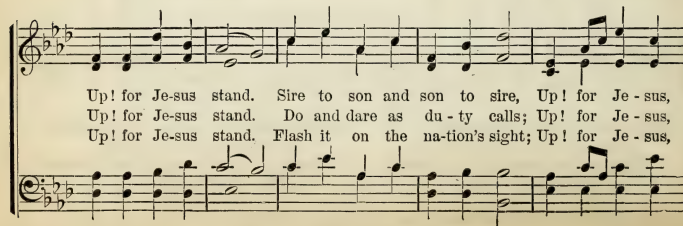
1. Sol-diers of th'e-ter-nal King, Speed the watchword, give it wing, Let it thro' the
 2. La-bel it on ev-'ry door, Place it high the pul-pit o'er, Let it stand for-
 3. Place it on the chiseled stone, Where the mourners weep alone; Grave it on the



churches ring, Up! for Je-sus stand. Write it on the temple's spire,
 ev-er-more! Up! for Je-sus stand. Bla-zon it in man-sion halls,
 monarch's throne! Up! for Je-sus stand. Let the press, whose wheels of might



Ut-ter it with tongues of fire, Sire to son and son to sire,
 Pen-cil it on pris-on walls; Do and dare, as du-ty calls;
 Roll for rea-son and for right, Flash it on the na-tion's sight;



Up! for Je-sus stand. Sire to son and son to sire, Up! for Je-sus,
 Up! for Je-sus stand. Do and dare as du-ty calls; Up! for Je-sus,
 Up! for Je-sus stand. Flash it on the na-tion's sight; Up! for Je-sus,

Up for Jesus Stand. Concluded.

CHORUS.

Je - sus stand. Up! for Je - sus stand, Up! for Je - sus stand;
Jesus stand, Jesus stand;

Speed the watchword, give it wing, And up! for Je - sus stand.

No. 168.

One Sole Baptismal Sign.

BEVERLY.

H. M.

One sole baptismal sign,
One Lord below, above,
One faith, one hope Divine,
One only watchword, love;
From different temples though it rise,
One song ascendeth to the skies.

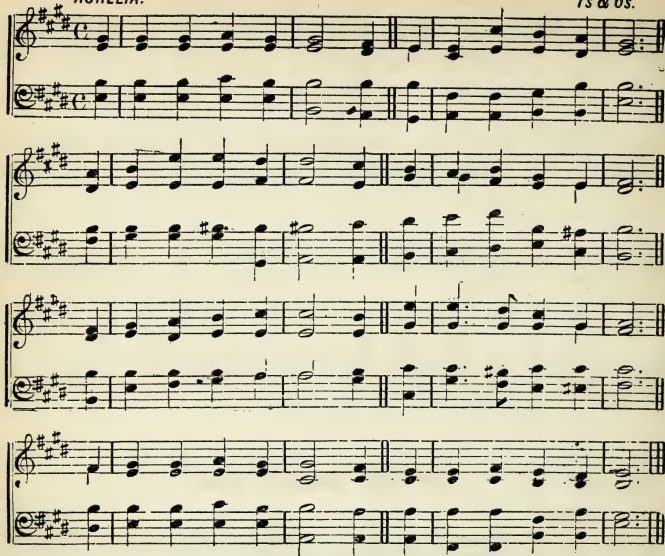
Our sacrifice is one,
One Priest before the throne,
The slain, the risen Son,

Redeemer, Lord alone;
And sighs from contrite hearts that
Our chief, our choicest offering. [spring

Head of Thy church beneath,
The catholic, the true,
On all her members breathe,
Her broken frame renew;
Then shall thy perfect will be done
When Christians love and live as one.

AURELIA.

7s & 6s.



The Church's one foundation
 Is Jesus Christ her Lord;
 She is His new creation
 By water and the word;
 From heaven He came and sought her
 To be His holy bride,
 With His own blood He bought her,
 And for her life He died.

Though with a scornful wonder
 Men see her sore oppress,
 By schisms rent asunder,
 By heresies distressed,

Yet saints their watch are keeping,
 Their cry goes up, "How long?"
 And soon the night of weeping
 Shall be the morn of song.

'Mid toil and tribulation
 And tumult of her war,
 She waits the consummation
 Of peace for evermore;
 Till with the vision glorious
 Her longing eyes are blest,
 And the great church victorious
 Shall be the church at rest.

No. 170.

Jesus Shall Reign.

OLD HUNDRED.

L. M.

Jesus shall reign wher'er the sun
 Does his successive journeys run;
 His kingdom stretch from shore to shore
 Till moons shall wax and wane no more.

For Him shall endless prayer be made,
 And endless praises crown His head;
 His name like sweet perfume shall rise
 With every morning sacrifice.

Blessings abound wher'er He reigns;
 The joyful prisoner bursts his chains;
 The weary find eternal rest,
 And all the sons of want are blest.

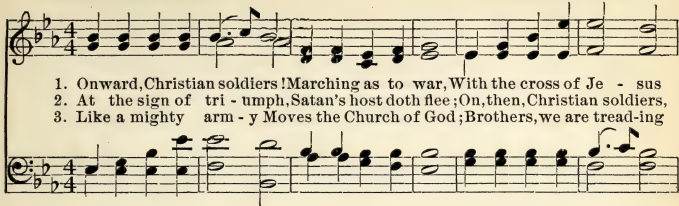
Let every creature rise and bring
 Peculiar honors to our King;
 Angels descend with songs again,
 And earth repeat the loud Amen.

ISAAC WATTS, AB., 1718.

Onward Christian Soldiers.

SABINE BARING-GOULD.

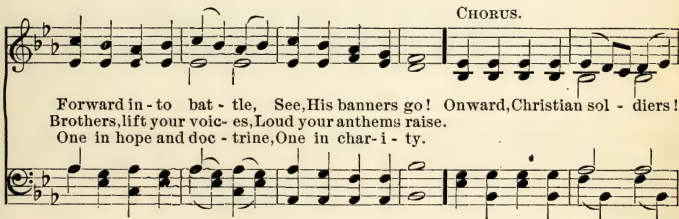
ARTHUR SULLIVAN.



1. Onward, Christian soldiers! Marching as to war, With the cross of Je - sus
2. At the sign of tri - umph, Satan's host doth flee; On, then, Christian soldiers,
3. Like a mighty arm - y Moves the Church of God; Brothers, we are tread - ing

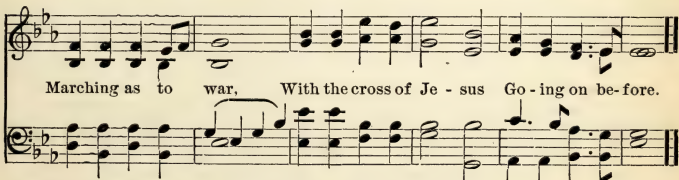


Go - ing on be - fore. Christ, the roy - al Mas - ter, Leads a - gainst the foe;
On to vic - to - ry! Hell's foundation's quiv - er At the shout of praise;
Where the saints have trod; We are not di - vid - ed, All one bod - y we,



CHORUS.

Forward in - to bat - tle, See, His banners go! Onward, Christian sol - diers!
Brothers, lift your voices, Loud your anthems raise.
One in hope and doc - trine, One in char - i - ty.



Marching as to war, With the cross of Je - sus Go - ing on be - fore.

4 Crowns and thrones may perish,
Kingdoms rise and wane,
But the Church of Jesus
Constant will remain;
Gates of hell can never
'Gainst that Church prevail;
We have Christ's own promise,
And that cannot fail.

5 Onward, then, ye people!
Join our happy throng,
Blend with ours your voices
In the triumph-song;
Glory, laud, and honor
Unto Christ the King,
This through countless ages
Men and angels sing.

A. B. S.

Rev. A. B. SIMPSON.

1. Have you found some pre - cious treas - ure, Pass it on, pass it on,
 2. Have you found the branch of heal - ing,
 3. Is your heart to some - thing cling - ing,
 4. Pass it on to ev - ry na - tion, Pass it on.

Pass it on, pass it on. Have you found some ho - ly pleas - ure,
 Have you felt the Spir - it's seal - ing,
 All to Je - sus glad - ly bring - ing,
 Pass it on. Give the world this great sal - va - tion,

Pass it on, pass it on, pass it on, pass it on.

Giv - ing out is twice pos - sess - ing, Love will dou - ble ev - 'ry
 'Twas for this His mer - cy sought you, And to all His full - ness
 He who saves His life shall lose it, Would you gain the world re -
 Myr - iads still in sin are ly - ing, Ev - 'ry breath a soul is

Pass It On. Concluded.

bless - ing, On to high - er ser-vice press-ing, Pass it on.
brought you, By the pre-cious blood that bought you, Pass it on.
- fuse it, Would you keep your tal - ent, use it, Pass it on.
dy - ing, And the blood of souls is cry - ing, Pass it on.

The first system of music features a treble and bass staff in G major (one sharp). The melody is in the treble, and the bass provides harmonic support with chords and single notes. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

CHORUS.

Pass it on, Pass it on, pass it on, pass it on,

The chorus section begins with the word 'CHORUS.' in all caps. The melody continues in the treble staff, and the bass staff provides accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

Let us live for one a - noth - er, Pass it on, Pass it on,

The second system of the chorus continues the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

pass it on, pass it on, Share thy bless-ing with thy broth - er.

The final system of music concludes the piece. The melody and accompaniment lead to a final chord. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

NATHAN BROWN, D. D.
CHANT.

EDWARD HOWE, JR.

1. My soul is not at rest. There comes a strange and secret whisper to my 2. Why live I here? The vows of God are..... 3. And I will..... 4. Henceforth, then, it matters not if storm or sunshine be my..... 5. And when I come to stretch me for the..... 6. And if one, for whom Satan hath struggled as he hath for.....	spirit,.. on me.. go !..... earthly lot, last,.... me,....	like a dream of..... { and I may not stop to play with shadows, or pluck earthly..... I may no longer doubt to give up friends and idol..... bitter or sweet my..... in unattended agony, be- neath the cocoa's..... should ever reach that blessed.....	night,... flowers,.. hopes,.. cup,... shade,.. shore ...
--	--	--	---

that tells me I am on en till I my work have done, and..... and every tie that binds my heart to..... { I only pray, "God make me holy, and my spirit nerve } { for the stern..... it will be sweet that I have toiled for..... O how this heart will glow with	chant - ed..... rendered up ac - thee,.... my..... hour..... of..... other worlds than gratitude and.....	ground. count. country. strife!" this. love.
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CHORUS. After each of the first five verses.
*Vivace.**cres.*

The voice of my de - part - ed Lord, "Go, teach all na - tions,"

p Comes on the night - air, and a - wakes mine ear.

The Missionary's Call Concluded.

f CHORUS. *For last verse.*

Thro' a - ges of e - ter - nal years, My spir - it nev - er shall re -

- pent, That toil and suff - 'ring once were mine be - low.

No. 174.

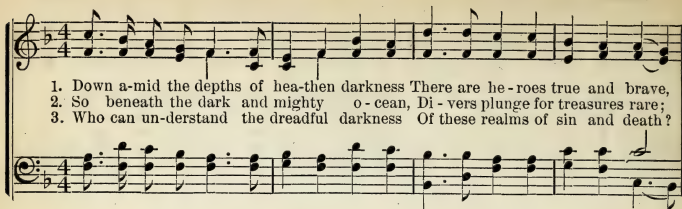
How Beauteous!

MOUNT EPHRAIM.

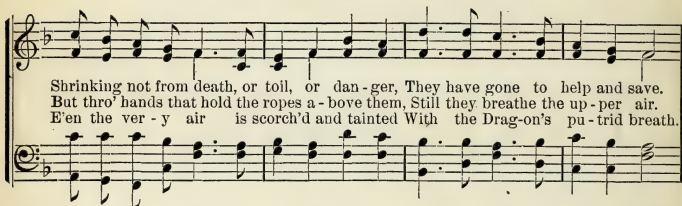
S. M.

- 1 How beauteous are their feet
Who stand on Zion's hill,
Who bring saluation on their tongues,
And words of peace reveal!
- 2 How charming is their voice!
How sweet the tidings are!
Zion! behold thy Saviour King;
He reigns and triumphs here.
- 3 How happy are our ears,
That hear this joyful sound,
Which kings and prophets waited for,
And sought, but never found!

- 4 How blessed are our eyes,
That see this heavenly light!
Prophets and kings desired it long,
But died without the sight.
- 5 The watchmen join their voice,
And tuneful notes employ;
Jerusalem breaks forth in songs,
And deserts learn the joy.
- 6 The Lord makes bare his arm
Through all the earth abroad;
Let all the nations now behold
Their Saviour and their God.



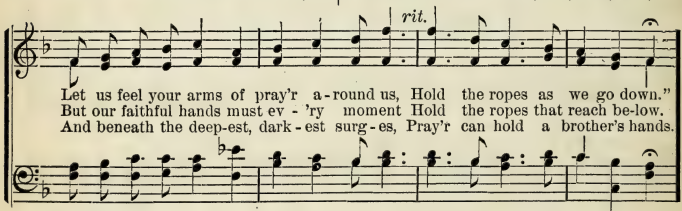
1. Down a-mid the depths of hea-then darkness There are he-roes true and brave,
 2. So beneath the dark and mighty o - cean, Di - vers plunge for treasures rare;
 3. Who can un-derstand the dreadful darkness Of these realms of sin and death?



Shrinking not from death, or toil, or dan-ger, They have gone to help and save.
 But thro' hands that hold the ropes a - bove them, Still they breathe the up - per air.
 E'en the ver - y air is scorch'd and tainted With the Drag-on's pu - trid breath.

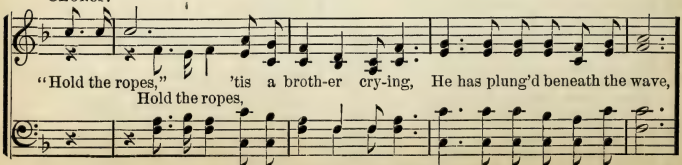


But we hear them crying, "Do not leave us 'Mid these dreadful depths to drown,
 Seeking precious pearls of rich - er val - ue Braver hearts have dared to go,
 But a-cross the wid - est, wild - est bil - lows Love can reach to dis - tant lands,



Let us feel your arms of pray'r a-round us, Hold the ropes as we go down."
 But our faithful hands must ev - 'ry moment Hold the ropes that reach be-low.
 And beneath the deep-est, dark-est surg-es, Pray'r can hold a brother's hands.

CHORUS.



"Hold the ropes," 'tis a broth-er cry-ing, He has plung'd beneath the wave,
 Hold the ropes,

Hold the Ropes. Concluded.

He has gone 'mid the lost and dy-ing, He has gone to help and save.
He has gone

4 Think you, was it only for your brother
Jesus spake His last commands,
Is there naught for you to do or suffer,
For these lost and Christless lands?
If you cannot go yourself to save them,
There are those that you can send,
And with loving hands stretched out to help
Hold the ropes as they descend. [them]

5 Let us hold the ropes with hands more loyal,
Let us pray with faith more strong,
Let the love that never fails uphold them
Through their night so dark and long.
Let us lay our treasures on the altar,
Let us give our children, too;
There's a part for each in this great conflict,
And the Lord hath need of you.

No. 176.

'I Love Thy Kingdom, Lord.

DWIGHT.

(STATE STREET. S.M.)

WOODMAN

1. I love Thy king-dom, Lord, The house of Thine a-bode,
2. I love Thy church, O God! Her walls be-fore Thee stand.

1. The church our blest Re-deem-er sav'd With His own pre-cious blood.
2. Dear as the ap-ple of Thine eye, And gra-ven on Thy hand.

3. For her my tears shall fall,
For her my prayers ascend,
To her my cares and toils be given,
Till toils and cares shall end.
4. Beyond my highest joy
I prize her heavenly ways,
Her sweet communion, solemn vows,
Her hymns of love and praise.

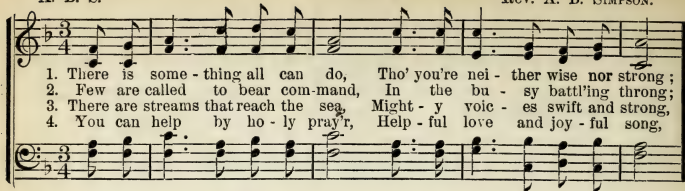
5. Jesus, Thou Friend divine,
Our Saviour and our King!
Thy hand, from every snare and foe,
Shall great deliverance bring.
6. Sure as Thy truth shall last,
To Zion shall be given
The brightest glories earth can yield,
And brighter bliss of heaven.

No. 177.

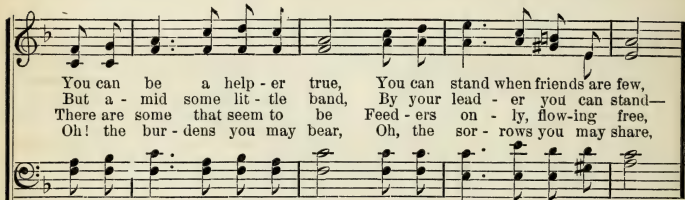
A. B. S.

Help Along.

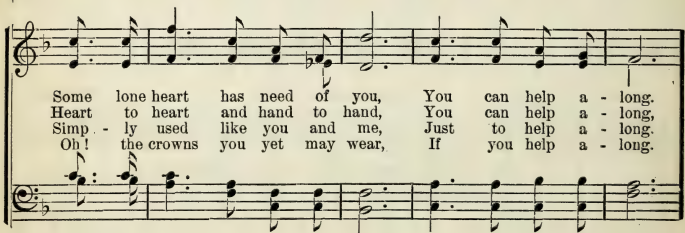
REV. A. B. SIMPSON.



1. There is some - thing all can do, Tho' you're nei - ther wise nor strong;
 2. Few are called to bear com-mand, In the bu - sy batt'ling throng;
 3. There are streams that reach the sea, Might - y voice - es swift and strong,
 4. You can help by ho - ly pray'r, Help - ful love and joy - ful song,

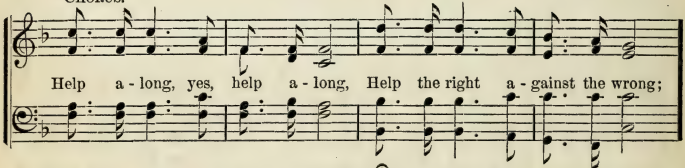


You can be a help - er true, You can stand when friends are few,
 But a - mid some lit - tle band, By your lead - er you can stand—
 There are some that seem to be Feed - ers on - ly, flow-ing free,
 Oh! the bur - dens you may bear, Oh, the sor - rows you may share,

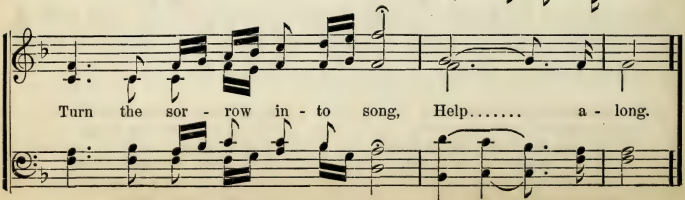


Some lone heart has need of you, You can help a - long.
 Heart to heart and hand to hand, You can help a - long,
 Simp - ly used like you and me, Just to help a - long.
 Oh! the crowns you yet may wear, If you help a - long.

CHORUS.



Help a - long, yes, help a - long, Help the right a - gainst the wrong;



Turn the sor - row in - to song, Help..... a - long.

1. Faint-ing sol-dier of the Lord, Hear His sweet in-spir-ing word—
 2. Fear not, tho' thy foes be strong; Faint not, tho' the strife be long;
 3. Soon the con-flict will be done, Soon the bat-tle will be won,

"I have conquered all thy foes, I have suf-fered all thy woes;
 Trust thy glo-rious Cap-tain's power, Watch with Him one lit-tle hour;
 Soon shall wave the vic-tor's palm, Soon shall ring th'e-ter-nal psalm;

Struggling sol-dier, trust in Me, I have o-ver-come for thee."
 Hear Him call-ing, "Fol-low Me, I have o-ver-come for thee."
 Then our joy-ful song shall be—"I have o-ver-come for thee."

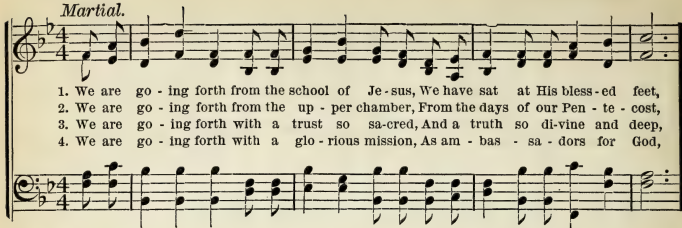
CHORUS.

"I have o-vercome, o-ver-come, o-vercome, O-vercome for thee; o-vercome;

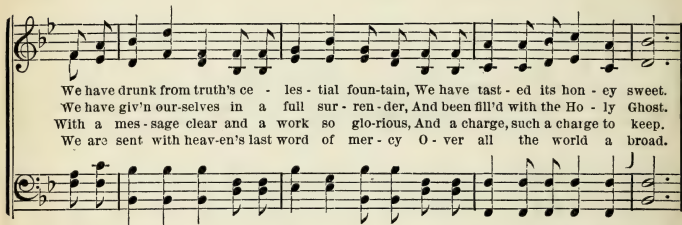
Thou shalt o-vercome, o-ver-come, o-vercome, O-vercome thro' Me." thro' Me.

A. B. S.

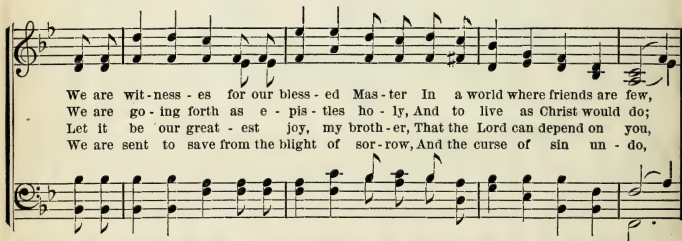
Rev. A. B. SIMPSON.

Martial.


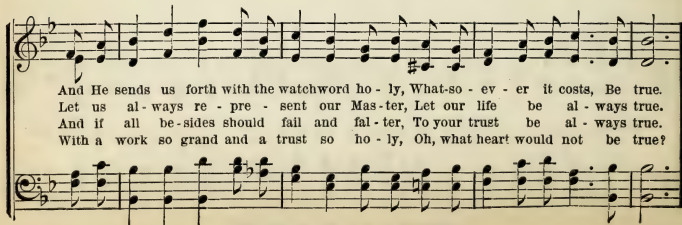
1. We are go - ing forth from the school of Je - sus, We have sat at His bless - ed feet,
 2. We are go - ing forth from the up - per chamber, From the days of our Pen - te - cost,
 3. We are go - ing forth with a trust so sa - cred, And a truth so di - vine and deep,
 4. We are go - ing forth with a glo - rious mission, As am - bas - sa - dors for God,



We have drunk from truth's ce - les - tial foun - tain, We have tast - ed its hon - ey sweet.
 We have giv'n our - selves in a full sur - ren - der, And been fill'd with the Ho - ly Ghost.
 With a mes - sage clear and a work so glo - rious, And a charge, such a charge to keep.
 We are sent with heav - en's last word of mer - cy O - ver all the world a broad.



We are wit - ness - es for our bless - ed Mas - ter In a world where friends are few,
 We are go - ing forth as e - pis - tles ho - ly, And to live as Christ would do;
 Let it be our great - est joy, my broth - er, That the Lord can depend on you,
 We are sent to save from the blight of sor - row, And the curse of sin un - do,



And He sends us forth with the watchword ho - ly, What - so - ev - er it costs, Be true.
 Let us al - ways re - pre - sent our Mas - ter, Let our life be al - ways true.
 And if all be - sides should fail and fal - ter, To your trust be al - ways true.
 With a work so grand and a trust so ho - ly, Oh, what heart would not be true?

Be True. Concluded.

CHORUS.

Be true! be true! Let the ho - ly watchword ring;
We'll be true, we'll be true, we'll be true,

Be true to your trust, Be true to your glo-rious King;
We'll be true to our trust, we'll be true,
yes,

Be true! be true! Whether friends be false or few;
We'll be true, we'll be true, we'll be true, we'll be true,
we'll be true,

What-so - e'er be - tide, ev - er at His side, (Let Him al - ways find you true.

¶ We are going forth with the blessed Spirit,
And the Master always near;
He has told us, "Lo, I am with you always,"
And we need not faint or fear.
With the Master's presence always near us,
Shall we not both dare and do?
With the mighty Holy Ghost within us,
Shall we not be always true?

6 We are going forth with a hope supernal,
'Tis the hope of the "Home, Sweet Home;"
We shall not have gone over all the cities
Till the Son of Man be come.
We are calling out the guests to the marriage,
We are hasting to meet Him too,
May He find us watching and robed and ready;
May He say "Thou hast been true."

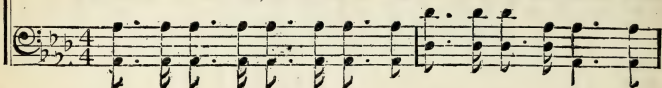
No. 180. Who Will Go and Witness for Jesus. ?

J. M. K.

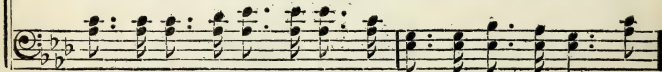
By per., JAS. M. KIRK.



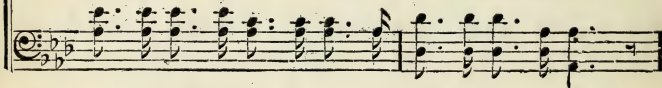
1. "Ye shall be my wit-ness-es," was Je-sus' last command, To
2. Je-sus has commissioned you and I to go or send A
3. God has said be of good cour-age, neith-er be a-fraid, Tho'
4. Hear the suf-f'ring mil-lions cry-ing for the Liv-ing Bread, When



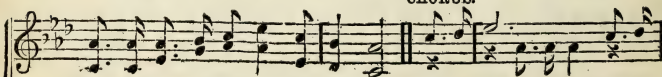
ev-ry kindred tongue and tribe, in ev-ry clime and land; -Go,
mes-sen-ger in His dear name; His glorious cross de-fend; And
mountains seem to hedge the way, He says be un-dismayed; For
Christ was here His words were, "Let the mul-ti-tudes be fed." Then



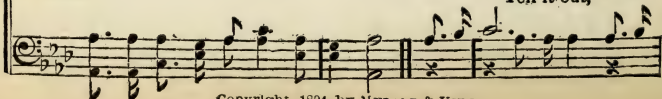
tell them of our Christ and say His kingdom is at hand,
He has promised to be with us, ev-en to the end,
Je-sus is our Cap-tain and will al-ways be our aid,
haste wher-ev er man is found, for all His blood was shed,



CHORUS.



Who will go and wit-ness for Je-sus? Tell it out, Tell it
Tell it out,



Who Will Go and Witness for Jesus. Concluded.

out, Tell it out, The blessed gospel sound, Tell it out, Tell it out, Tell it out,

out, Tell it out, The news the world around, Till the name of Je - sus

has been heard wherever man is found, Who will go and witness for Je - sus?

No. 181.

The Gospel Banner.

WEBB.

Now be the gospel banner
In every land unfurled;
And be the shout, "Hosanna!"
Re-echoed through the world,
Till every isle and nation,
Till every tribe and tongue,
Receive the great salvation,
And join the happy throng.

What though the embattled legions
Of earth and hell combine?
His power throughout their regions
Shall soon resplendent shine;
Ride on, O Lord! victorious,
Immanuel, Prince of Peace!
Thy triumphs shall be glorious,
Thine empire still increase.

No. 182.

Arm of the Lord.

L. M.

Arm of the Lord! awake, awake,
Put on thy strength, the nations shake,
And let the world, adoring, see
Triumphs of mercy wrought by Thee.

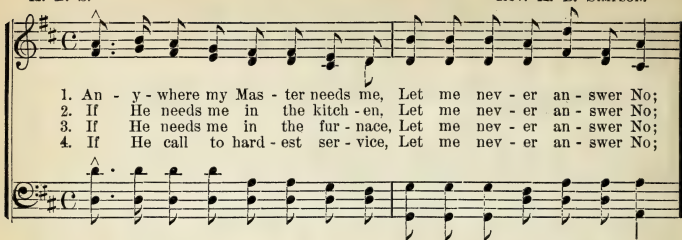
Say to the heathen from Thy throne,
"I am Jehovah—God alone;"
Thy voice their idols shall confound,
And cast their aways to the ground.

No more let human blood be spilt,
Vain sacrifice for human guilt,
But to each conscience be applied
The blood that flowed from Jesus side.

Almighty God! Thy grace proclaim,
In every land declare Thy name,
Till adverse powers before Thee fall,
And crown the Saviour Lord of all.

A. B. S.

Rev. A. B. SIMPSON.

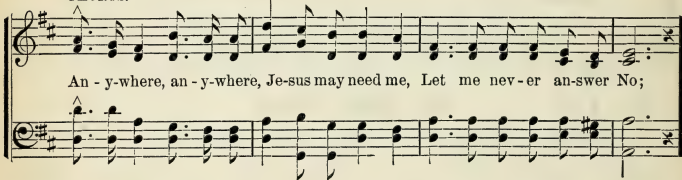


1. An - y - where my Mas - ter needs me, Let me nev - er an - swer No;
 2. If He needs me in the kitch - en, Let me nev - er an - swer No;
 3. If He needs me in the fur - nace, Let me nev - er an - swer No;
 4. If He call to hard - est ser - vice, Let me nev - er an - swer No;

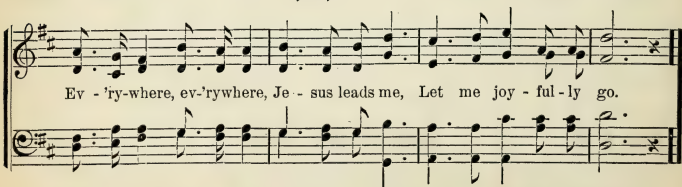


Ev - 'ry-where my Sav - iour leads me, Let me ev - er glad - ly go.
 If He bids me toil and suf - fer, Let me al - ways glad - ly go.
 With Him to the Cross, the Gar - den, Let me al - ways glad - ly go.
 If He needs me, if He leads me, 'Tis e - nough, I'll glad - ly go.

CHORUS.



An - y-where, an - y-where, Je - sus may need me, Let me nev - er an - swer No;



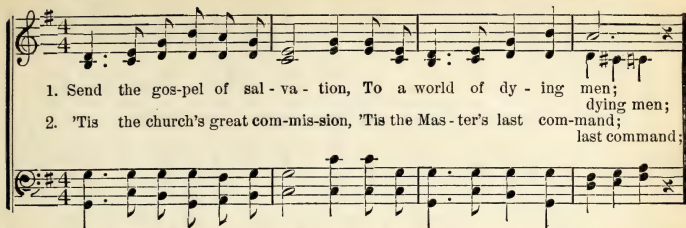
Ev - 'ry-where, ev-'rywhere, Je - sus leads me, Let me joy - ful - ly go.

- 5 If to heathen lands He calls me,
 Let me never answer No;
 Telling out the great salvation,
 In His name I'll gladly go.
 6 If He needs my gold and silver,
 Let me never answer No;
 All I am and have I offer,
 Gladly helping others go.

- 7 If He needs my fondest treasures,
 Let me never answer no;
 Ev'p to Moriah's altar
 With my Saviour I would go.
 8 If He only needs my silence,
 Let me never answer No;
 Only waiting for His orders,
 Pleased alike to stay or go.

A. B. S.

Rev. A. B. SIMPSON.

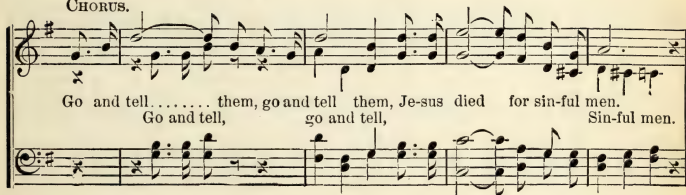


1. Send the gos-pel of sal - va - tion, To a world of dy - ing men;
 2. 'Tis the church's great com-mis-sion, 'Tis the Mas - ter's last com-mand;
 last command;

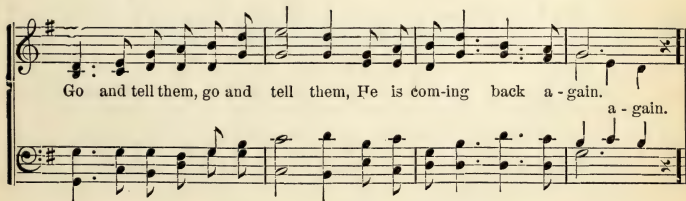


Tell it out to ev - 'ry na - tion; 'Till the Lord shall come a - gain.
 Christ has died for ev - 'ry crea - ture, Tell it out in ev - 'ry land.

CHORUS.



Go and tell..... them, go and tell them, Je-sus died for sin-ful men.
 Go and tell, go and tell, Sin-ful men.



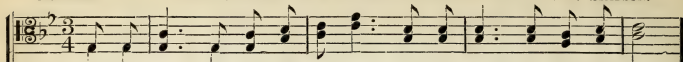
Go and tell them, go and tell them, He is com-ing back a - gain.
 a - gain.

3 Tell it out to China's millions,
 Tell it out in fair Japan;
 Tell it by the mighty Congo,
 Tell it in the dark Soudan.

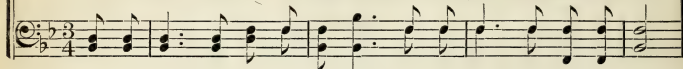
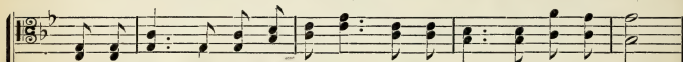
4 'Mid the lone Tibetan mountains,
 By the Orinoco's strand;
 O'er the burning plains of India,
 Tell it out in every land.

5 Christ is gath'ring out a people,
 To His name from every race;
 Haste to give the invitation,
 Ere shall end the day of grace.

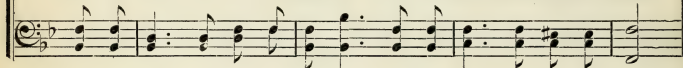
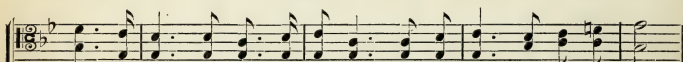
6 Give the gospel as a witness,
 To a world of sinful men;
 Till the Bride shall be completed,
 And the Lord shall come again.



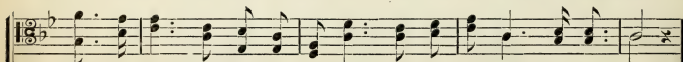
1. When of old at Gideon's sum-mons Is - rael's thir - ty thousand came,
 2. Once a - gain the hosts of Je - sus Gath - er round His stand-ard true;
 3. Who are they, the brave and val-iant, Know-ing neith - er doubt nor fear,
 4. God is call - ing for our weak-ness, He will give the strength di-vine;


God re-fused the mighty ar - my Lest the glo - ry man might claim,
 Once a - gain the Lord is choosing Not the ma - ny, but the few,
 Who are they, the wise and wa - ry, Watch-ing when the foe is near?
 "Je - sus, take my bro-ken pitch-er, Let my torch more brightly shine,

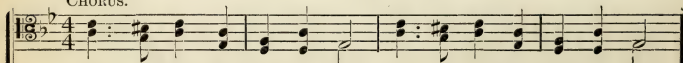
And the myr - iad hosts of Mi-dian Back were driv - en from the land;
 And the Gos - pel of the kingdom Shall be preached in ev - 'ry land;
 God is call - ing out His tried ones, In the test - ing day to stand,
 Help me swell the Gos - pel trum-pet, Till it rings thro' ev - 'ry land,

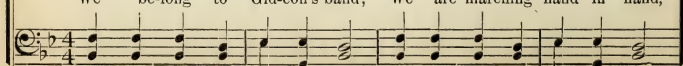
Not by Is - rael's thir - ty thousand, But by Gid - eon's lit - tle band.
 Not by all the Church's mil-lions, But by Gid - eon's lit - tle band.
 Who will join the glo - rious le - gion, Who'll be - long to Gid-eon's band.
 Help me win the world for Je - sus, Keep me true to Gid-eon's band."



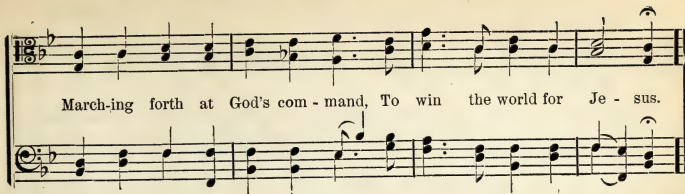
CHORUS.



We be-long to Gid-eon's band; We are marching hand in hand,



Gideon's Band. Concluded.



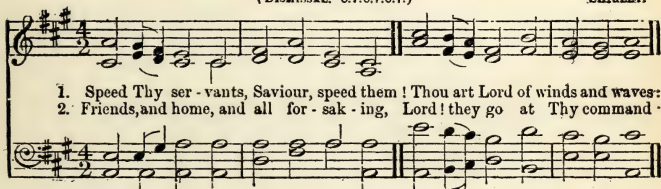
March-ing forth at God's com - mand, To win the world for Je - sus.

No. 186.

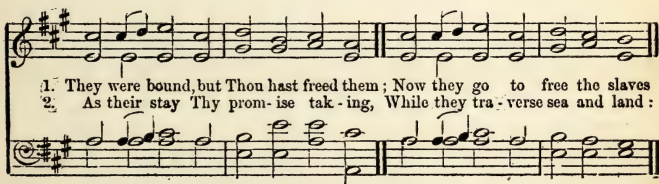
Speed Thy Servants, Saviour !

(DISMISSAL. S.7.S.7.S.7.)

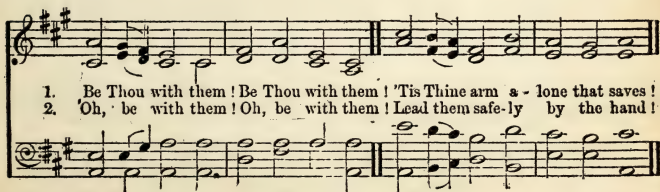
SHIRLEY.



1. Speed Thy ser - vants, Saviour, speed them ! Thou art Lord of winds and waves:
2. Friends, and home, and all for - sak - ing, Lord ! they go at Thy command -



1. They were bound, but Thou hast freed them ; Now they go to free the slaves
2. As their stay Thy prom - ise tak - ing, While they tra - verse sea and land :



1. Be Thou with them ! Be Thou with them ! 'Tis Thine arm a - lone that saves !
2. Oh, be with them ! Oh, be with them ! Lead them safe - ly by the hand !

3. Where no fruit appears to cheer them,
And they seem to toil in vain,
Then in mercy, Lord, draw near them,
Then their sinking hopes sustain :
Thus supported,
Let their zeal revive again !

4. In the midst of opposition
Let them trust, O Lord, in Thee ;
When success attends their mission,
Let Thy servants humbler be :
Never leave them,
Till Thy face in heaven they see !

A. B. S.

Rev. A. B. SIMPSON.

Vigorously. March time.

1. For-ward, for-ward, let the host go for-ward, Hear the mighty watchword from on
 2. For-ward, for-ward, leave the past behind thee, Reaching forth unto the things be -
 3. For-ward, for-ward, rise to no-bler ser-vice, Fold the tent and bear the ban-ner

high;
 - fore;
 on;
 Raise the ban - ner, lift it high-er, high-er,
 All the Land of Prom-ise lies be - fore thee,
 There are new and larg - er fields to con-quer,

Hear the mighty watchword.
 Reach forth to things before.
 And bear the ban-ner on.

Bear it on to glo - rious vic - to - ry. All too long we've
 God has great - er bless-ings yet in store. On to vast - er
 There are grand-er vic - t'ries to be won; There are souls with

lingered round our campfires, Let the blood-stain'd ban - ner be un-furled;
 fields of ho - ly vis - ion, On to loft - ier heights of faith and love;
 no one else to care for, There are things that no one else can do;

Go Forward. Concluded.

For - ward, for - ward, like a might - y ar - my Bear the blood-stain'd
On - ward, on - ward, ap - pre - hend - ing whol - ly All for which He
For - ward, for - ward, choose the post of dan - ger, Go where Christ has

CHORUS.

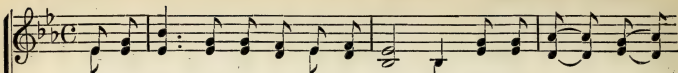
ban - ner o'er the world.
calls thee from a - bove. } Go forward, go forward, hear the Captain call; We're
great - est need of you. }

read - y, we're read - y, let us ans - wer all: Go for - ward, go for - ward,

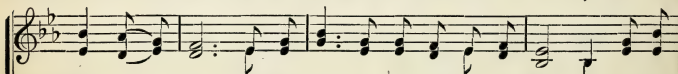
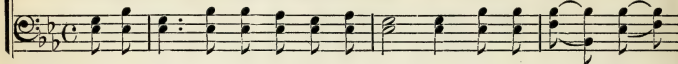
see the le-gions go To vic - t'ry, to vic - t'ry o - ver ev - 'ry foe.

4 Forward, forward, on to every nation,
Give the four-fold gospel to the world,
Over all the lands that lie in darkness
Let the blood-stain'd banner be unfurled.
On till every tongue and tribe and kindred
Hear the glorious gospel's joyful sound;
Forward, forward, till the name of Jesus
Shall re-echo all the world around.

5 Forward, forward, He is leading forward;
Lo! the pillar-cloud is moving on;
We are going forth to meet the Bridegroom
As He comes to claim His advent throne.
Soon the little flock will all be gathered,
Soon the glorious Bride will be complete;
Forward, forward, just a little longer,
And we'll ground our arms at Jesus' feet.



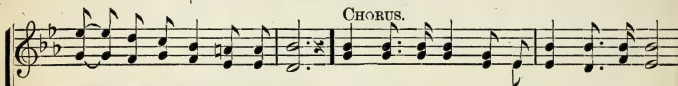
1. They are fall - ing on the field of bat - tle, Let us fill up the
2. They are fall - ing by the might-y Con - go, They are dy - ing in the
3. So the Mas - ter gave His life for oth - ers, But a seed - corn was
4. But the bat - tle must not cease nor wav - er Tho' a thou - sand



ranks as they fall; They are dy - ing at the post of dang - er, But there
 dark Sou - dan; They are ly - ing 'neath the sun of In - dia, They are
 sown in that day, Which will cov - er the e - ter - nal ag - es With a
 com - rades fall, Let us bear a - loft the blood-stain'd ban - ner, And re -

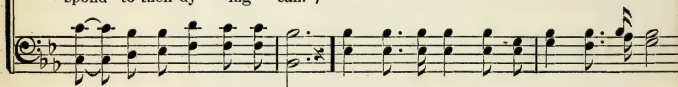


CHORUS.

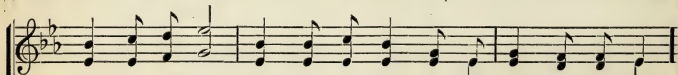
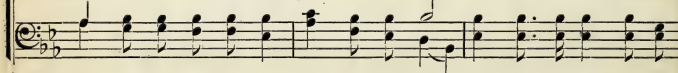


comes from the graves the loud call:
 buried by the shores of Ja - pan.
 glo - ry that can nev - er de - cay.
 - spond to their dy - ing call.

Fill up the ranks, brother, fill up the ranks,



Stand for the fal - len ones, gird on the sword, - Fill up the ranks, brother,

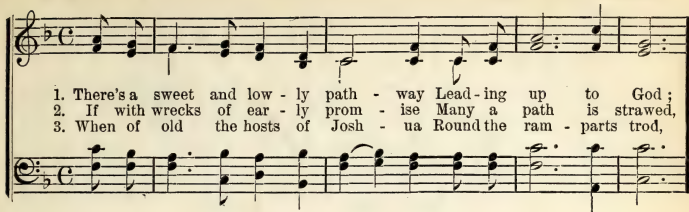


fill up the ranks, Who will en - list in the hosts of the Lord?

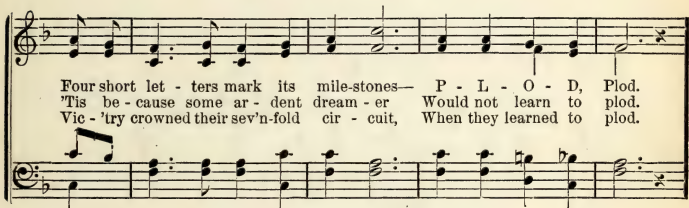


A. B. S.

REV. A. B. SIMPSON.



1. There's a sweet and low - ly path - way Lead - ing up to God ;
 2. If with wrecks of ear - ly prom - ise Many a path is strawed,
 3. When of old the hosts of Josh - ua Round the ram - parts trod,

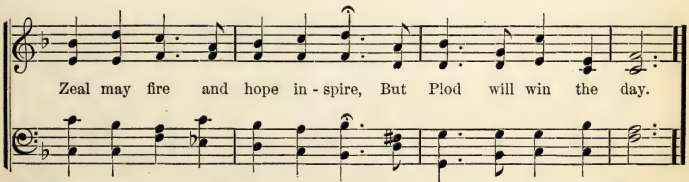


Four short let - ters mark its mile-stones— P - L - O - D, Plod.
 'Tis be - cause some ar - dent dream - er Would not learn to plod.
 Vic - 'try crowned their sev'n-fold cir - cuit, When they learned to plod.

CHORUS.



Let us plod, stead - i - ly plod All a - long the way ;



Zeal may fire and hope in - spire, But Plod will win the day.

4 Are you waiting for a promise,
 Trusting in your God ?
 Tho' He tarry He is coming,
 Faith must learn to plod.

6 Are you suff'ring in affliction
 'Neath the chast'ning rod ?
 God is working, wait upon Him,
 Wait, and pray, and plod.

5 Are you going forth with weeping,
 Scatt'ring seeds abroad ?
 You shall bring your sheaves with singing,
 If you'll trust and plod.

7 Yes, we need, along life's pathway,
 Feet with patience shod ;
 Faith to wait and not grow weary,
 Lives that love to plod.

1. Dy-ing, and she knew not Je - sus; Dy - ing on her bed of pain, (her bed of pain,)
 2. She had passed a women's life - time, All her pow'rs of mind were clear (of mind were clear,)
 3. But to her the good news came not, You had heard it long a - go, (it long a - go,)

On - ly one a-mong the thou - sands, To whom death cannot be gain;
 To have grasp'd the blessed sto - ry Of the Christ you hold so dear;
 But the sto - ry of sal - va - tion, She shall nev - er, nev - er know;

Gaze up - on her, as she lies there, 'Tis a woman with a soul;
 And she might have been for - giv - en, 'Twas for her, as much as you
 And shall oth - ers live in dark-ness, Must it still of them be true;

Which you say must live for - ev - er, While e - ter - nal a - ges roll.
 That the Sav-iour paid the ran-som, For the man - y, not the few.
 Dy - ing, and(they know not Je - sus? Stay, the an-swer lies with you.

CHORUS.

Oh! I seem to hear them cry-ing, As they sink in - to the grave;

Dying Without Jesus. Concluded.

Two staves of music in G major, 4/4 time. The melody is on the treble staff and the bass line is on the bass staff. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

We are dy - ing, we are dy - ing, Is there none to help and save?

No. 191.

Thy Kingdom Come.

A. B. S.

Rev. A. B. SIMPSON.

Two staves of music in C major, 4/4 time. The melody is on the treble staff and the bass line is on the bass staff. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

1. O Christ my Lord and King, This is the prayer I bring; This
2. Help me to work and pray, Help me to live each day; That

Two staves of music in C major, 4/4 time. The melody is on the treble staff and the bass line is on the bass staff. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

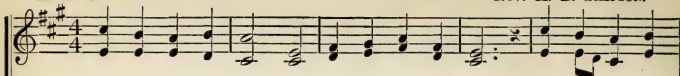
is the song I sing, Thy king - dom come, Thy king - dom come.
all I do may say, Thy king - dom come, Thy king - dom come.

3 Upon my heart's high throne,
Rule Thou, and Thou alone;
Let me be all Thine own;
Thy kingdom come.

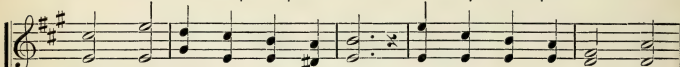
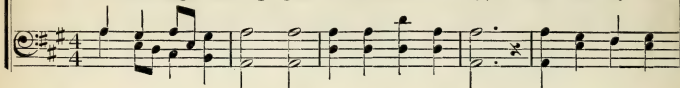
4 Through all the earth abroad,
Wherever man has trod,
Send forth Thy word, O God;
Thy kingdom come.

5 Soon may our King appear,
Haste Bright Millennial Year;
We live to bring it near;
Thy kingdom come.

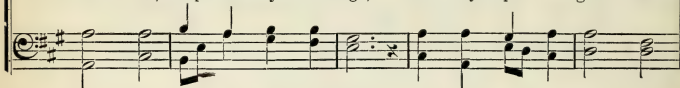
Copyright, 1897, by A. B. Simpson.



1. Gra-cious heav'nly Fa-ther, Hear Thy peo-ple's cry, See us how we
 2. Prom-ise of the Fa-ther, Spir-it, ev-er nigh, Wherefore should we
 3. O how long we strug-gle, O how hard we try; Help-less-ly we



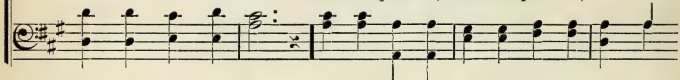
- lan-guish, Help us ere we die. Send us by Thy Spir-it,
 lan-guish, Wherefore should we die? Thou hast come to bring us
 la-bor, Help-less-ly we sigh, Till Thy Spir-it gives us



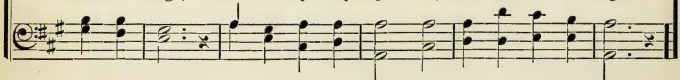
CHORUS.



- Pow-er from on high. Pow-er, pow-er, pow-er
 Send the pow-er, Send the pow-er,



- from on high, Send us by Thy Spir-it, Pow-er from on high.



- 4 Send divine conviction,
 Bring salvation nigh;
 Crucify and quicken,
 Save and sanctify.
 Blessed Spirit bring us
 Power from on high.

- 5 As the winds of heaven
 O'er the ocean fly,
 As the flaming light'nings
 Flashing o'er the sky,
 Send us, mighty Father,
 Power from on high.

- 6 As the heav'nly sunshine
 Bringing summer nigh,
 As the showers that water
 Deserts parched and dry,
 Quick'ning Spirit bring us
 Power from on high.

- 7 Father at Thy footstool,
 Low Thy people lie,
 Waiting for Thy promise;
 Hear our helpless cry;
 Send us, Father, send us
 Power from on high.

C. BURKE

CHARLES STRONG.



Brethren, go! The Lord be with you;
 He who sends will surely guide,
 Resting in His care while sleeping,
 Resting in His love while weeping,
 Keep ye ever by His side.

Brethren, go! The Master calls you
 Forth, to reap His precious grain;
 Fear not, tho' wild storms awake you,
 Fear not, tho' the rough winds shake you,
 Glory cometh after pain.

Brethren, go! The world is waiting
 For the coming of our King,
 Be it yours to spread the story
 Of His shame! And then His glory
 Till the whole creation sing.

Brethren, go! The day-dawn breaketh,
 Of its glory, go and tell.
 In the Father's name we send you,
 To His tender love commend you,
 God be with you; Fare you well.

No. 194.

Ye Christian Heralds.

L. M.

Ye Christian heralds, go proclaim
 Salvation in Emmanuel's name;
 To distant climes the tidings bear,
 And plant the rose of Sharon there.

He'll shield you with a wall of fire,
 With flaming zeal your breasts inspire,

Bid raging winds their fury cease,
 And calm the savage breast to peace.

And when our labors all are o'er,
 Then we shall meet to part no more—
 Meet with the blood-bought throng to
 And crown our Jesus Lord of all. [fa'l,

1. A cry is ev - er sound - ing Up - on my bur - dened ear, A
 2. With ev - 'ry puls - e's beat - ing An - oth - er soul is gone, With
 3. Oh, how the Mas - ter's bo - som Must swell with love and pain, As

cry of pain and an - guish, A cry of woe and fear; It is the
 all its guilt and sor - row, To stand be - fore the throne, And learn with
 ev - er - more they meet Him, That sad and cease - less train! And if He

voice of myr - iads Who grope in heath - en night, It is the cry of
 awe and won - der The sto - ry of that grace, Which God to us en -
 holds us guilt - ty For all our broth - er's blood, What ans - wer can we

Je - sus To rise and send them light. }
 - trust - ed For all our fal - len race. } O hear the pleading mes - sage From
 of - fer Be - fore the throne of God? }

ev - 'ry land and na - tion; O haste, and send the ans - wer, Ye her - alds of sal -

A Macedonian Cry. Concluded.

- va - tion. "Come o - ver, come o - ver," I can hear it ev - er - more, —

"Come o - ver, come o - ver, come o . ver and help us."

No. 196. We're Bound to Take the Congo for Jesus.

Tune, "Marching Through Georgia."

We are a band of chosen ones, our
Captain's brave and strong;
There's only yet a score enrolled but
more will come along,
We're off to "Darkest Africa," where
heathen nations throng.
We're bound to take the Congo for
Jesus.

Chorus.

March on, march on to set the captives
free;
March on, march on to glorious victory;
And this our song of triumph, as we
sail across the sea,
We're bound to TAKE the Congo for
Jesus.

Though hosts of hell may all unite, and
Satan stalk about;
We're trusting fully Jesus' power, and
He their ranks will rout,

We'll make old Afric's valleys ring
with a Hallelujah shout.

We're bound to take the Congo for
Jesus.

In Christ our needs are all supplied,
we ne'er shall lack a thing;
For life abundant, joy and strength
His praises will we sing;
He is our Saviour, Sanctifier, Healer,
Coming King,

We're bound to take the Congo for
Jesus.

We'll gladly leave our earthly all with-
out a doubt or care;
For we've His blessed promise of a
mansion "Over There."

We'll gather many thousands for the
Meeting in the Air,
We're bound to take the Congo for
Jesus.

W. MACOMBER.

1. A - way a - cross the o - cean, A - way a - cross the sea;
 2. A - way, where Chi - na's mil - lions In depths of dark - ness lie;
 3. In vain the world would tempt me To seek my for - tune here;

The cry of dy - ing mil - lions Is call - ing still to me.
 A - way, where In - dia's myr - iads In Christ - less an - guish die;
 In vain my heart would hold me, By friend - ship's bond so dear.

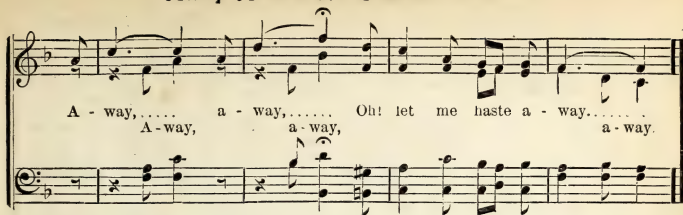
It rings thro' all my be - ing, I can no long - er stay,
 A - way, where Con - go's wa - ters 'Mid hea - then na - tions roll,
 My Mas - ter calls me on - ward, My heart is all a - glow,

It is the voice of Je - sus, And I must haste a - way.
 The cry of dy - ing mil - lions Is pierc - ing all my soul.
 My home is with the hea - then, And, oh! I long to go.

CHORUS.

A - way, a - way, Oh! bid me not de - lay;
 A - way, a - way, a - way, a - way;

Away Across the Ocean. Concluded.



4 I do not want your pity,
I only feel for you,
For angels well might envy,
The work that I may do.
Farewell, my friends, my kindred,
Think of me when you pray,
I hear my Master calling,
And I must haste away.

5 Some day across the river,
Some day beyond the skies,
There'll be no tearful partings;
There'll be no broken ties.
Oh, shall your crown be studded
With stars, that glorious day?
I go to win my jewels!
Farewell, I haste away.

No. 198. Wave the Gospel Banner.

Wave the gospel banner over India's plain,
Thrice a thousand millions lie in heathen
chains;
Thrice ten thousand daily die in Christless
woe;
Is there none to pity, is there none to go?

Who can tell thy sorrow, who can paint thy
shame?
Rites of nameless horror in religion's name,
Woman's deep dishonor, childhood's awful
blight,
Soul's immortal sinking into endless night.

Land of many a martyr, many a holy grave,
Let the blood-stained Banner wide o'er India
wave;
What if it be crimsoned by thy heart's rich
blood?
Is thy blood too precious for the Son of God?

Weak are all our efforts, vain our tears and blood,
India naught can save thee, nothing less than
God;
Oh, thou Great Jehovah, speak the word divine,
Then, with all her myriads, India shall be
Thine.

No. 199. We Are Living.

8s & 7s.

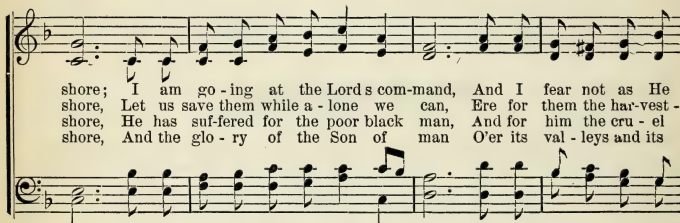
We are living, we are dwelling
In a grand and awful time;
In an age on ages telling;
To be living is sublime.
Hark! the waking up of nations,
Gog and Magog to the fray;
Hark! what soundeth? Is creation
Groaning for its latter day?

Worlds are charging, heaven beholding;
Thou hast but an hour to fight;
Now the blazoned cross unfolding,
On—right onward for the right!
On! let all the soul within you,
For the truth's sake go abroad!
Strike! let every nerve and sinew
Tell on ages—tell for God!

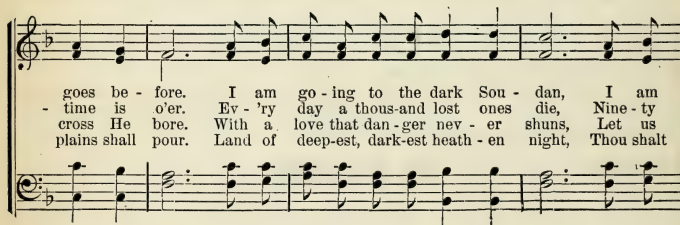
ARTHUR CLEVELAND COXE, 1840.



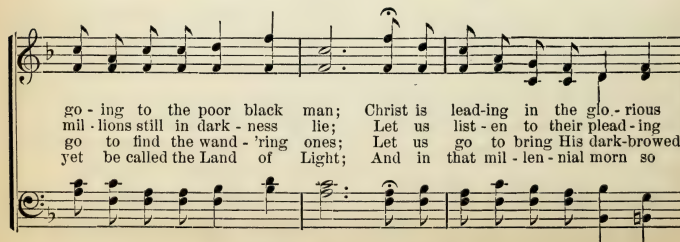
1. I am go - ing to that dark, dark land, That lies by the Ni - ger's
 2. They are dy - ing in the dark Sou - dan, That lies by the Ni - ger's
 3. Christ hast lov'd ones in the dark Sou - dan, That lies by the Ni - ger's
 4. Christ is com - ing to the dark Sou - dan, That lies by the Ni - ger's



shore; I am go - ing at the Lord's com - mand, And I fear not as He
 shore, Let us save them while a - lone we can, Ere for them the har - vest -
 shore, He has suf - fer'd for the poor black man, And for him the cru - el
 shore, And the glo - ry of the Son of man O'er its val - leys and its



goes be - fore. I am go - ing to the dark Sou - dan, I am
 - time is o'er. Ev - 'ry day a thous - and lost ones die, Nine - ty
 cross He bore. With a love that dan - ger nev - er shuns, Let us
 plains shall pour. Land of deep - est, dark - est heath - en night, Thou shalt



go - ing to the poor black man; Christ is lead - ing in the glo - rious
 mil - lions still in dark - ness lie; Let us list - en to their plead - ing
 go to find the wand - 'ring ones; Let us go to bring His dark - browed
 yet be called the Land of Light; And in that mil - len - nial morn so

The Dark Soudan. Concluded.

CHORUS.

van, And I fol - low as He goes be - fore.
cry, As it ech - oes from that heath - en shore.
sons To the Fa - ther's wide and o - pen door. Will you meet me in the
bright, Af - ric's sons at last shall weep no more.

dark, dark land? Will you meet me at the Lord's right hand? Will you

meet me when our glo - rious band Shall gath - er from the dark Sou - dan?

No. 201.

I'm Going to the Congo.

Tune, "Going Back to Dixie."

Across the ocean stealing,
For life and health and healing.
A VOICE;—my soul is reaching,
In plaintive tones beseeching,
O'er dusky faces falling,
Their tears are ever calling;
My heart turns to the Congo, and I
must go.

Chorus.

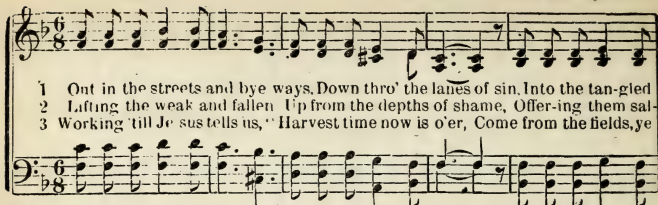
I'm going to the Congo, I'm going to
the Congo.
The call is growing stronger,
I can't stay here much longer,
O'er dusky faces falling,
Their tears are ever calling;
My heart turns to the Congo, and I
must go.

The Master's earnest bidding,
Within my soul is ringing,
"Go thou proclaim glad tidings,"
To teeming millions dying.
All earthly ties forsaking,
And JESUS ONLY taking;
My heart for them is aching, and I
must go.

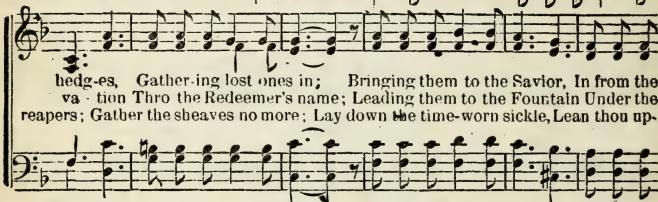
I'm looking for the dawning,
Of earth's redemption morning;
But ere His glad appearing,
Salvation's news so cheering,
Must spread to every nation,
Beyond the rolling ocean,
My heart is on the Congo, and I must
go.

W. MACOMBER.

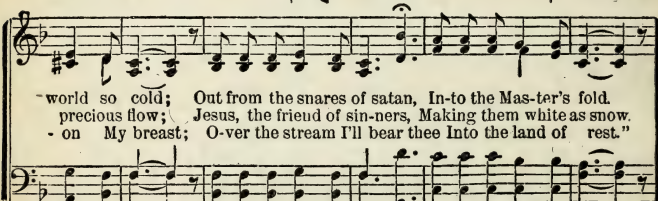
Words and Music by J. W. VAN DE VENTER.
Harmonized by F. J. ST CLAIR.



1 Out in the streets and bye ways, Down thro' the lanes of sin, Into the tan-gled
2 Lifting the weak and fallen Up from the depths of shame, Offer-ing them sal-
3 Working 'till Je-sus tells us, "Harvest time now is o'er, Come from the fields, ye

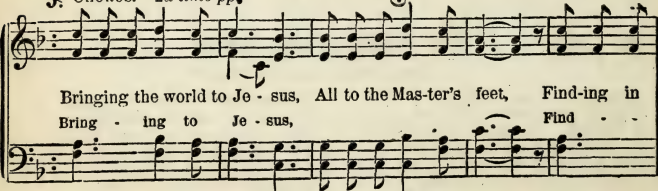


hedg-es, Gather-ing lost ones in; Bringing them to the Savior, In from the
va-tion Thro the Redeemer's name; Leading them to the Fountain Under the
reapers; Gather the sheaves no more; Lay down the time-worn sickle, Lean thou up-

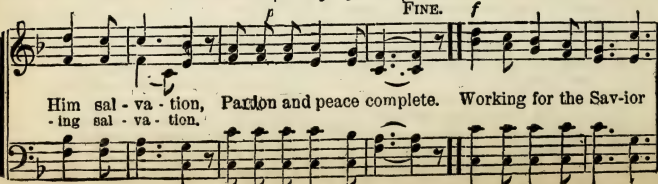


-world so cold; Out from the snares of satan, In-to the Mas-ter's fold.
precious flow; Jesus, the friend of sin-ners, Making them white as snow.
-on My breast; O-ver the stream I'll bear thee Into the land of rest."

CHORUS. 2d time pp.



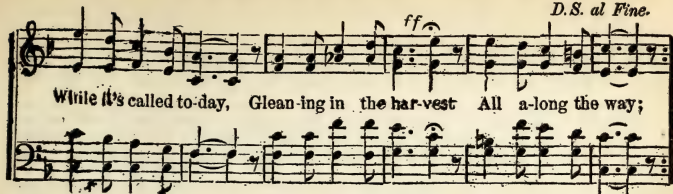
Bringing the world to Je-sus, All to the Mas-ter's feet, Find-ing in
Bring-ing to Je-sus, Find



Him sal-va-tion, Pardon and peace complete. Working for the Sav-ior
-ing sal-va-tion.

Bringing the World to Jesus. Concluded.

D.S. al Fine.



ff

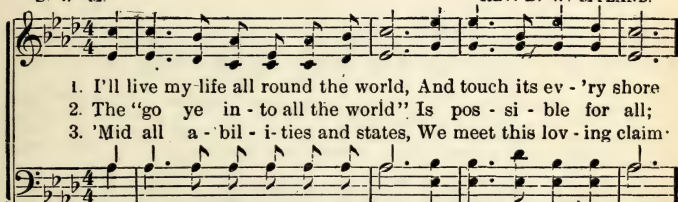
While it's called to-day, Glean-ing in the har-vest All a-long the way;

No. 203.

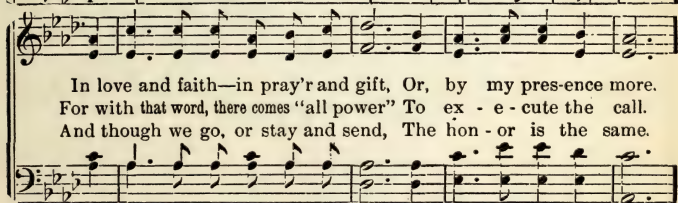
I'll Live the world Around.

D W M

REV. D. W. MYLAND.

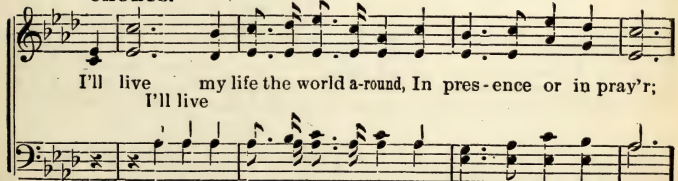


1. I'll live my-life all round the world, And touch its ev - 'ry shore
2. The "go ye in - to all the world" Is pos - si - ble for all;
3. 'Mid all a - bil - i - ties and states, We meet this lov - ing claim.

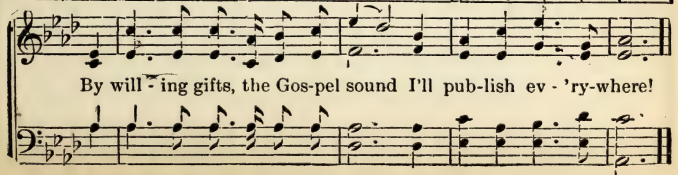


In love and faith—in pray'r and gift, Or, by my pres-ence more.
For with that word, there comes "all power" To ex - e - cute the call.
And though we go, or stay and send, The hon - or is the same.

CHORUS.



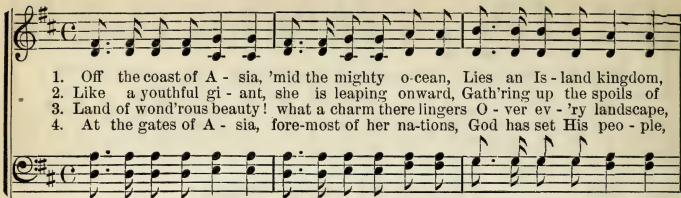
I'll live my life the world a-round, In pres-ence or in pray'r;
I'll live



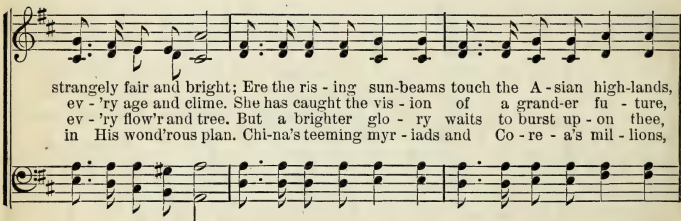
By will - ing gifts, the Gos-pel sound I'll pub-lish ev - 'ry-where!

A. B. S.

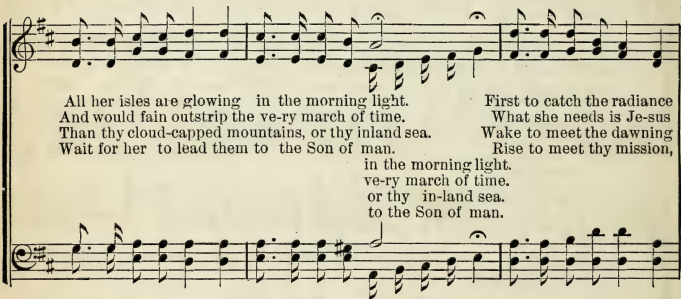
Rev. A. B. SIMPSON.



1. Off the coast of A - sia, 'mid the mighty o - cean, Lies an Is - land kingdom,
 2. Like a youthful gi - ant, she is leaping onward, Gath'ring up the spoils of
 3. Land of wond'rous beauty! what a charm there lingers O - ver ev - 'ry landscape,
 4. At the gates of A - sia, fore-most of her na - tions, God has set His peo - ple,

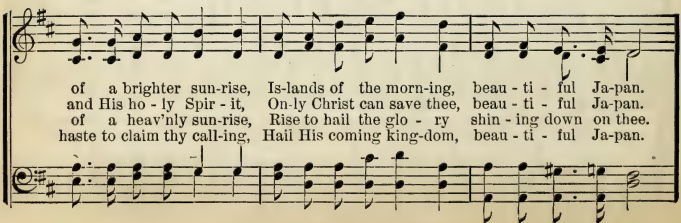


strangely fair and bright; Ere the ris - ing sun - beams touch the A - sian high - lands,
 ev - 'ry age and clime. She has caught the vis - ion of a grand - er fu - ture,
 ev - 'ry flow'r and tree. But a brighter glo - ry waits to burst up - on thee,
 in His wond'rous plan. Chi - na's teeming myr - iads and Co - re - a's mil - lions,



All her isles are glowing in the morning light.
 And would fain outstrip the ve - ry march of time.
 Than thy cloud - capped mountains, or thy inland sea.
 Wait for her to lead them to the Son of man.

First to catch the radiance
 What she needs is Je - sus
 Wake to meet the dawning
 Rise to meet thy mission,
 in the morning light.
 ve - ry march of time.
 or thy in - land sea.
 to the Son of man.



of a brighter sun - rise, Is - lands of the morn - ing, beau - ti - ful Ja - pan.
 and His ho - ly Spir - it, On - ly Christ can save thee, beau - ti - ful Ja - pan.
 of a heav'nly sun - rise, Rise to hail the glo - ry shin - ing down on thee.
 haste to claim thy call - ing, Hail His coming king - dom, beau - ti - ful Ja - pan.

Beautiful Japan. Concluded.

CHORUS.

Beau - ti - ful Ja - pan, beau - ti - ful Ja - pan, Is - land of the
 morn - ing, beau - ti - ful Ja - pan. Beau - ti - ful Ja - pan,
 Beau - ti - ful Ja - pan, Is - land of the morn - ing, beau - ti - ful Ja - pan.

No. 205.

A Charge to Keep.

Kentucky.

S. M.

Jeremiah Ingalls, 1805

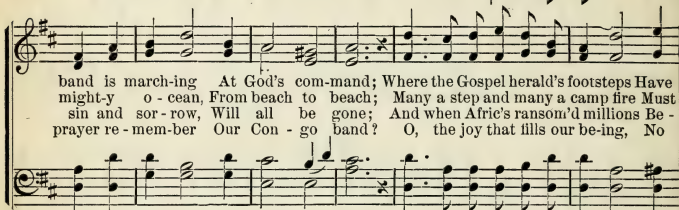
A charge to keep I have,
 A God to glorify;
 A never-dying soul to save,
 And fit it for the sky.
 To serve the present age,
 My calling to fulfill—
 Oh, may it all my powers engage,
 To do my Master's will!

Arm me with jealous care,
 As in Thy sight to live;
 And, oh, Thy servant, Lord, prepare,
 A strict account to give.
 Help me to watch and pray,
 And on Thyself rely,
 Assured, if I my trust betray,
 I shall forever die.

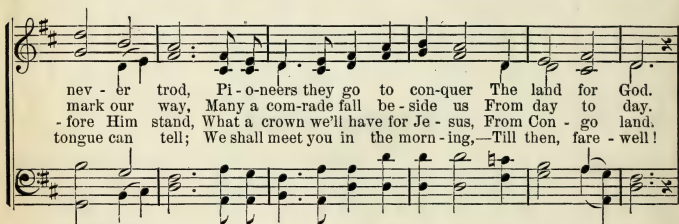
CHARLES WESLEY.



1. Far across the land of Con-go, That dark, dark land, Lo, a ho - ly
 2. All across the land of Con-go Our love must reach, In - land sea to
 3. But we will not fear or fal - ter, For Christ leads on, Soon the night of
 4. Brothers, sisters, won't you join us In that dark land? Won't you oft in

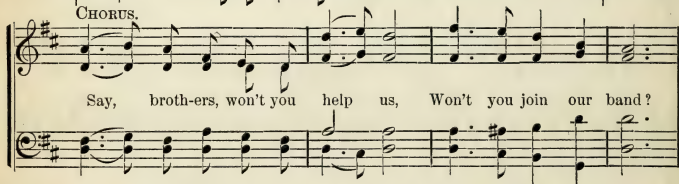


band is march-ing At God's com-mand; Where the Gospel herald's footsteps Have
 might-y o - cean, From beach to beach; Many a step and many a camp fire Must
 sin and sor - row, Will all be gone; And when Afric's ransom'd millions Be -
 prayer re - mem-ber Our Con - go band? O, the joy that fills our be-ing, No

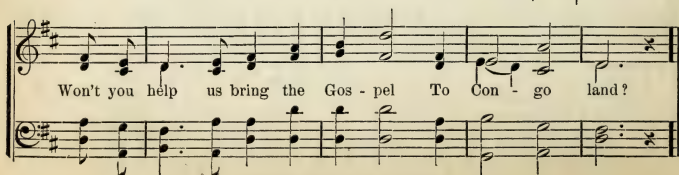


nev - er trod, Pi - o-neers they go to con-quer The land for God.
 mark our way, Many a com-rade fall be - side us From day to day.
 - fore Him stand, What a crown we'll have for Je - sus, From Con - go land,
 tongue can tell; We shall meet you in the morn - ing, - Till then, fare - well!

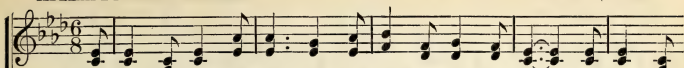
CHORUS.




Say, broth-ers, won't you help us, Won't you join our band?



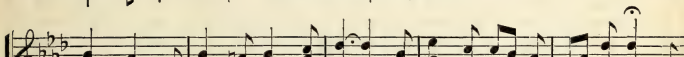
Won't you help us bring the Gos - pel To Con - go land?



1. O Je - sus, Saviour, Mas - ter, How good to me Thou art! Not on - ly
 2. For-bid, O gen - tle Je - sus, That I should boast of aught These falt'ring
 3. O Je - sus, bless-ed Je - sus, Teach me Thy per - fect will, And, by the

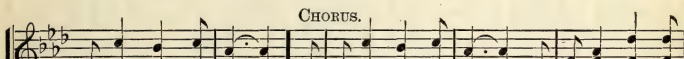


hast Thou re - conciled To God my sin - ful heart, But in Thy lov - ing
 lips have ut - ter-ed, These fee - ble hands have wrought. Un-prof - it - a - ble
 Ho - ly Spir - it's pow'r, Thy life in me ful - fill. Then, thro' the end - less

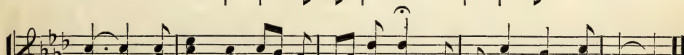


kind - ness, Tho' tempt-ed oft to stray, Thou giv - est pow'r to do for Thee Some
 ser - vant Am I at best, al - way! Yet Thou dost let me do for Thee Some
 ag - es, As in the nar - row way, 'Twill be my joy to do for Thee Some

CHORUS.



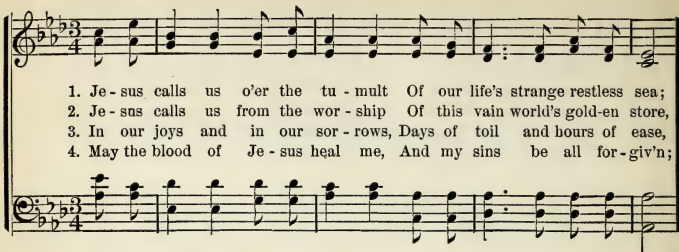
lit - tle thing each day.
 lit - tle thing each day.
 greater thing each day. } Some lit - tle thing each day! Some lit - tle thing each



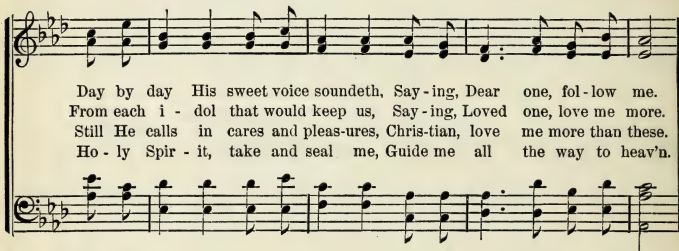
day! My Je - sus lets me do for Him Some lit - tle thing each day.

C. F. ALEXANDER.

WARREN COLLINS.

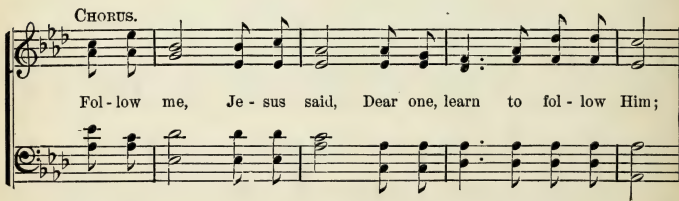


1. Je - sus calls us o'er the tu - mult Of our life's strange restless sea;
 2. Je - sus calls us from the wor - ship Of this vain world's gold-en store,
 3. In our joys and in our sor - rows, Days of toil and hours of ease,
 4. May the blood of Je - sus heal me, And my sins be all for-giv'n;

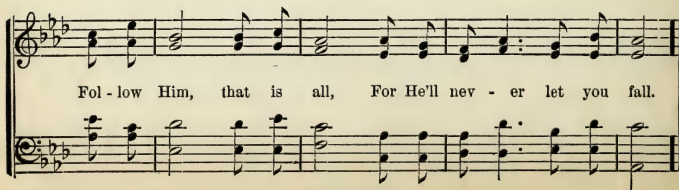


Day by day His sweet voice soundeth, Say - ing, Dear one, fol - low me.
 From each i - dol that would keep us, Say - ing, Loved one, love me more.
 Still He calls in cares and pleas-ures, Chris-tian, love me more than these.
 Ho - ly Spir - it, take and seal me, Guide me all the way to heav'n.

CHORUS.



Fol - low me, Je - sus said, Dear one, learn to fol - low Him;

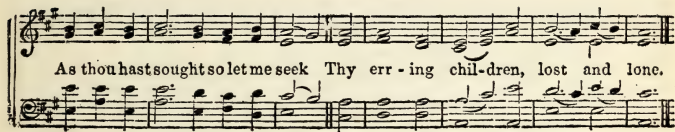
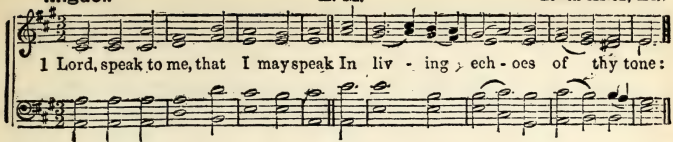


Fol - low Him, that is all, For He'll nev - er let you fall.

Migdol.

L. M.

Lowell Mason, 1840.



Oh, lead me, Lord, that I may lead
 The wandering and the wavering feet,
 Oh, feed me, Lord, that I may feed
 Thy hungering ones with manna
 sweet.

Oh, teach me, Lord, that I may teach
 The precious things Thou dost impart;
 And wing my words that they may
 reach
 The hidden depths of many a heart.

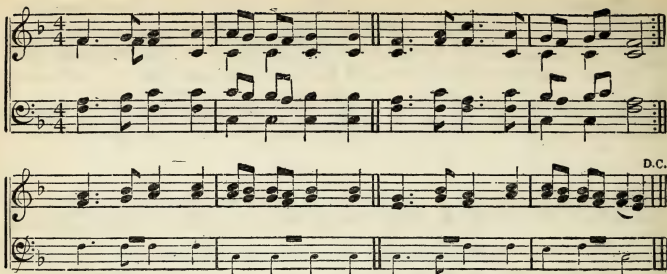
Oh, give Thine own sweet rest to me,
 That I may speak with soothing power
 A word in season, as from Thee,
 To weary ones in needful hour.

Oh, fill me with Thy fullness, Lord,
 Until my very heart o'erflow
 In kindling thought and glowing word,
 Thy love to tell, Thy praise to show.

Oh, use me, Lord, use even me,
 Just as Thou wilt, and when, and
 where;

Until Thy blessed face I see,
 Thy rest, Thy joy, Thy glory share.

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL, 1872.



Glorious things of thee are spoken,
 Zion, city of our God;
 He whose word cannot be broken
 Formed thee for His own abode;
 On the Rock of Ages founded,
 What can shake thy sure repose?
 With salvation's walls surrounded,
 Thou mayst smile at all thy foes.

See, the streams of living waters,
 Springing from eternal love,
 Well supply thy sons and daughters,
 And all fear of want remove;

Who can faint while such a river
 Ever flows their thirst to assuage—
 Grace, which, like the Lord, the giver,
 Never fails from age to age?

Round each habitation hovering,
 See the cloud and fire appear,
 For a glory and a covering,
 Showing that the Lord is near;
 Thus deriving from the banner
 Light by night and shade by day,
 Safe they feed upon the manna
 Which He gives them when they pray

No. 211.

Laborers Arise.

6, 6, 8, 6.

Laborers of Christ, arise,
 And gird you for the toil;
 The dew of promise from the skies
 Already cheers the soil.

Go where the sick recline,
 Where mourning hearts deplore,

And where the sons of sorrow pine
 Dispense your hallowed store.

Be faith which looks above,
 With prayer, your constant guest;
 And wrap the Saviour's changless love
 A mantle round your breast.

No. 212.

Hasten Lord.

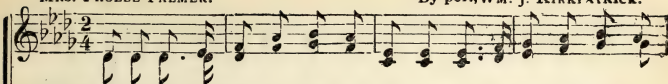
7s.

Hasten, Lord! the glorious time
 When, beneath Messiah's sway,
 Every nation, every clime,
 Shall the Gospel's call obey.
 Mightiest kings His power shall own,
 Heathen tribes His name adore;

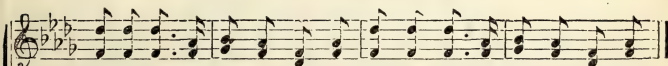
Satan and his host, o'erthrown,
 Bound in chains, shall hurt no more.
 Then shall war and tumults cease,
 Then be banished grief and pain;
 Righteousness and joy and peace
 Undisturbed shall ever reign.

MRS. PHOEBE PALMER.

By per., WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



1. Watch, ye saints, with eyelids waking, Lo, the powers of heav'n are shaking.
2. Lo! the promise of your Saviour: Pardon'd sin and purchas'd fa - vor,
3. Kingdoms at their base are crumbling, Hark, His chariot wheels are rumbling
4. Nations wane, tho' proud and stately, Christ His kingdom hasteneth greatly
5. Lamb of God!—Thou meek and lowly, Ju-dah's li-on!—high and ho - ly;
6. Sinners, come, while Christ is pleading, Now for you He's in - ter - ced - ing;



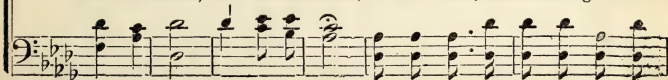
Keep your lamps all trimm'd and burning, Ready for your Lord's re - turn - ing.
 Blood - wash'd robes and crowns of glory; Haste to tell redemption's sto - ry.
 Tell, O, tell of grace a bound - ing, Whilst the seventh trump is sounding.
 Earth her lat - est pangs is summing, Shout, ye saints, your Lord is coming.
 Lo! thy Bride comes forth to meet Thee, All in blood - wash'd robes to greet Thee.
 Haste, ere grace and time di - min - ished Shall proclaim the mystery fin - ished.



REFRAIN.



Lo! He comes, lo! Je - sus comes; Lo! He comes, He comes all glorious!



Je - sus comes to reign vic - to - rious, Lo! He comes, yes, Je - sus comes.



W. M.

W. MACOMBER.

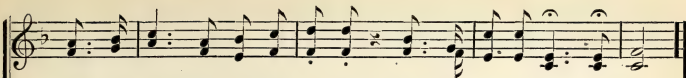
1. In the glow of ear - ly morn-ing, In the sol - emn hush of night;
 2. Oft methinks I hear His foot-steps, Steal - ing down the paths of time;
 3. Long we've wait - ed, blest Re-deem - er, Wait - ed for the first bright ray

Down from heav - en's o - pen por - tals, Steals a mes - senger of light,
 And the fu - ture dark with shad-ows, Bright - ens with this hope sub-lime.
 Of the morn when sin and sor - row At Thy pres - ence flee a - way;

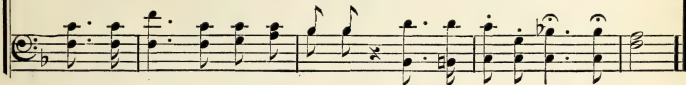
Whisp'-ring sweet - ly to my spir - it, While the hosts of heav - en sing;
 Sound the soul - in - spir - ing an - them; An - gel hosts, your harps at - tune;
 But our vig - il's near - ly o - ver Hope of heav'n; oh, price - less boon!

This the wond'-rous thrill-ing sto - ry: Christ is com-ing— Christ my King.
 Earth's long night is al - most o - ver, Christ is com-ing— Com - ing soon.
 In the east the glow ap-pear - ing, Christ is com-ing— Com - ing soon.

Christ Is Coming. Concluded.



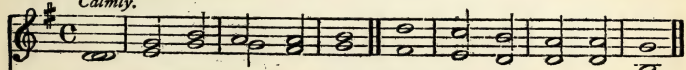
This the wond'-rous thrill-ing sto - ry— Christ is com-ing—Christ my King.
 Earth's long night is al - most o - ver, Christ is com-ing—Com - ing soon.
 In the east the glow ap - pear-ing, Christ is com-ing—Com - ing soon.



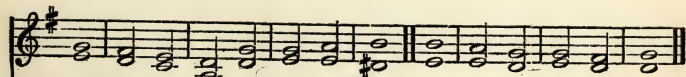
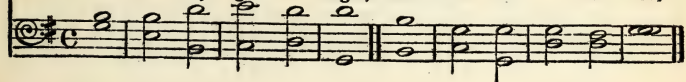
No. 215.

Come, Lord and Carry Not.

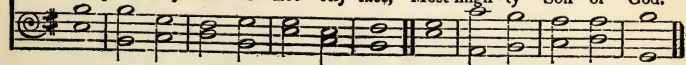
DR. H. BONAR.
Calmly.



1. Come, Lord, and tar - ry not, Bring the long-looked-for day;
2. Come, for Thy saints still wait; Dai - ly as - cends their sigh;
3. Come, for cre - a - tion groans, Im - pa - tient at Thy stay;
4. Come, for the corn is ripe; Put in Thy sic - kle now;
5. Come in Thy glo - rious might, Come with the i - ron rod,



Oh! why these years of wait - ing here, These a - ges of de - lay?
 The Spi - rit and the Bride say, Come; Dost Thou not hear the cry?
 Worn out with these long years of ill, These a - ges of de - lay.
 Reap the great har - vest of the earth; Sow - er and Reap - er Thou
 Dis - perse Thy foes be - fore Thy face, Most migh - ty Son of God.

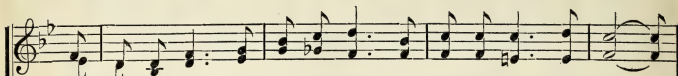
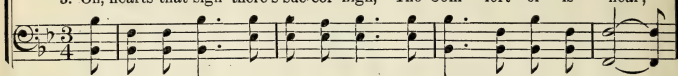


6 Come, and make all things new;
 Build up this ruined earth;
 Restore our faded paradise,
 Creation's second birth.

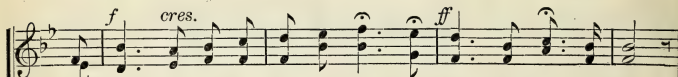
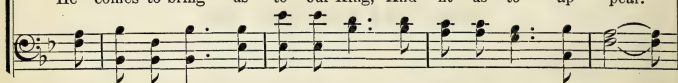
7 Come, and begin Thy reign
 Of everlasting peace;
 Come, take the kingdom to Thyself,
 Great King of Righteousness!



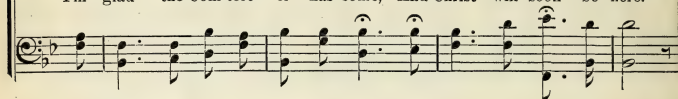
1. Oh, have you heard the glorious word Of hope and ho - ly cheer;
 2. A - rise, a - rise, lift up your eyes, Wipe off the fall - ing tear,
 3. Oh, hearts that sigh there's suc - cor nigh, The Com - fort - er is near;



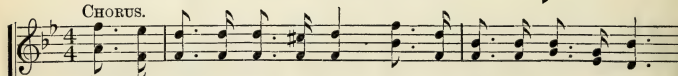
From heav'n a - bove its tones of love Are ling'ring on my ear;
 Why should we bear such loads of care, Why should we doubt or fear?
 He comes to bring us to our King, And fit us to ap - pear.



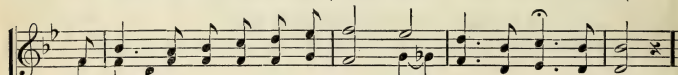
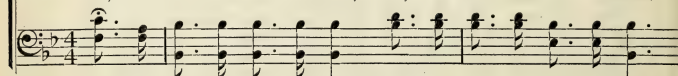
The bless - ed Com - fort - er has come, And Christ will soon be here.
 The bless - ed Com - fort - er has come, And Christ will soon be here.
 I'm glad the Com - fort - er has come, And Christ will soon be here.



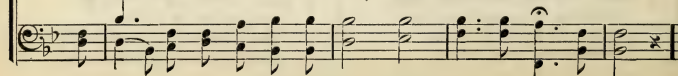
CHORUS.

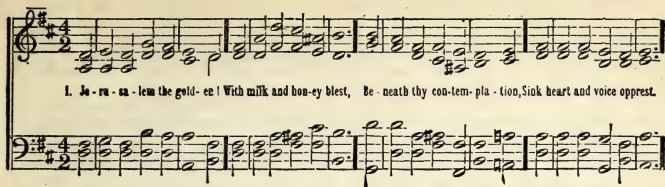


Oh, the Com - fort - er is come, Oh, the Com - fort - er is come,

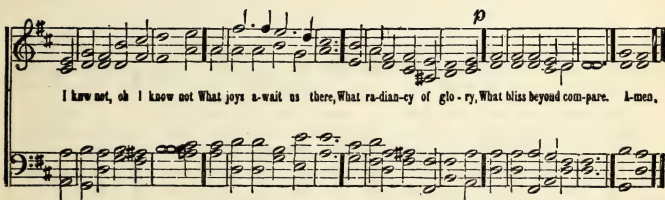


The bless - ed Com - fort - er is come, And Christ will soon be here.





1. Je - ru - sa - lem the gold - en! With milk and hon - ey blest, Be - neath thy con - tem - pla - tion, Sink heart and voice oppress.



I know not, oh I know not What joys a - wait us there, What ra - dian - cy of glo - ry, What bliss beyond com - pare. A - men.

They stand, those halls of Zion,
 All jubilant with song,
 And bright with many an angel,
 And all the martyr throng.
 The Prince is ever in them,
 The daylight is serene;
 The pasture of the blessed
 Are decked in glorious sheen.

Thou hast no shore fair ocean!
 Thou hast no time, bright day!
 Dear fountain of refreshment
 To pilgrims far away!

Upon the Rock of Ages
 They raise Thy holy tower;
 Thine is the victor's laurel,
 And shine the golden dower.

O sweet and blessed country,
 The home of God's elect!
 O sweet and blessed country,
 That eager hearts expect!
 Jesus, in mercy bring us
 To that dear land of rest:
 Who art, with God the Father,
 And Spirit, ever blest.

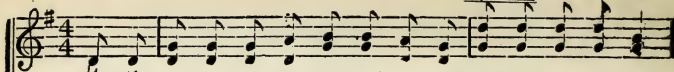
The Comforter Has Come. Concluded.

4 Oh, sweetest word heart ever heard,
 Proclaim it far and near;
 Oh, let it roll from pole to pole,
 'Till all the nations hear:
 The blessed Comforter is come,
 And Christ will soon be here.

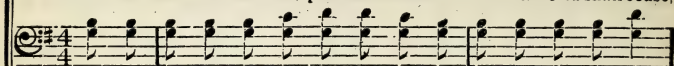
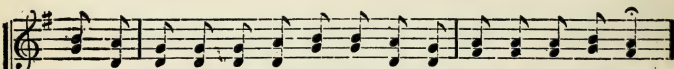
5 Oh, sleeper, wake; thy sin forsake,
 The Lord will soon appear;
 What wilt thou say, in that great day,
 If thou this word should'st hear:
 The Comforter has come and gone,
 And Christ Himself is here.

J. M. K.


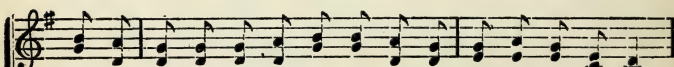
By per., JAS. M. KING.



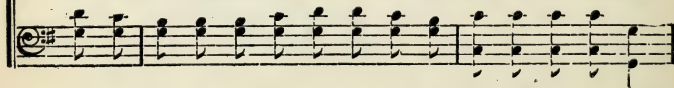
1. I am watching for the com-ing of the glad mil-len-nial day.
2. Je-sus' com-ing back will be the an-swer to earth's sor-rowing cry.
3. Yes, the ran-som'd of the Lord shall come to Zi-on then with joy.
4. Then the sin and sor-row, pain and death of this dark world shall cease.

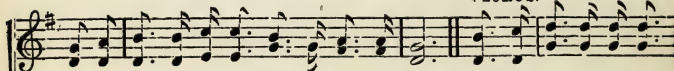
When our bless-ed Lord shall come and catch His wait-ing Bride a-way;
 For the knowl-edge of the Lord shall fill the earth and sea and sky;
 And in all His ho-ly mountain noth-ing burts or shall de-destroy;
 In a glorious reign with Je-sus of a thousand years of peace;

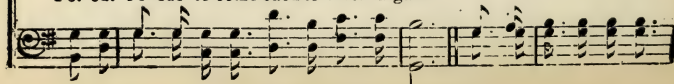
Oh! my heart is filled with rap-ture as I la-bor, watch and pray
 God shall take a-way all sick-ness and the suf-ferer's tears will dry.
 Per-fect peace shall reign in ev'-ry heart, and love with-out al-loy.
 All the earth is groan-ing, cry-ing for that day of sweet re-lease.



CHORUS.



For our Lord is coming back to earth a-gain Oh! our Lord is coming
 When our blessed Jesus shall come back a-gain.
 Af-ter Je-sus shall come back to earth a-gain.
 For our Je-sus to come back to earth a-gain.



Our Lord's Return. Concluded.

back to earth a - gain, Yes, our Lord is coming back to
is com-ing back to earth a-gain, is

earth a - gain, Sa-tan will be found a thousand years, we'll
com-ing back to earth again.

have no tempter then, - Af-ter Je-sus shall come back to earth a - gain.

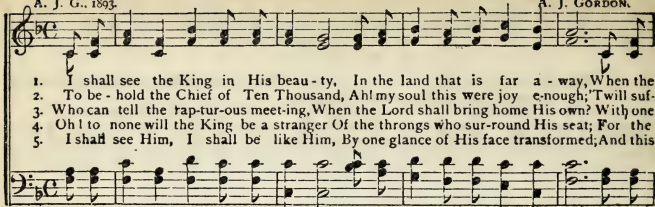
No. 219. Jerusalem, My Happy Home.

- | | |
|--|--|
| 1 Jerusalem, my happy home,
Name ever dear to me :
When shall my labours have an end,
In joy and peace, and thee ? | 4 Why should I shrink from pain and
Or feel at death dismay ? [woe,
I've Canaan's goodly land in view,
And realms of endless day. |
| 2 When shall these eyes thy heaven-built
And pearly gates behold ? [walls
Thy bulwarks with salvation strong,
And streets of shining gold ? | 5 Apostles, martyrs, prophets, there
Around my Saviour stand ;
And soon my friends in Christ below
Will join the glorious band. |
| 3 There happier bowers than Eden's
Nor sin and sorrow know : [bloom,
Blest seats ! through rude and stormy
I onward press to you. [scenes | 6 Jerusalem, my happy home !
My soul still pants for thee ;
Then shall my labours have an end,
When I thy joys shall see. |

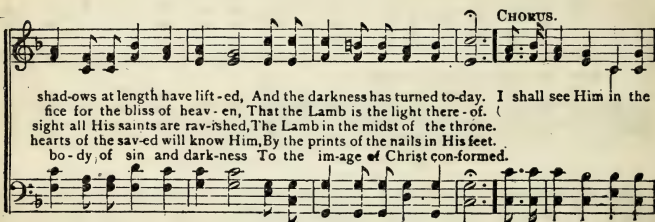
By per.,

A. J. G., 1893.

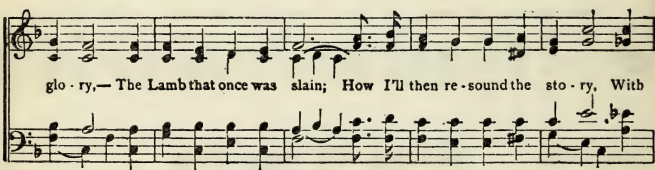
A. J. GORDON.



1. I shall see the King in His beau-ty, In the land that is far a-way, When the
 2. To be-hold the Chief of Ten Thousand, Ah! my soul this were joy e-nough; 'Twill suf-
 3. Who can tell the rap-tur-ous meet-ing, When the Lord shall bring home His own? With one
 4. Oh! to none will the King be a stranger Of the throngs who sur-round His seat; For the
 5. I shall see Him, I shall be like Him, By one glance of His face transformed; And this



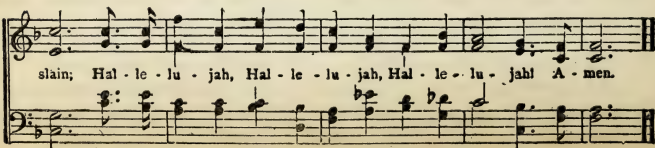
CHORUS.
 shad-ows at length have lift-ed, And the darkness has turned to-day. I shall see Him in the
 fice for the bliss of heav-en, That the Lamb is the light there-of. (sight all His saints are rav-ish-ed, The Lamb in the midst of the throne.
 hearts of the sav-ed will know Him, By the prints of the nails in His feet.
 bo-dy, of sin and dark-ness To the im-age of Christ con-formed.



glo-ry,— The Lamb that once was slain; How I'll then re-sound the sto-ry, With



all the ran-somed train! Hal-le-lu-jah, Hal-le-lu-jah! To the Lamb that once was



slain; Hal-le-lu-jah, Hal-le-lu-jah, Hal-le-lu-jah! A-men.

No. 221.

A. B. S.

Some Sweet Morn.

Rev. A. B. SIMPSON.

1. Some sweet morn the day shall break Nev - er more to sink in night;
 2. Some sweet day the end shall come To our part - ing and our pain;
 3. Some sweet hour our mor - tal frame Shall His glo - rious im - age wear;
 4. Some sweet time we'll weep no more O'er these scenes of sin and woe;

Some sweet morn we shall a - wake 'Mid the ev - er - last - ing light.
 Some sweet day we shall go home Nev - er - more to part a - gain.
 Some sweet hour our worth - less name All His maj - es - ty shall share.
 Christ shall reign from shore to shore, Heav'n come down to dwell be - low.

CHORUS.

We are wait - ing for the turn - ing of the morn - ing, We are

watching for the break - ing of the dawn; Morn of morns, O

haste thy glad ap - pear - ing! Day of days, speed on, speed on, speed on!

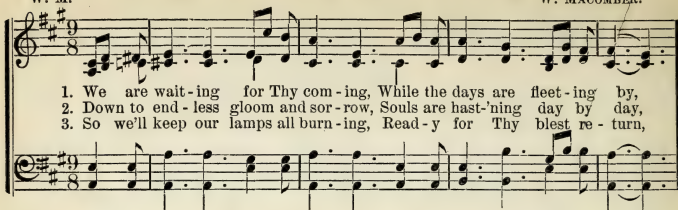
5 Some sweet day our tongue shall tell
 All the story of His love;
 Some sweet day our song shall swell
 Loud and sweet as songs above.

6 Some sweet morn we'll see His face,
 And we shall be satisfied;
 Some sweet day in His embrace,
 We shall evermore abide.

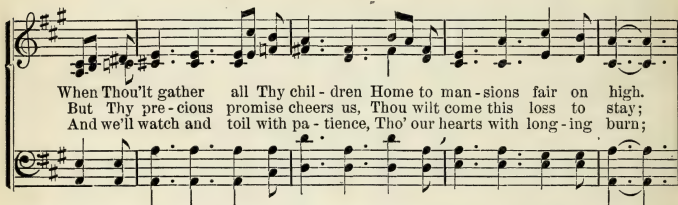
No. 222. We are Waiting for Thy Coming.

W. M.

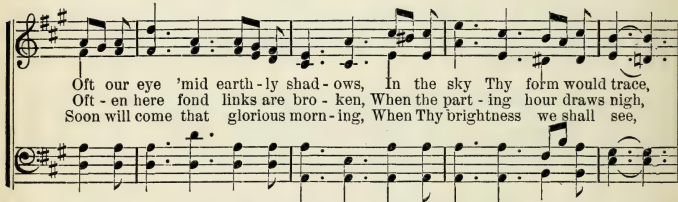
W. MACOMBER.



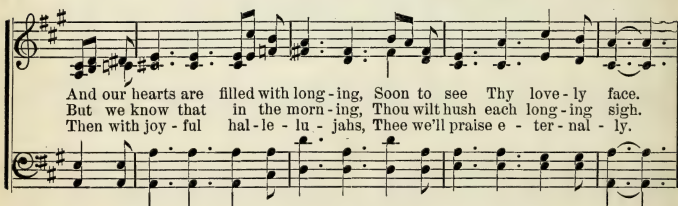
1. We are wait-ing for Thy com-ing, While the days are fleet-ing by,
 2. Down to end-less gloom and sor-row, Souls are hast-ning day by day,
 3. So we'll keep our lamps all burn-ing, Read-y for Thy blest re-turn,



When Thou'lt gather all Thy chil-dren Home to man-sions fair on high.
 But Thy pre-cious promise cheers us, Thou wilt come this loss to stay;
 And we'll watch and toil with pa-tience, Tho' our hearts with long-ing burn;



Oft our eye 'mid earth-ly shad-ows, In the sky Thy form would trace,
 Oft-en here fond links are bro-ken, When the part-ing hour draws nigh,
 Soon will come that glorious morn-ing, When Thy brightness we shall see,



And our hearts are filled with long-ing, Soon to see Thy love-ly face.
 But we know that in the morn-ing, Thou wilt hush each long-ing sigh.
 Then with joy-ful hal-le-lu-jahs, Thee we'll praise e-ter-nal-ly.

CHORUS.



We are wait-ing for Thy com-ing, Lord, Thy bless-ed giad re-turn, For the

We are Waiting for Thy Coming. Concluded.

dawn-ing of the bright Mil-len-nial morn, When earth's sorrows all are o'er,

And up-on the peace-ful shore, We shall dwell with Thee for-ev-er-more. *rit.*

No. 223. Some Sweet Day My Lord Will Come.

J. O. H.

J. O. HILLYER.

1. Some sweet day my Lord will come, Come to claim His own, His own; I shall
2. Some sweet day this bo-dy frail, In a mo-ment's space, Shall be
3. Some sweet day my hand shall clasp Those long gone be-fore, before; Press them

CHORUS.

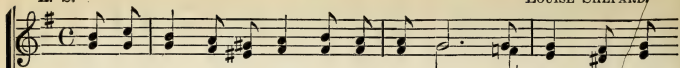
meet Him face to face, Be-fore the Ad-vent throne. }
 changed and up-ward caught, And stand be-fore His face. } Hal-le-lu-jah!
 to my heart with joy, To part a-gain no more. }

Hal-le-lu-jah! "1. Like Him I shall be;" "2. For I shall see Him as He is!"

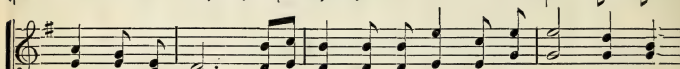
By permission.

L. S.

LOUISE SHEPARD.



1. Let us live in the light of His com - ing, In all that He
 2. Let us walk in the light of His com - ing, Not plan - ning for
 3. Let us live in the light of His com - ing, With spir - its bap -
 4. Let us work in the light of His com - ing, Our plans in ac -




calls us to do, That He an - y mo - ment may find us, In
 sea - sons to come; But walk - ing as pil - grims and strang - ers, And
 - tized from a - bove; Not seek - ing our self - ish en - joy - ment, But
 - cord with our King; Sent forth to be wit - ness - es on - ly, Thus

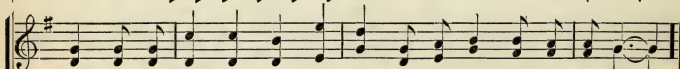
CHORUS.



peace, spotless, blameless and true. Let us live in the light, Let us
 trav'lers that haste to their home.
 lift - ing our friends by our love. Let us live in the light,
 hast'ning His king - dom to bring.



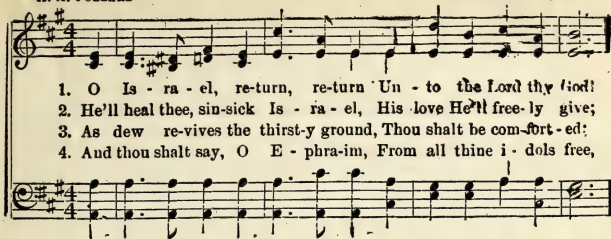
live..... in the light of His com - ing; Let us work and
 Let us live



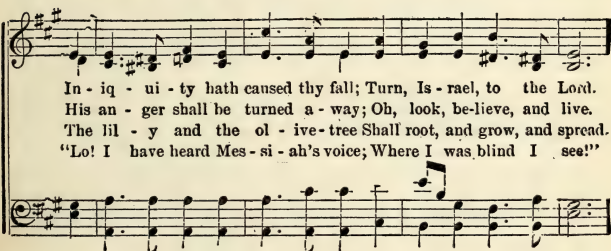
pray, Let us watch al - way, And live in the light of His com - ing.

A. A. POLLARD

D. B. TOWNER. Hy per.



1. O Is - ra - el, re - turn, re - turn Un - to the Lord thy God!
 2. He'll heal thee, sin - sick Is - ra - el, His love He'll free - ly give;
 3. As dew re - vives the thirst - y ground, Thou shalt be com - fort - ed;
 4. And thou shalt say, O E - phra - im, From all thine i - dols free,

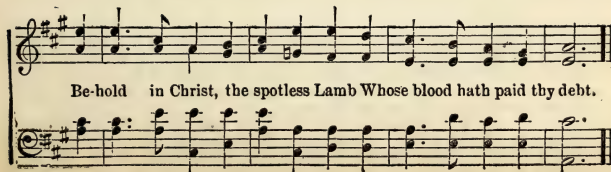


In - iq - ui - ty hath caused thy fall; Turn, Is - rael, to the Lord.
 His an - ger shall be turned a - way; Oh, look, be - lieve, and live.
 The lil - y and the ol - ive - tree Shall root, and grow, and spread.
 "Lo! I have heard Mes - si - ah's voice; Where I was blind I see!"

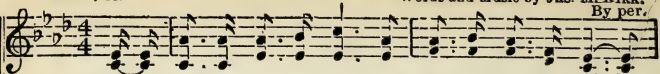
CHORUS.



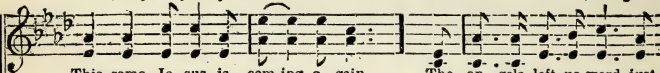
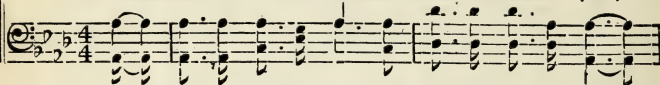
O Is - ra - el, re - turn! Thy God is plead - ing yet;
 re - turn! pleading yet;



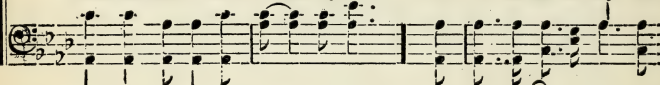
Be - hold in Christ, the spotless Lamb Whose blood hath paid thy debt.



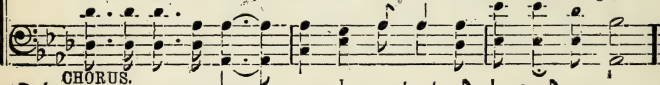
1. Our Lord, whom we've not seen, yet whom we dear-ly love,
2. Oh, bless-ed, glo-rious hope, when Je-sus shall ap-pear
3. This Gos-pel of the King to all, the world shall go,
4. He said we shall be changed in the twinkling of an eye,
5. We shall reign up-on the earth with Christ a thousand years,



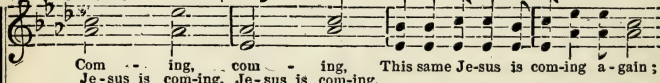
This same Je-sus is com-ing a-gain. The an-gels left us word just
 This same Je-sus is com-ing a-gain. Oh! Bride of Christ, a-wake! sure-
 E'er this same Je-sus shall come a-gain. He said the end shall come, when
 When this same Je-sus shall come a-gain.¹ Thessa. 4: 17. Yes, soul-in-spir-ing hope, to
 When this same Je-sus shall come a-gain. Rev. 7: 17. In the mil-len-nial day there



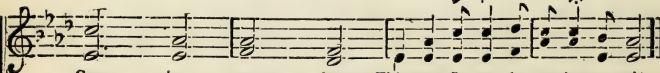
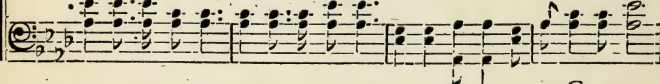
as He went a-bove, (This same Je-sus is com-ing a-gain.
 ly the time is near, When this same Je-sus shall come a-gain.
 ev'-ry tongue shall know, This same Je-sus is com-ing a-gain.
 see Him and not die, When this same Je-sus shall come a-gain.
 will be no more tears, When this same Je-sus shall come a-gain.



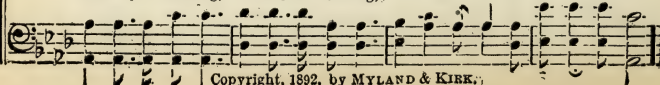
CHORUS.



Com-ing, com-ing, This same Je-sus is com-ing a-gain;
 Je-sus is com-ing, Je-sus is com-ing.



Com-ing, com-ing, This same Je-sus is com-ing a-gain.
 Je-sus is com-ing, Je-sus is com-ing.



Dunbar.

S. M.

E. W. Dunbar, 1854.

1 A few more years shall roll, A few more sea - sons come;
Then, O my Lord, pre - pare (My) soul for that great day;

And we may be with those that rest, A - sleep with - in the tomb:
Oh, wash me in thy pre - cious blood, And take my sins a - way!

A few more storms shall beat
On this wild, rocky shore;
And we shall be where tempests cease,
And surges swell no more.
Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that calm day;
Oh, wash me in Thy precious blood,
And take my sins away!

A few more struggles here,
A few more partings o'er,
A few more toils, a few more tears,
And we shall weep no more.
Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that blest day;
Oh, wash me in Thy precious blood,
And take my sins away.

A few more Sabbaths here
Shall cheer us on our way;
And we shall reach the endless rest,
Th' eternal Sabbath day.
Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that sweet day;
Oh, wash me in Thy precious blood,
And take my sins away!

'Tis but a little while
And He shall come again,
Who died that we might live, who lives
That we may with Him reign.
Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that glad day;
Oh, wash me in Thy precious blood,
And take my sins away!

HORATIUS BONAR, B., 1808.

Tune, "I'll be there."

Far from these narrow scenes of night
Unbounded glories rise,
And realms of infinite delight
Unknown to mortal eyes.

Fair distant land! could mortal eyes
But half its joys explore,
How would our spirits long to rise
And dwell on earth no more.

There pain and sickness never come,
And grief no more complains;
Health triumphs in immortal bloom
And endless pleasure reigns.

No cloud those blissful regions know,
For ever bright and fair;
For sin, the source of mortal woe,
Can never enter there.

There no alternate night is known,
Nor sun's faint sickly ray;
But glory from the sacred throne
Spreads everlasting day.

1. Oh! what a won - der - ful place Je - sus has giv - en to me!
 2. One in His death on the tree, One as He rose from the dead;
 3. One in His mer - its I stand, One as I pray in His name;

Sav - ed by His glo - rious grace, I may be ev - en as He.
 I from the curse am as free. E'en as my glo - ri - ous Head.
 All that His worth can com - mand, I can with con - fi - dence claim.

When with my Lord I ap - pear Like Him I know I shall be;
 One on the throne by His side, One in His son - ship di - vine;
 One in His faith and His love, One in His life I may be.

But while I walk with Him here, I may be ev - en as He.
 One as the Bridegroom and Bride, One as the Branch and the Vine.
 Sealed by the Heav - en - ly Dove, I may be ho - ly, as He

CHORUS.
 Ev - en as He, ... Ev - en as He, ev - en as He, ...

Even as He Concluded.

Won-der-ful words that ev - en we, Sav'd by His mar - vel - ous grace may be

rit.

One..... with the Sav - iour, Ev - - en as He.....
 One with the Saviour, Ev - en as He, One with the Saviour, Ev - en as He.

4 One in the sorrows He bore,
 One in His service so true,
 Even His tears I may share,
 Even His works I may do.
 Even His peace and His joy
 Jesus hath given to me;
 What can distress or annoy?
 I am as happy as He.

5 One in the rapturous hour,
 When He shall come for His own;
 Raised by His glorious power,
 I shall sit down on His throne.
 All that He has shall be mine,
 All that He is I shall be;
 Robed in His glory divine,
 I shall be even as He.

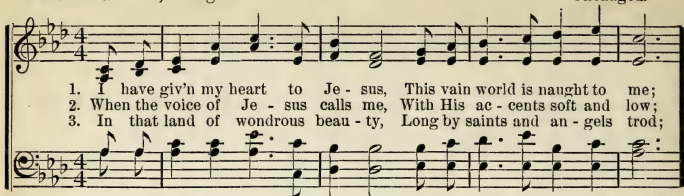
No. 230. The Church Has Waited.

MORNINGTON.

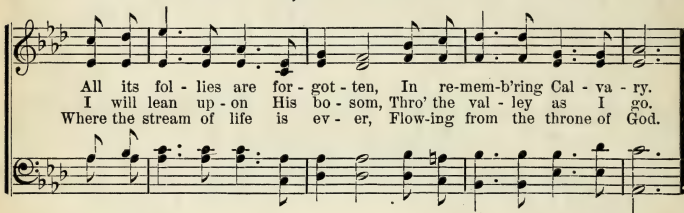
S. M.

The church has waited long
 Her absent Lord to see,
 And still in loneliness she waits,
 A friendless stranger she.
 Saint after saint on earth
 Has lived and loved and died,
 And as they left us one by one
 We laid them side by side—

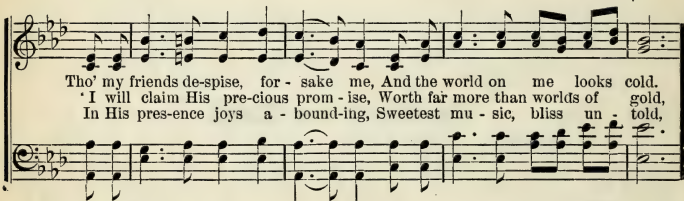
We laid them down to sleep,
 But not in hope forlorn;
 We laid them but to ripen there
 Till the last glorious morn.
 Come, Lord! and wipe away
 The curse, the sin, the stain.
 And make this blighted world of ours
 Thine own fair world again.



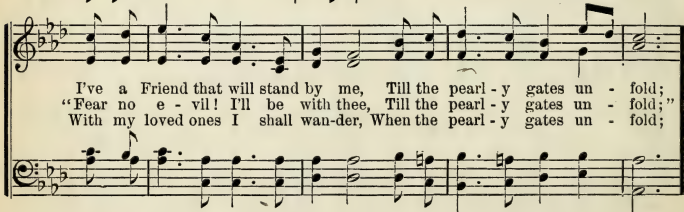
1. I have giv'n my heart to Je - sus, This vain world is naught to me;
 2. When the voice of Je - sus calls me, With His ac - cents soft and low;
 3. In that land of wondrous beau - ty, Long by saints and an - gels trod;



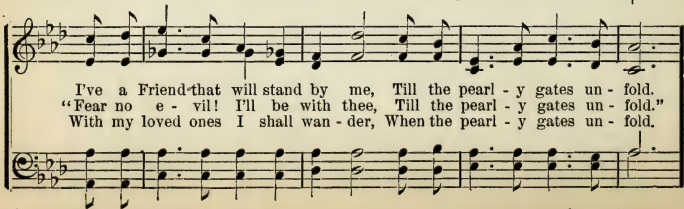
All its fol - lies are for - got - ten, In re - mem - b'ring Cal - va - ry.
 I will lean up - on His bo - som, Thro' the val - ley as I go.
 Where the stream of life is ev - er, Flow - ing from the throne of God.



Tho' my friends de - spise, for - sake me, And the world on me looks cold.
 'I will claim His pre - cious prom - ise, Worth far more than worlds of gold,
 In His pres - ence joys a - bound - ing, Sweetest mu - sic, bliss un - told,



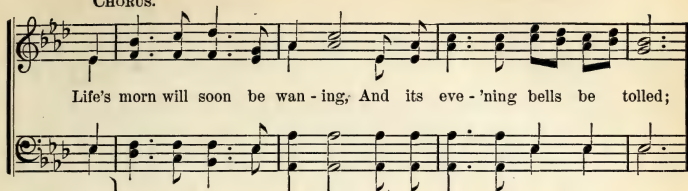
I've a Friend that will stand by me, Till the pearl - y gates un - fold;
 "Fear no e - vil! I'll be with thee, Till the pearl - y gates un - fold;"
 With my loved ones I shall wan - der, When the pearl - y gates un - fold;



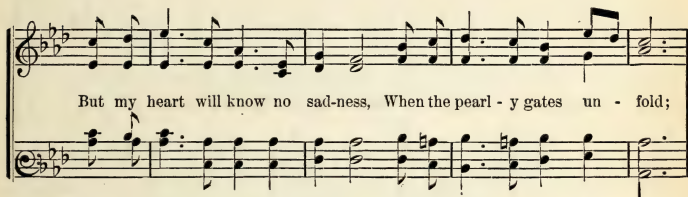
I've a Friend that will stand by me, Till the pearl - y gates un - fold.
 "Fear no e - vil! I'll be with thee, Till the pearl - y gates un - fold."
 With my loved ones I shall wan - der, When the pearl - y gates un - fold.

When the Pearly Gates Unfold. Concluded.

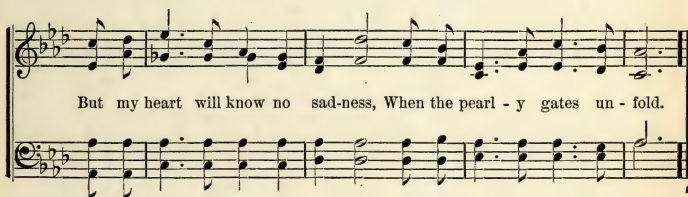
CHORUS.



Life's morn will soon be wan - ing, And its eve - 'ning bells be tolled;



But my heart will know no sad-ness, When the pearl - y gates un - fold;



But my heart will know no sad-ness, When the pearl - y gates un - fold.

No. 232.

'Tis Come.

C. M.

'Tis come—the glad millennial morn—
The Son of David reigns,
Sing, sing, O earth! for thou art free,
And Satan is in chains.

Rejoice, for thou shalt fear no more
The ruthless tyrant's rod;
Nor lose again the gracious smile
Of thine incarnate God.

But chiefly thou, O Solyma!
Thou queen of cities, sing!

With shouts of triumph welcome now
Thy Morning Star, thy King.

O blessed Lord we little dreamed
Of such a morn as this:
Such rivers of unmingled joy—
Such full unbounded bliss.

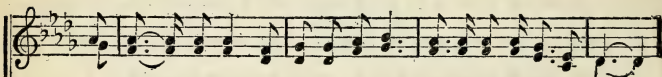
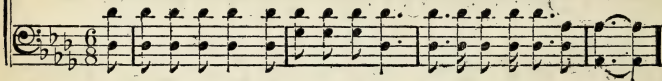
And O how sweet the happy thought
That all we taste and see
We owe it to the dying Lamb
We owe it, Lord, to Thee.

SIR EDWARD DENNY, 1870.

G. B. ALLDRIDGE.

By pers. Rev D. W. McCLARY
Arr. by Jas. M. Kirk

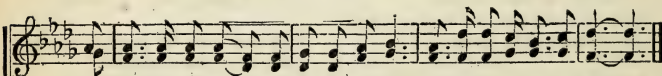
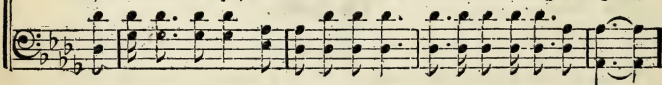
1. Ye saints of the Lord, rejoice and be glad, 'Jesus is coming a - gain;
2. O'er-comers in Je-sus, hark the glad sound, Jesus is coming a - gain;
3. Ye servants of sin, bewail your sad state, Jesus is coming a - gain;
4. Ye servants of Christ, now arm for the fight, Jesus is coming a - gain;



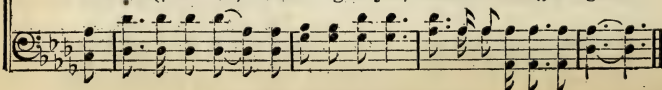
Lift up your hearts, for why are you sad, Jesus is coming a - gain.
 Vict'ry is yours, the angels resound, Jesus is coming a - gain.
 Your cry for peace will then be too late, Jesus is coming a - gain.
 Put on th' whole armor and stand in His might, Jesus is coming a - gain.



He's coming to claim His own chosen Bride, Jesus is coming a - gain;
 The blood of the Lamb our watchword shall be, Jesus is coming a - gain;
 His pow'r and glory all eyes shall behold, Jesus is coming a - gain;
 The har-vest is ripe; the lab'ers are few, Jesus is coming a - gain;

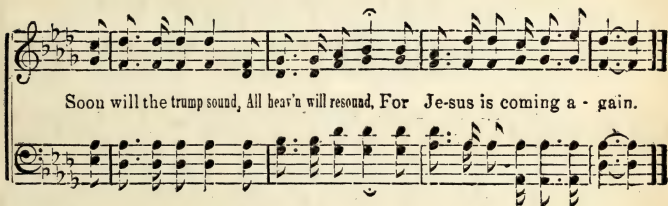
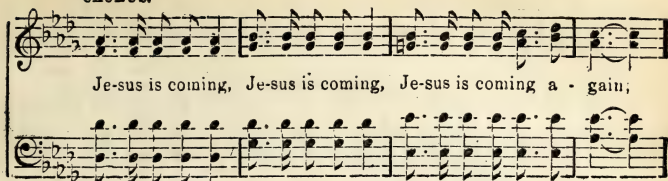


With Him forev-er we then shall abide, Jesus is coming a - gain.
 From sin and the world you soon shall be free, Jesus is coming a - gain.
 'Sinner, make haste, now flee to the fold, Jesus is coming a - gain.
 He's calling for me, He's calling for you; Jesus is coming a - gain.



The Coming Christ, Concluded.

CHORUS.



No. 234.

The City of Gold.

There's a city that looks o'er the valley
of death,
And its glories may never be told,
There the sun never sets, and the leaves
never fade,
In that beautiful city of gold.

Chorus.

There the sun never sets
And the leaves never fade,
There the eyes of the faithful their
Saviour behold,
In that beautiful city of gold.

There the King our Redeemer, the
Lord whom we love,
Will the faithful with rapture behold;

There the righteous forever shall shine
as the stars,
In that beautiful city of gold.

Every soul we have led to the foot of
the cross,
Every lamb we have brought to the
fold,
Will be kept as bright jewels our crown
to adorn
In that beautiful city of gold.

There sickness and sorrow and death
are unknown,
There glories on glories unfold,
There the Lamb is the light in the
midst of the throne
In that beautiful city of gold.

No. 235.

Even So.

A. B. S.

Rev. A. B. SIMPSON.

1. There's a sweet and sa - cred pray'r On the Bi - ble's lat - est page,
 2. "E - ven so." We sel - dom dream What these night - y words im - ply,
 3. Let us live our bless - ed Hope, Let us prove our Ad - vent pray'r;

Breath'd by John on Pat - mos' Isle, Left to us from age to age.
 How they tell of lives con - form'd To a Hope, so great, so high!
 Let us watch, and work, and live For His com - ing to pre - pare.

Ech - o of the Mas - ter's voice, Lo, I come, I quick - ly come;
 Tell of hearts trans - form'd and free, Read - y at His call to go;
 Let us send the Gos - pel forth Till the world His name shall know,

And the Bride re - peats the cry: "E - ven so, Lord Je - sus, come."
 All our life one liv - ing page, "Come, Lord Je - sus, e - ven so."
 And the Bride com - plete shall cry: "Come, Lord Je - sus, e - ven so."

CHORUS.

E - ven so; yes, e - ven so; Words that set, our hearts aglow;
 E - ven so; e - ven so; Words that set, hearts aglow;

Even So. Concluded.

Christ is com-ing soon, we know, Let our lives be e - ven so.

4 "Even so," O, blessed Hope!
Lift our souls to things on high,
Let our hearts be centered there,
Hold our treasures in the sky;
Let us walk as strangers here,
And inscribe on all below,
"Naught of earth we call our own,
Christ is coming, even so."

5 "Even so." O, let us all
Haste to help that day to bring!
Let us work, and watch, and pray
For the coming of the King.
"Even so," the Spirit cries,
And the whole creation dumb;
"Even so," the Church replies.
"Even so, Lord Jesus, come."

No. 236.

Jesus Knows Our Every Care.

A. S.

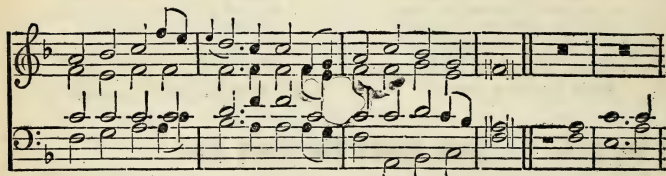
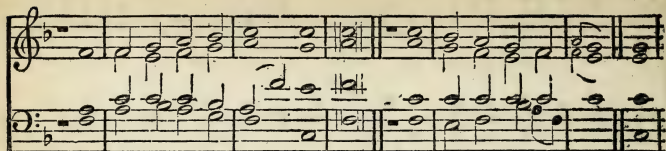
ANNA SIMPSON.

1. Je - sus knows our ev - 'ry care, And He feels our heart's deep sor - rows;
2. Je - sus knows when we have failed, When the pow - ers of sin op - pose;
3. Je - sus all the way has gone, From the grave tri - umph - ant rose;

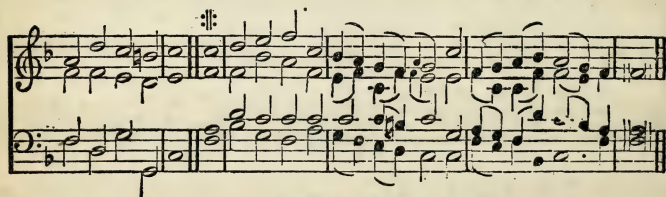
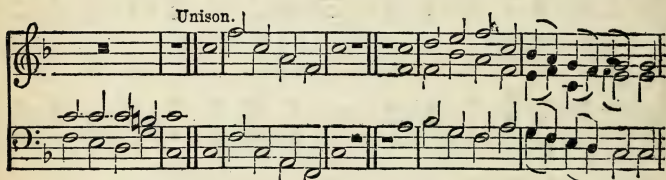
CHORUS.

Tho' we breathe a fee - ble pray'r, Je - sus knows. } Je - sus knows, Je - sus knows,
How to help and to sus - tain, Je - sus knows. }
This the com - fort of our way, Je - sus knows. }

Je - sus knows our sor - rows, Tho' we breathe a feeble pray'r, Je - sus knows.



Unison.



PSALM XXIV.

YE gates, lift up your heads on high ;
 ye doors that last for aye,
 Be lifted up, that so the King
 of glory enter may.
 But who of glory is the King ?
 The mighty Lord is this ;
 Ev'n that same Lord, that great in might,
 and strong in battle is.

Ye gates, lift up your heads
 doors that do last for aye.
 Be lifted up, that so the King
 of glory enter may.
 But who is he that is the King
 of glory ? who is this ?
 The Lord of hosts, and none but he.
 the King of glory is.

1. A few more years of toil and pain, Then glo - ry, glo - ry!
 2. A few more years of fight - ing here, Then glo - ry, glo - ry!
 3. A few more years of ser - vice sweet, Then glo - ry, glo - ry!

A few more years of loss and gain, Then glo - ry, glo - ry!
 A few more years of hope and fear, Then glo - ry, glo - ry!
 A few more years at Je - sus' feet, Then glo - ry, glo - ry!

A few more years of tri - al here, And then they all will dis - ap - pear,
 A few more years, at most how brief! And then fare-well to ev - 'ry grief,
 A few more years and we shall see Our King in all His ma - jes - ty,

A few more years, then end - less cheer, In glo - ry, glo - ry!
 A few more years, then blest re - lief, In glo - ry, glo - ry!
 A few more years, and then we'll be, In glo - ry, glo - ry!

SOLO.

1. Sweet Gal-i - lee, sweet Gal-i - lee, Where Jesus

CHORUS. 1. Sweet Gal-i - lee, sweet Gal-i - lee,

walked up - on the sea, Where Jesus once

Where Jesus walked up - on the sea, Where Je - sus once

His won - ders wrought And words of love and wis - dom

His wonders wrought And words of love

taught, And where the sick and blind and lame,

rit. and wisdom taught, And where the sick and blind and lame,

rit.

I Always will Remember Thee. Concluded.

For help and sight..... and heal - ing came.....

For help and sight and heal - ing came.

This system contains three staves of music in G major (one sharp). The first staff has a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp. The second and third staves have a treble and a bass clef respectively, both with a key signature of one sharp. The lyrics are written below the staves.

Sweet Gal - i - lee,..... sweet Gal - i - lee,.....

Sweet Gal - i - lee, sweet Gal - i - lee,

This system contains three staves of music in G major. The first staff has a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp. The second and third staves have a treble and a bass clef respectively, both with a key signature of one sharp. The lyrics are written below the staves.

rit.
I al - ways will..... re - mem - ber thee.....

rit.
I al - ways will re - mem - ber thee.

This system contains three staves of music in G major. The first staff has a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp. The second and third staves have a treble and a bass clef respectively, both with a key signature of one sharp. The lyrics are written below the staves. The first staff has a *rit.* marking above it.

2 Sweet Calvary, sweet Calvary !

Where Jesus gave His life for me;
Where Jesus shed His precious blood,
To bring my guilty soul to God.
And where He taught my heart to die,
And self and sin to crucify.

3 Sweet Olivet ! Sweet Bethany !

Where Jesus loved so much to be;
Where Jesus rose to heaven above
With hands outstretched in parting love.
And whence some glorious day He'll come,
To take His waiting people home.



FOR ever with the Lord!
 Amen; so let it be;
 Life from the dead is in that word,
 'Tis immortality.
 Here in the body pent,
 Absent from him I roam,
 Yet nightly pitch my moving tent
 A day's march nearer home.

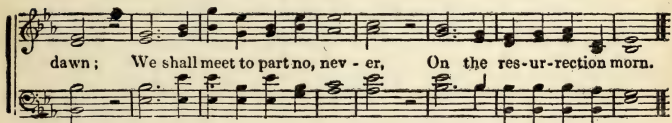
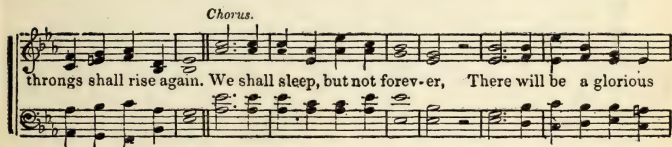
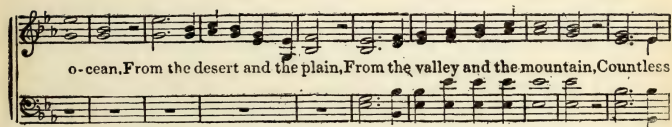
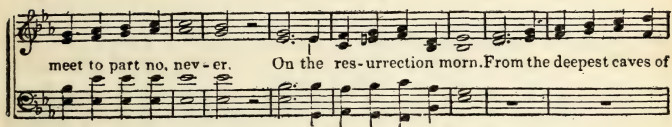
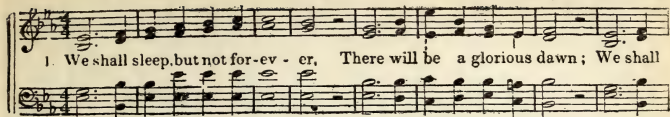
My Father's house on high,
 Home of my soul, how near,
 At times, to faith's foreseeing eye
 Thy golden gates appear!
 Ah! then my spirit faints
 To reach the land I love,
 The bright inheritance of saints,
 Jerusalem above.

For ever with the Lord!
 Father, if 'tis thy will,
 The promise of that faithful word
 Even here to me fulfil.
 Be thou at my right hand,
 Then can I never fail;
 Uphold thou me, and I shall stand;
 Fight, and I must prevail.

So when my latest breath
 Shall rend the veil in twain,
 By death I shall escape from death,
 And life eternal gain.
 Knowing as I am known,
 How shall I love that word,
 And oft repeat before the throne,
 "For ever with the Lord!"

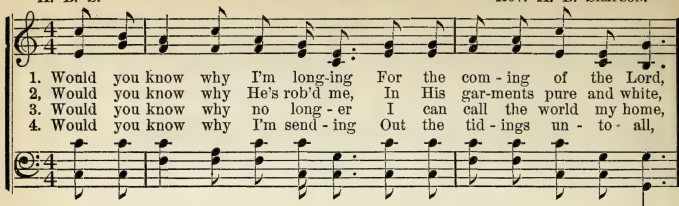
The trump of final doom
 Will speak the self-same word,
 And heaven's voice thunder through
 the tomb,
 "For ever with the Lord!"
 The tomb shall echo deep
 That death-awakening sound;
 The saints shall hear it in their sleep,
 And answer from the ground.

Then, upward as they fly,
 That resurrection-word
 Shall be their shout of victory,
 "For ever with the Lord!"
 That resurrection-word,
 That shout of victory,
 Once more,—“For ever with the Lord!”
 Amen; so let it be!

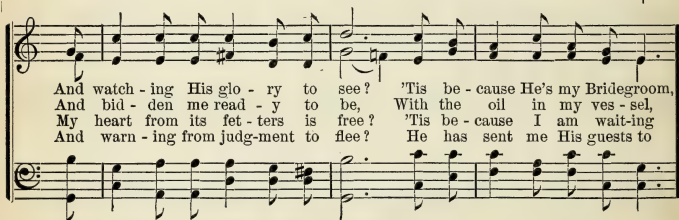


When we see a precious blossom,
That we tended with such care,
Rudely taken from our bosom,
How our aching hearts despair.
Round its little grave we linger
Till the setting sun is low.
Feeling all our hopes have perished
With the flower we cherished so.

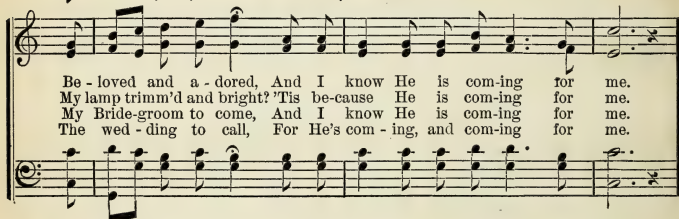
We shall sleep, but not forever,
In the lone and silent grave;
Blessed be the Lord that taketh,
Blessed be the Lord that gave.
In that bright, eternal city,
Death can never, never come;
In His own good time He'll call us
From our rest to home sweet home.



1. Would you know why I'm long-ing For the com-ing of the Lord,
 2. Would you know why He's rob'd me, In His gar-ments pure and white,
 3. Would you know why no long-er I can call the world my home,
 4. Would you know why I'm send-ing Out the tid-ings un-to all,

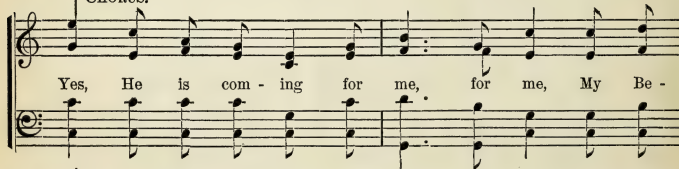


And watch-ing His glo-ry to see? 'Tis be-cause He's my Bridegroom,
 And bid-den me read-y to be, With the oil in my ves-sel,
 My heart from its fet-ters is free? 'Tis be-cause I am wait-ing
 And warn-ing from judg-ment to flee? He has sent me His guests to

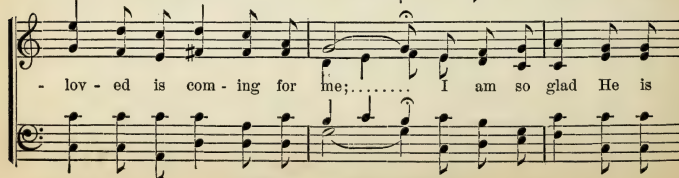


Be-loved and a-dored, And I know He is com-ing for me.
 My lamp trimm'd and bright? 'Tis be-cause He is com-ing for me.
 My Bride-groom to come, And I know He is com-ing for me.
 The wed-ding to call, For He's com-ing, and com-ing for me.

CHORUS.

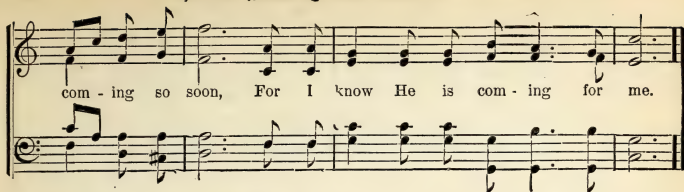


Yes, He is com-ing for me, for me, My Be-



-lov-ed is com-ing for me;..... I am so glad He is

He Is Coming for Me. Concluded.

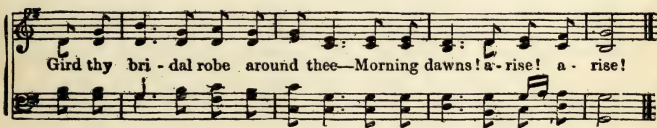
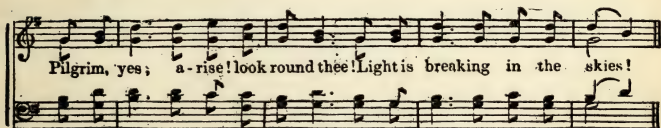
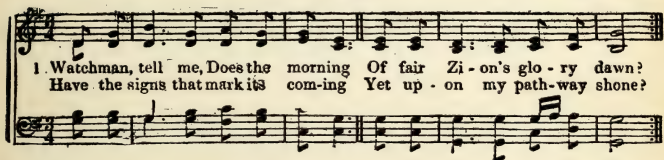


No. 243.

Watchman Tell Me.

8s & 7s.

ART. XL. 1879.



Watchman, see! the light is beaming
Brighter still upon the way!
Signs thro' all the earth are gleaming,
Omens of the coming day.
When the Jubal Trumpet, sounding,
Shall awake, from land and sea,
All the saints of God now sleeping,
Clad in immortality.

Watchman, see! the land is nearing,
With its vernal fruits and flowers!
On! just yonder, oh, how cheering,
Bloom forever Eden's bowers.
Hark! the choral strains there ringing,
Wafted on the balmy air!
See the millions! hear them singing!
Soon the pilgrims will be there!
SIDNEY SMITH BREWER, AB., 1853.

R. E. SHAW.

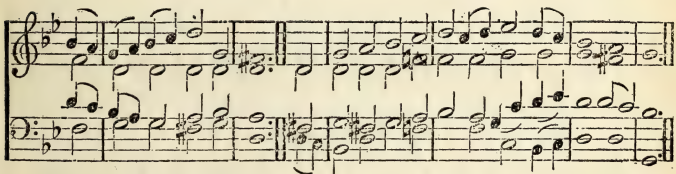
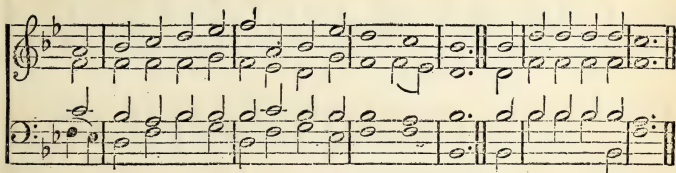
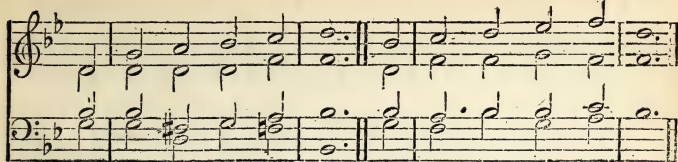
MISS CLEMMIE GAY.

1. Christ is com-ing, Christ is com-ing, Yes, the Lamb that once was slain,
 2. Yes, He's com-ing, Glo-rious com-ing, For our Sav-our won't de-lay,
 3. Christ is com-ing, Christ is com-ing, Glo-rious news doth fill my breast,
 4. Christ is com-ing, Yes He's com-ing, O, the joy it brings to me,

Christ is com-ing, Yes, He's com-ing, To be with us once a-gain.
 For His bride is robed in white-ness, Read-y for the marriage day.
 I shall meet Him in the Heav-ens, Then with Him for-ev-er rest.
 For I soon will reign with Je-sus, Throughout all e-ter-ni-ty.

O, the rap-ture of His com-ing, O, the joy it brings to me,
 Read-y yes, all clad in white-ness, With my guilt all washed a-way,
 O, the joy of nev-er part-ing From my bless-ed Lord and King,
 There my songs will be of Je-sus, As I sit a-round His throne,

When I think of my Re-deem-er, Who will come a-gain for me.
 There I'll dwell with Christ my Sav-our, To a-bide in end-less day.
 With re-deemed ones ev-er shout-ing, Hal-le-lu-jahs we will bring.
 Prais-ing Him for my re-demp-tion, Hal-le-lu-jah—Gathered home.



THE God of Abraham praise,
Who reigns enthroned above,
Ancient of everlasting days,
And God of love!
Jehovah! great I Am!
By earth and heaven confest:
I bow and bless the sacred name,
For ever blest!

The God of Abraham praise!
At whose supreme command
From earth I rise, and seek the joys
At his right hand:
I all on earth forsake,
Its wisdom, fame, and power,
And him my only portion make,
My shield and tower.

The God of Abraham praise!
Whose all-sufficient grace
Shall guide me all my happy days
In all my ways:
He calls a worm his friend!
He calls himself my God!
And he shall save me to the end
Through Jesus' blood!

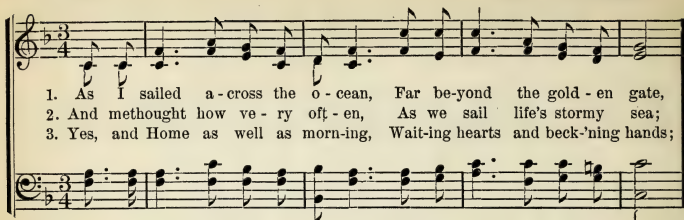
He by himself hath sworn,
I on his oath depend;
I shall, on eagle's wings upborne,
To heaven ascend;
I shall behold his face,
I shall his power adore,
And sing the wonders of his grace
For evermore!

The God who reigns on high
The great archangels sing:
And, "Holy, holy, holy," cry,
"Almighty King!
Who was and is the same,
And evermore shall be;
Jehovah, Father, great I Am,
We worship Thee."

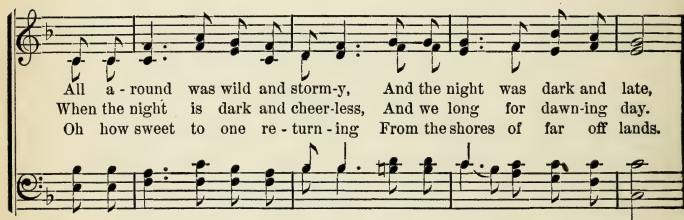
The whole triumphant host
Give thanks to God on high:
"Hail! Father, Son, and Holy Ghost!"
They ever cry:
Hail! Abraham's God, and mine!
I join the heavenly lays;
All might and majesty are thine,
And endless praise!

A. B. S.

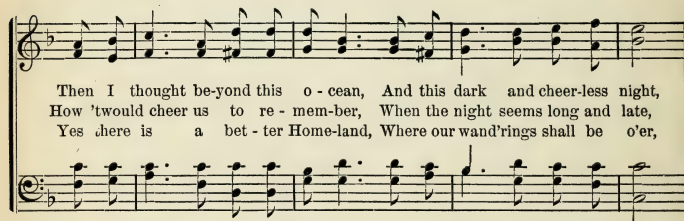
Rev. A. B. SIMPSON.



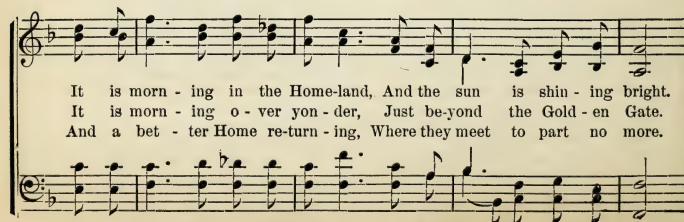
1. As I sailed a-cross the o - cean, Far be-yond the gold - en gate,
 2. And methought how ve - ry oft - en, As we sail life's stormy sea;
 3. Yes, and Home as well as morn-ing, Wait-ing hearts and beck-'ning hands;



All a - round was wild and storm-y, And the night was dark and late,
 When the night is dark and cheer-less, And we long for dawn-ing day.
 Oh how sweet to one re - turn - ing From the shores of far off lands.



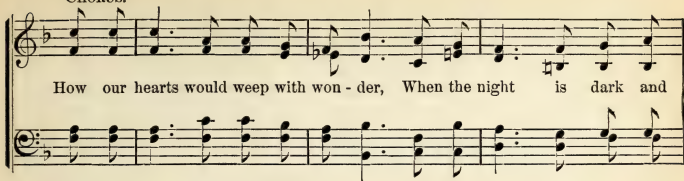
Then I thought be-yond this o - cean, And this dark and cheer-less night,
 How 'twould cheer us to re - mem-ber, When the night seems long and late,
 Yes there is a bet - ter Home-land, Where our wand'rings shall be o'er,



It is morn - ing in the Home-land, And the sun is shin - ing bright.
 It is morn - ing o - ver yon - der, Just be-yond the Gold - en Gate.
 And a bet - ter Home re-turn - ing, Where they meet to part no more.

Just Beyond the Golden Gate. Concluded.

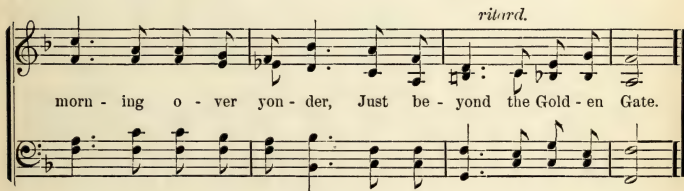
CHORUS.



How our hearts would weep with won - der, When the night is dark and



late; If we'd on - ly stop to pon - der, It is



ritard.
morn - ing o - ver yon - der, Just be - yond the Gold - en Gate.

No. 247.

Peace to the World.

L. M.

Peace to the world! the Lord is come; Joy to creation; welcome sound!
Its days of conflict now are o'er; After six thousand years of woe.

The Prince of Peace ascends the throne

And war has ceased from shore to
shore!

Joy to the earth! Messiah reigns!

Earth's diadems are on His brow;
Its rebel kingdoms are become
His everlasting kingdom now.

Rest to the nations, blessed rest!

The storm is hushed above, below:

The earth again is Paradise,
The desert blossoms as the rose,
Far happier place than Eden this,
Far brighter, sweeter days than those!

Oh! long expected, absent long,
Star of creation's troubled gloom!
Let heaven and earth break forth in
song,

Messiah, Saviour, Thou art come.

HORATIUS BONAR, 1859.

1. Star of Hope for hearts for-lorn, Her-ald of the Ad-vent
 2. Christ is com - ing back once more, Sing it o'er and o'er and
 3. Christ is com - ing back, the same As of old to earth He
 4. Christ is com - ing back a - gain, Just the same, but not as
 5. Christ is com - ing back a - gain, Tell it out to ran-somed

morn, Part - ing prom - ise of the Lord, Sweet and sure prophetic
 o'er, Sing it by the lone-some tomb, Till the grave shall lose its
 came, As He rose from Beth-an - y, "This same Je - sus" still He'll
 then; He is com - ing to a throne, Heav'n and earth His sway shall
 men, Let the migh - ty ech - o roll, 'Round the globe from pole to

word, Sing a-loud the glad re - frain, Christ is coming back a - gain.
 gloom, Sing it by the couch of pain, Christ is coming back a - gain.
 be. Oh, how sweet the old re - frain, Christ is coming back a - gain.
 own; We shall share His second reign. Christ is coming back a - gain.
 pole, 'Till the world shall shout the strain, Christ is coming back a - gain.

Yes, He'll Come Again. Concluded.

CHORUS.

Yes. He'll come a - gain, a - gain, As He went a - way;

Yes He'll come a - gain, a - gain, Some sweet hap - py day.

No. 249.

Home at Last.

8s & 7s. D.

AUTUMN.

FINE.

D.S.

"Home at last" on heavenly mountains,
 Heard the "Come and enter in;"
 Saved by life's fair flowing fountains,
 Saved from earthly taint and sin.
 Free at last from all temptation,
 No more need of watchful care;
 Joyful in complete salvation,
 Given the victor's crown to wear.

Welcomed at the pearly portal,
 Welcomed by the angel band;
 Welcomed to the life immortal,
 In the blessed kingdom-land.
 "Home, sweet home," our home forever,
 Weary pilgrimages past;
 Welcomed home to wander never,
 Saved thro' Jesus—"Home at last."

MARIA ALGER CROZIER, CIR., 1870.

Arr. by G. B.

1.

2.

1. O land of rest, for thee I sigh, When will the moment come,
When I shall lay my ar-mor by, And dwell in peace at home?
2. No tranquil joys on earth I know, No peaceful, shelt'ring dome,
This world's a wil-der-ness of woe, This world is not my my home.
3. To Je-sus Christ I fled for rest; He bade me cease to roam,
And lean for suc-cor on His breast, And He'd conduct me home.

CHORUS.

We'll work till Je-sus comes, We'll work till Je-sus comes,

We'll work till Je - sus comes, And we'll be gath - er'd home.

No. 251.

Hark the Song.

7s. D.

Hark! the song of jubilee!
Loud as mighty thunders' roar,
Or the fullness of the sea,
When it breaks upon the shore;
Hallelujah! for the Lord
God Omnipotent shall reign.
Hallelujah! let the word
Echo round the earth and main.

He shall reign from pole to pole
With illimitable sway;
He shall reign, when, like a scroll,
Yonder heavens have passed away;
Then the end,—beneath His rod
Man's last enemy shall fall;
Hallelujah! Christ is God,
God in Christ is all in all!

JAMES MONTGOMERY, 1819.

No. 252.

To Be There.

8s.

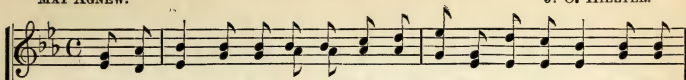
We speak of realms of the blest,
That country so bright and so fair,
And oft are its glories confessed;
But what must it be to be there!

We speak of its freedom from sin,
From sorrow, temptation, and care,
From trials without and within;
But what must it be to be there!

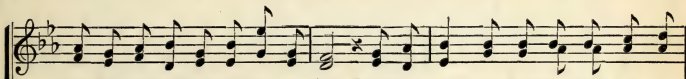
We speak of its service of love,
The robes which the glorified wear,
The Church of the firstborn above;
But what must it be to be there!

Do thou, Lord, 'mid sorrow and woe,
For glory our spirits prepare,
And shortly we also shall know,
And feel what it is to be there.

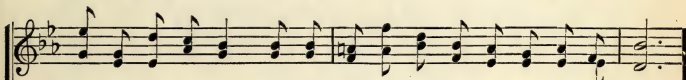
ELIZABETH MILLS, 1805-182



1. Bring the chil - dren to Je - sus, lead them gent - ly to His side; Much they
 2. Once when Je - sus was teaching His dis - ci - ples here on earth Lov - ing
 3. "Let them come," said the Sav - iour, "for of such my king - dom is," Hap - py

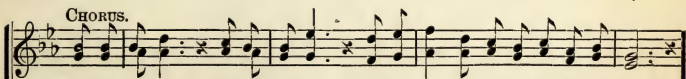


need His care and keeping day by day; Ere life's storms 'round them gather to a
 mothers bro't their lit - tle ones to Him, That His touch and His bless - ing might in
 children they to hear His gen - tle tone, And up - on His kind bo - som lay their

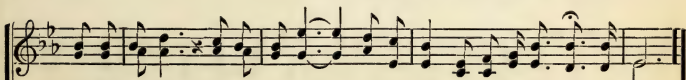


faith - ful Guide commit, Who will safe - ly lead them in the heav'nly way.
 sweetness rest on them Fill - ing all their lives with sunshine to the brim.
 heads, and know His love Nev - er - more would suf - fer them to walk a - lone.

CHORUS.



Jesus loves them, Jesus loves them, And in heaven 'round the throne they sing and play,



In the glo - ry, in the glo - ry And the sunshine of God's e - ter - nal day.

A. B. S.

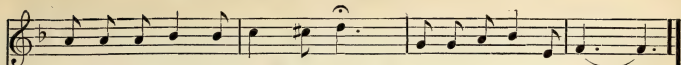
Rev. A. B. SIMPSON.

1. On - ly a lit - tle ba - by girl, Dead by the riv - er side;
 2. If she had on - ly been a boy, They would have heard her cry;
 3. So they have left her lit - tle form, Float - ing up - on the wave;
 4. Is there a moth - er's heart to - night, Clasp - ing her dar - ling child,

On - ly a lit - tle Chi - nese child, Drown'd in the float - ing tide!
 But she was just a ba - by girl, And she was left to die.
 She was too young to have a soul, Why should she have a grave?
 Wil - ling to leave these help - less lambs Out on the des - ert wild?

O - ver the boat too far she lean'd, Watching the danc - ing wave;
 It was her fate, per - haps, they said, Why should they in - ter - fere?
 Yes, and there's many an - oth - er lamb, Per - ish - ing ev - 'ry day,
 Is there a lit - tle Chris - tian girl, Hap - py in love and home,

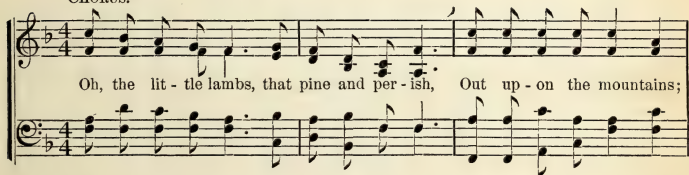
Only A Little Baby Girl. Concluded.



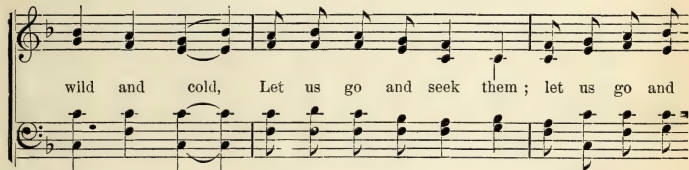
O - ver the brink she fell, and sank— But there was none to save.
 Had she not al - ways been a curse, Why should they keep her here?
 Thrown by the road and riv - er side, Flung to the beasts of prey.
 Liv - ing in sel - fish ease, while they Out on the moun-tains roam?



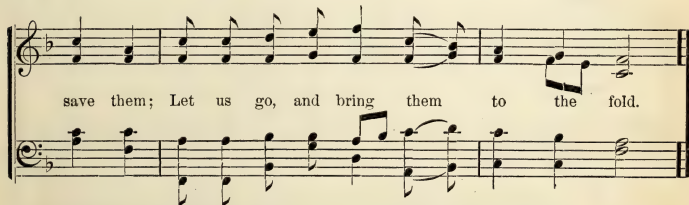
CHORUS.



Oh, the lit - tle lambs, that pine and per - ish, Out up - on the mountains;



wild and cold, Let us go and seek them; let us go and



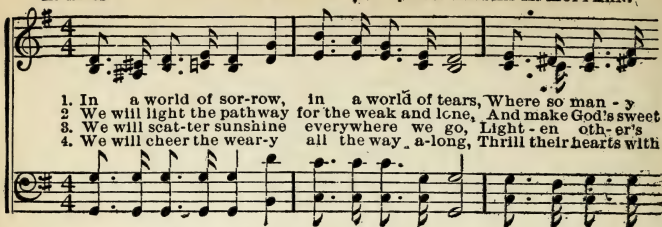
save them; Let us go, and bring them to the fold.

5 Think as you lie on your little cot,
 Smoothed by a mother's hand;
 Think of the little baby girls
 Over in China's land;
 Ask if there is not something more,
 Even a child can do,
 And if, perhaps, in China's land
 Jesus has need of you.

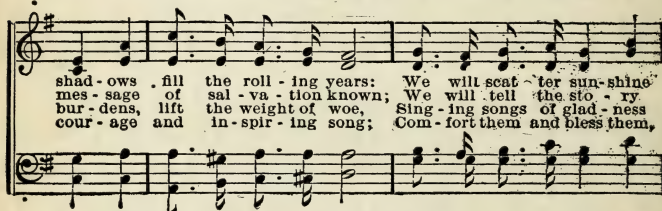
6 Only a little baby girl,
 Dead by the river side;
 Only a little Chinese child,
 Drowned in the floating tide;
 But it has brought a vision vast,
 Dark as the nation's woe;
 Oh, has it left one willing heart,
 Answering, "I will go?"

E. A. H.

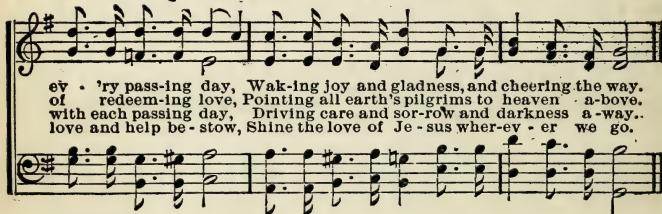
By per., Rev. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.



1. In a world of sor-row, in a world of tears, Where so man-y
 2. We will light the pathway for the weak and lone, And make God's sweet
 3. We will scat-ter sunshine everywhere we go, Light-en oth-er's
 4. We will cheer the wear-y all the way a-long, Thrill their hearts with

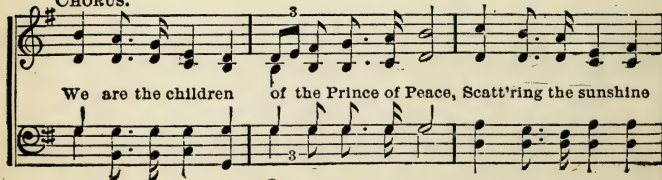


shad-ows fill the roll-ing years: We will scat-ter sun-shine
 bur-dens, lift the weight of woe, Sing-ing songs of glad-ness
 cour-age and in-spir-ing song; Com-fort them and bless them,

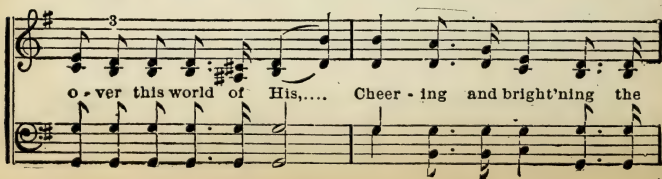


ev-ry pass-ing day, Wak-ing joy and gladness, and cheering the way.
 of re-deem-ing love, Pointing all earth's pilgrims to heav-en a-bove.
 with each passing day, Driving care and sor-row and darkness a-way..
 love and help be-stow, Shine the love of Je-sus wher-ev-er we go.

CHORUS.

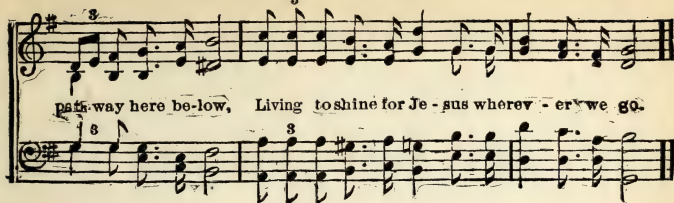


We are the children of the Prince of Peace, Scatt'ring the sunshine



o-ver this world of His,... Cheer-ing and bright'ning the

Living to Shine for Jesus. Concluded.



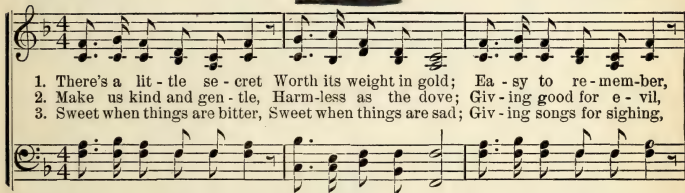
path-way here be-low, Living to shine for Je - sus wherev - er we go.

No. 256.

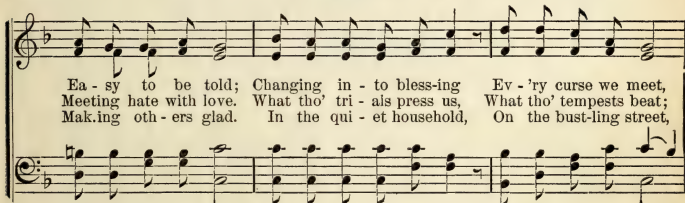
A. B. S.

Keep Sweet.

Rev. A. B. SIMPSON.

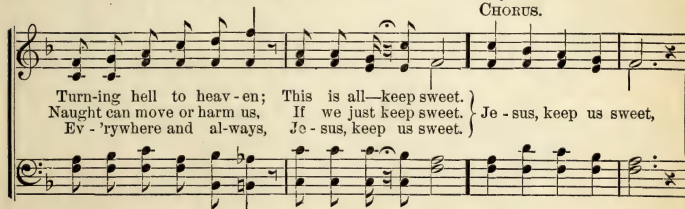


1. There's a lit - tle se - cret Worth its weight in gold; Ea - sy to re - mem - ber,
2. Make us kind and gen - tle, Harm - less as the dove; Giv - ing good for e - vil,
3. Sweet when things are bitter, Sweet when things are sad; Giv - ing songs for sighing,



Ea - sy to be told; Changing in - to bless - ing Ev - 'ry curse we meet,
Meeting hate with love. What tho' tri - als press us, What tho' tempests beat;
Mak - ing oth - ers glad. In the qui - et household, On the bust - ling street,

CHORUS.



Turn - ing hell to heav - en; This is all - keep sweet. }
Naught can move or harm us, If we just keep sweet. } Je - sus, keep us sweet,
Ev - 'rywhere and al - ways, Je - sus, keep us sweet. }



Walk - ing in Thy love, Je - sus, make us meet For Thy home a - bove.

W. C.

WARREN COLLINS.

1. We are lit-tle sol-diers of the cross, We are lit-tle sol-diers
 2. We are lit-tle pil-grims on the way, We are lit-tle pil-grims
 3. We are lit-tle jew-els for His crown, We are lit-tle jew-els

of the cross, Al-ways firm-ly stand-ing, pray-ing, We can nev-er
 on the way, March-ing up-ward, ev-er on-ward Je-sus keeps us
 for His crown, Sparkling ev-er just like dia-monds, We will nev-er

CHORUS.

suf-fer loss. We are a band of sol-diers, We are a band so true;
 ev-'ry day. We are but lit-tle child-ren, But then our King is strong;
 be cast down. We have a home in heav-en, We have a place so fair;

Je-sus our King com-mands us, And He will take us through.
 We need not be dis-cour-aged, But brave-ly march a-long.
 'Twas here He loved the chil-dren, He loves them still up there.

Love is our em-blem watch-word, Faith in our glo-rious King;
 Our Cap-tain is the Sav-iour, And if we're on-ly right,
 We're glad-ly march-ing on-ward, And trust our God we love;

We Are Little Soldiers of the Cross. Concluded.

Je - sus will guide His child - ren, Prais - es to Him we sing.
 We may be sure and cer - tain That we shall win the fight.
 For He will guide His child - ren, In - to His courts a - bove.

No. 258. Saviour, Like a Shepherd.

SAVIOUR! like a shepherd lead us,
 Much we need thy tend'rest care;
 In thy pleasant pastures feed us,
 For our use thy folds prepare.
 Blessed Jesus, blessed Jesus!
 Thou hast bought us, thine we are.
 Blessed Jesus, blessed Jesus!
 Thou hast bought us, thine we are.

We are thine, do thou befriend us,
 Be the guardian of our way;
 Keep thy flock, from sin defend us,
 Seek us when we go astray.
 Blessed Jesus!
 Hear, oh hear us, when we pray.

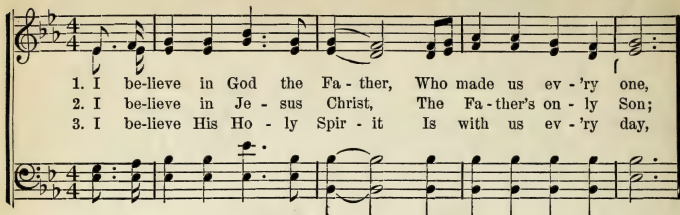
Thou hast promised to receive us,
 Poor and sinful though we be;
 Thou hast mercy to relieve us,
 Grace to cleanse and power to free.
 Blessed Jesus!
 We will early turn to thee.

Early let us seek thy favor,
 Early let us do thy will;
 Blessed Lord and only Saviour!
 With thy love our bosoms fill.
 Blessed Jesus!
 Thou hast loved us, love us still.

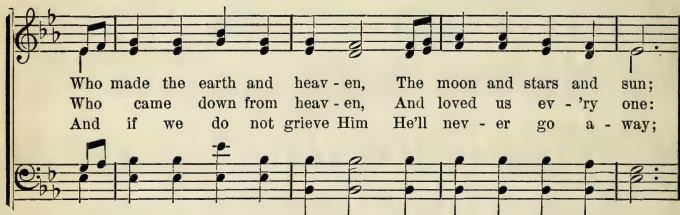
No. 259. I Think When I Read.

I think, when I read that sweet story
 of old,
 When Jesus was here among men,
 How He called little children as lambs
 to His fold,^o
 I should like to have been with them
 then.
 I wish that His hands had been placed
 on my head,
 That His arms had been thrown
 around me,

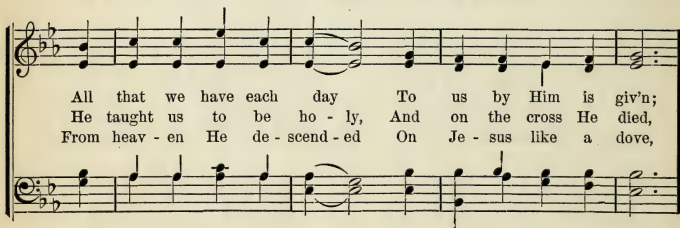
And that I might have seen His kind
 look when He said,
 "Let the little ones come unto me."
 In that beautiful place He has gone to
 prepare
 For all who are washed and forgiv'n;
 And many dear children are gathering
 there,
 "For of such is the kingdom of
 heav'n."



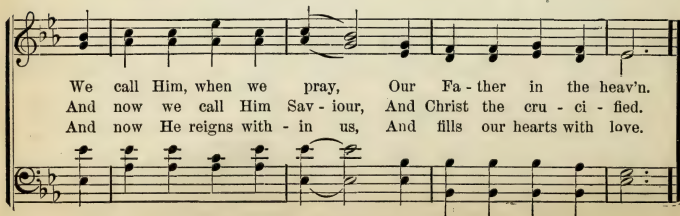
1. I be-lieve in God the Fa - ther, Who made us ev - 'ry one,
 2. I be-lieve in Je - sus Christ, The Fa - ther's on - ly Son;
 3. I be-lieve His Ho - ly Spir - it Is with us ev - 'ry day,



Who made the earth and heav - en, The moon and stars and sun;
 Who came down from heav - en, And loved us ev - 'ry one:
 And if we do not grieve Him He'll nev - er go a - way;



All that we have each day To us by Him is giv'n;
 He taught us to be ho - ly, And on the cross He died,
 From heav - en He de - scend - ed On Je - sus like a dove,



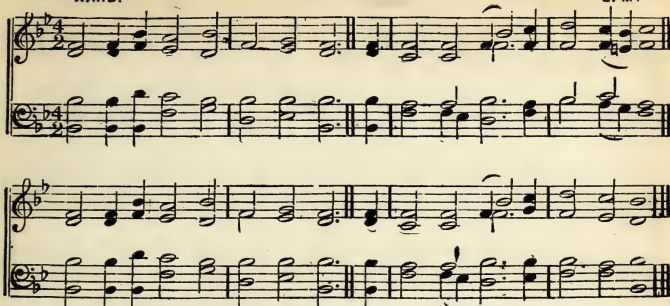
We call Him, when we pray, Our Fa - ther in the heav'n.
 And now we call Him Sav - iour, And Christ the cru - ci - fied.
 And now He reigns with - in us, And fills our hearts with love.

No. 261.

Buried in Baptism.

WARD.

L. M.



Buried in baptism with our Lord,
We rise with Him to life restored.
Not the bare life in Adam lost,
But the richer far, for more it cost.

Water can cleanse the flesh, we own,
But Christ well knows, and Christ alone,

How dear to Him our cleansing stood,
Baptized in fire, and bathed in blood.

He by His blood atoned for sin,
This precious blood can wash us clean
And He arrays us in the dress
Of His unspotted righteousness.

MORAVIAN COLLECTION.

No. 262.

Come, Holy Spirit.

L. M.

Come, Holy Spirit, Dove Divine,
On these baptismal waters shine,
And teach our hearts, in highest strain,
To praise the Lamb for sinners slain.

We love Thy name, we love Thy laws,
And joyfully embrace Thy cause;
We love Thy cross, the shame, the pain,
O Lamb of God for sinners slain!

We plunge beneath Thy mystic flood,
Oh, plunge us in Thy cleansing blood;
We die to sin, and seek a grave
With Thee, beneath the yielding wave

And as we rise, with Thee to live,
Oh, let the Holy Spirit give
The sealing unction from above,
The breath of life, the fire of love!

ADONIRAM JUDSON.

No. 263.

Around Thy Grave.

7s & 6s.

Around Thy grave, Lord Jesus,
Thine empty grave, we stand,
With hearts all full of praises,
To keep Thy blest command;
By faith our souls rejoicing
To trace Thy path of love,
Through death's dark, angry billows,
Up to the throne above.

O Lord, Thou now art risen,
Thy travail all is o'er;
For sin Thou once hast suffered,
Thou liv'st to die no more;

Sin, death and hell are vanquished
By Thee, Thy church's Head;
And lo! we share Thy triumph,
Thou first-born from the dead!

Into Thy death baptized,
We own with Thee we died;
With Thee, our Life, are risen,
And shall be glorified.
From sin, the world, and Satan,
We're ransomed by Thy blood,
And now would walk as strangers,
Alive with Thee, to God.

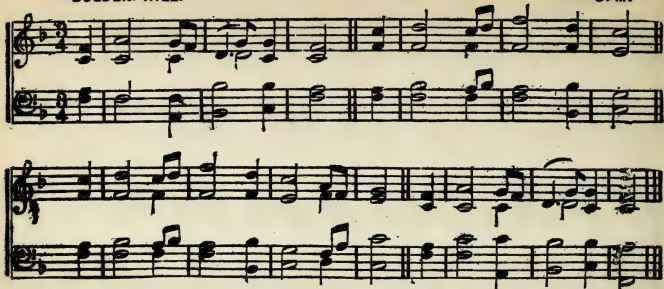
JAMES G. DECK, 1845.

No. 264.

Awake and Sing.

GOLDEN HILL.

S. M.



Awake and sing the song
Of Moses and the Lamb!
Tune every heart and every tongue
To praise the Saviour's name.

Soon shall we hear Him say,
"Ye blessed children, come;"
Soon will He call us hence away,
To our eternal home.

Sing of His dying love,
Sing of His rising power;
Sing how He intercedes above
For all whose sins He bore.

There shall our joy be full,
And love a warmer flame,
And sweeter voices tune the song
Of Moses and the Lamb.

No. 265.

O, Bread to Pilgrims Given.

MIRIAM

1s & 6s. D.



O Bread to pilgrims given!
Richer than angels eat,
O Manna sent from heaven!
For heaven-born natures meet,
Give us, for Thee long pining,
To eat till richly filled;
Till, earth's delights resigning,
Our every wish is stilled.

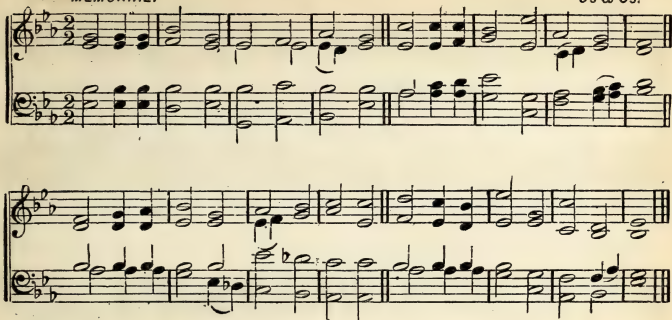
Jesus! this feast receiving,
We Thee unseen adore;
Thy faithful word believing
We take and doubt no more;
Give us, Thou true and loving!
On earth to live in Thee,
Then, death the veil removing,
Thy glorious face to see.

No. 266.

Bread of the World.

MEMORIAL.

9s & 8s.



BREAD of the world in mercy broken,
Wine of the soul in mercy shed,
By whom the words of life were spoken,
And in whose death our sins are dead!

Look on the heart by sorrow broken,
Look on the tears by sinners shed,
And be thy feast to us the token
That by thy grace our souls are fed.

No. 267.

If Human Kindness.

C. M.

If human kindness meets return
And owns the grateful tie,
If tender thoughts within us burn
To feel a friend is nigh.

Oh, shall not warmer accents tell
The gratitude we owe
To Him who died our fears to quell,
Our more than orphan's woe?

While yet His anguished soul surveyed
Those pangs He would not flee,
What love His latest words displayed!
"Meet and remember Me."

Remember Thee, Thy death, Thy shame,
Our sinful hearts to share!
O mem'ry! leave no other name
But His recorded there.

No. 268

How Sweet and Awful.

C. M.

How sweet and awful is the place
With Christ within the doors,
While everlasting love displays
The choicest of her stores!

While all our hearts and all our songs
Join to admire the feast,
Each of us cries with thankful tongue,
"Lord! why was I a guest?"

"Why was I made to hear Thy voice,
And enter while there's room,
When thousands make a wretched
choice,
And rather starve than come?"

'Twas the same love that spread the
feast
That sweetly forced us in;
Else we had still refused to taste,
And perished in our sin.

Very slow. pp

1. Not a sound in-vades the still-ness, Not a form in-vades the scene,
2. And with in those heavenly pla-ces, Calm-ly hushed in sweet re-pose,

Save the voice of my Be-lov-ed, And the per-son of my King.
There I drink, with joy ab-sorb-ing, All the love Thou wouldst dis-close.

CHORUS. *p*

Precious, gentle, ho-ly Je-sus! Bless-ed Bridegroom of my heart,

In Thy se-cret in-ner cham-ber, Thou wilt whis-per what *Thou* art.

3 Wrapt in deep adoring silence,
Jesus, Lord, I dare not move,
Lest I lose the smallest saying
Meant to catch the ear of love.

4 Rest then, O my soul, contented:
Thou hast reached thy happy place
In the bosom of thy Saviour,
Gazing up in His dear face.

Rev. ELISHA. A. HOFFMAN.

IRA ORWIG HOFFMAN. By per.

Unison.*

1st.

2d.

1. { We journey to the home above, Never to say farewell,
To yon fair palaces of love, Never to say farewell.

2. { We'll meet our sainted parents there, Never to say farewell,
And heav'n with sisters, brothers share. Never to say farewell.

Harmony.

well; Within that glorious summerland The many jewel'd mansions stand, And
well; Upon the plains of perfect light, Upon the pavements golden bright, We'll

Harmony.

CHORUS.

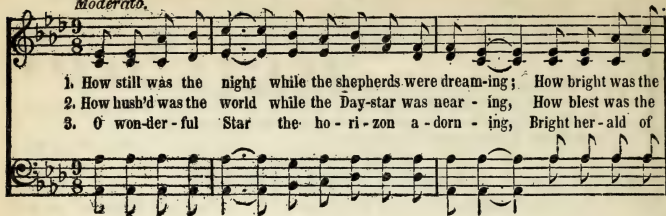
there we'll meet, at God's right hand, Never to say farewell. Never to say farewell,
walk with them, enrobed in white, Never to say farewell.

Never to say farewell, O, we shall meet at God's right hand, Never to say farewell.

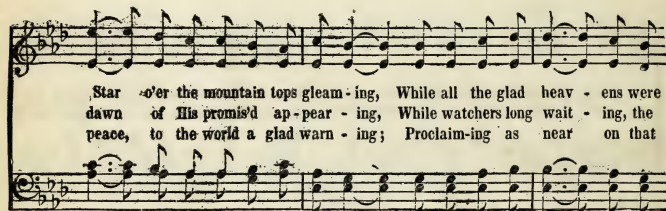
3 We'll meet beyond life's swelling flood,
Never to say farewell,
Redeemed and washed in Jesus' blood,
Never to say farewell;
Earth's long, long night will pass away,
Dissolving into heavenly day,
And we shall with our loved ones stay,
Never to say farewell.

4 Oh, what a blessed hope is this,
Never to say farewell!
What pure and perfect happiness,
Never to say farewell!
Delivered from all sin and pain,
To reach yon fair, celestial plain,
And meet the loved and lost again,
Never to say farewell.

*Very effective if unison parts are sung as a solo.

Moderato.


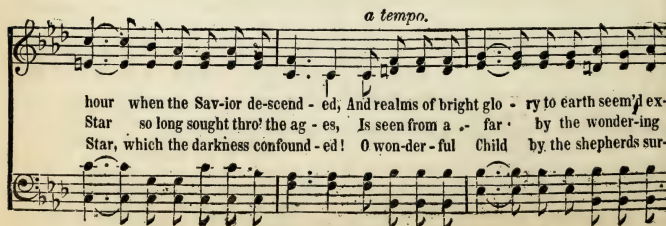
1. How still was the night while the shepherds were dream-ing; How bright was the
 2. How hush'd was the world while the Day-star was near - ing, How blest was the
 3. O won-der-ful Star the ho-ri-zon a-dorn-ing, Bright her-ald of



Star o'er the mountain tops gleam-ing, While all the glad heav-ens were
 dawn of His promis'd ap-pear-ing, While watchers long wait-ing, the
 peace, to the world a glad warn-ing; Proclaim-ing as near on that

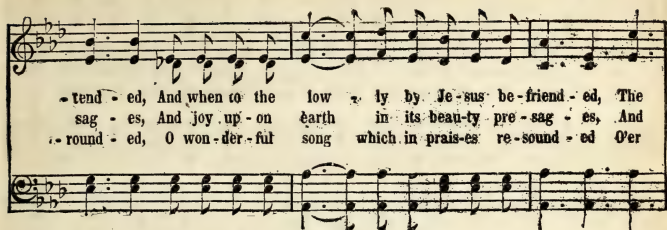


dolce.
 smiling, and seem-ing To wait for the long-prom-ised King. But lo! what an
 prophets re-ver-ing, With angels made welcome the morn. The wonder-ful
 beau-ti-ful morn-ing, The Prince and Redeem-er o' men. O won-der-ful



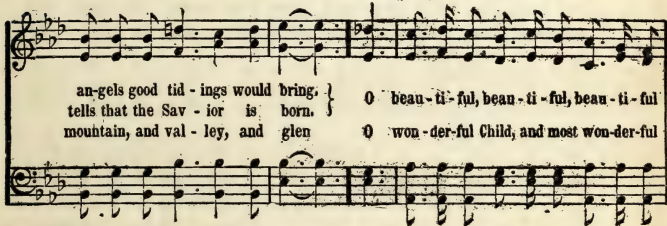
a tempo.
 hour when the Sav-ior de-scend-ed, And realms of bright glo-ry to earth seem'd ex-
 Star so long sought thro' the ag-es, Is seen from a-far by the wonder-ing
 Star, which the darkness confound-ed! O won-der-ful Child by the shepherds sur-

The Wonderful Star. Concluded.

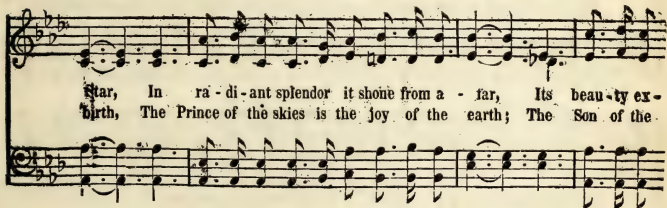


- tend - ed, And when to the low ly by Je - sus be - friend - ed, The
 sag - es, And Joy up - on earth in its beau - ty pre - sag - es, And
 - round - ed, O won - der - ful song which in prais - es re - sound - ed O'er

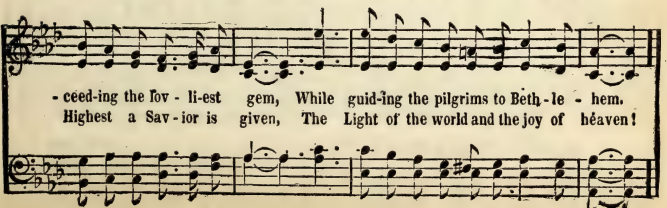
CHORUS,




an - gels good tid - ings would bring. } O beau - ti - ful, beau - ti - ful, beau - ti - ful
 tells that the Sav - ior is born. }
 mountain, and val - ley, and glen O won - der - ful Child, and most won - der - ful



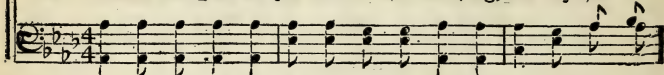
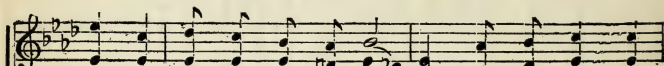
Star, In ra - di - ant splendor it shone from a - far, Its beau - ty ex -
 birth, The Prince of the skies is the joy of the earth; The Son of the




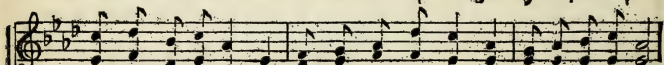
- ceed - ing the lov - li - est gem, While guid - ing the pilgrims to Beth - le - hem.
 Highest a Sav - ior is given, The Light of the world and the joy of hea - ven!



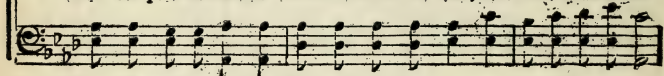

1. Sweet is the prom-ise "I will not for-get thee." Noth-ing can mo
 2. Trust-ing the prom-ise "I will not for-get thee," On-ward will I
 3. When at the gold-en por-tals I am stand-ing, All my trib u-

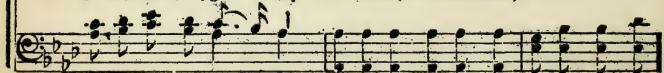

lest or turn my soul a-way; E'en though the night be
 go with songs of joy and love, Tho' earth de-spise me,
 la-tions, all my sor-rows past, How sweet to hear the


dark with-in the val-ley, Just be-yond is shin-ing an e-tér-nal day,
 tho' my friends for-sake me, I shall be re-mem-bered in my home-a-bove.
 bles-sed proc-la-ma-tion "En-ter faith-ful ser-vant, wel-come home at last."

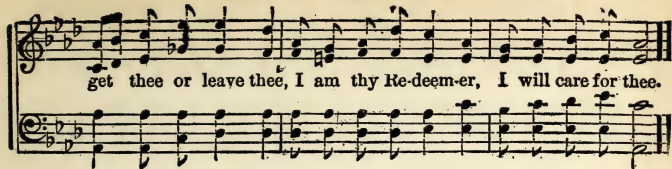
I will not for-get thee or leave thee, In my hands I'll
 I will not for-get thee; I will nev-er leave thee,

hold thee, In my arms I'll fold thee. I will not for-
 I will not for-get thee;



"I Will Not Forget Thee," Concluded.

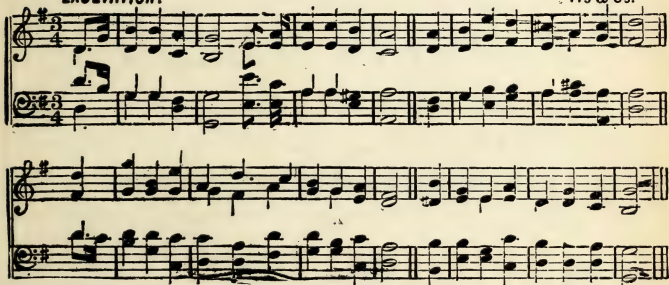


No. 273.

They Sang of Redemption.

EXULTATION.

11s & 8s.



They sang of the break of redemption's
glad morn,
The Holy had longed to behold;
They sang of a Saviour in Bethlehem
born,
So long by the prophets foretold;

They sang of good-will from our God
unto men,
Of peace to a valley of tears;
They sang of salvation from death and
from sin,
A balm from our sorrows and fears.

"Then glory to God in the highest!" I'll
sing,
For I am a sinner on earth;
I'll welcome the tidings of mercy that
bring
The news of Emmanuel's birth.

I'll go to His cross, though a sinner de-
filed,
And wash in the fountain of blood;
I'll pray for the grace that can strength-
en a child,
And bring Him at last to his God.

UNKNOWN, CIR. 1875 ?

No. 274.

To Him That Loved.

To Him that loved the souls of men,
And washed us in His blood,
To royal honors raised our head,
And made us priests to God;—

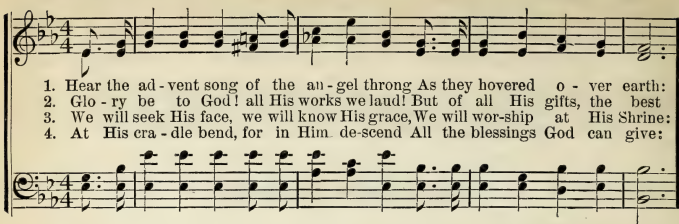
To Him let every tongue be praise,
And every heart be love!
All grateful honors pain on earth,
And nobler songs above!

Behold, on flying clouds He comes!
His saints shall bless the day;
While they that pierced Him sadly
In anguish and dismay. [mourn

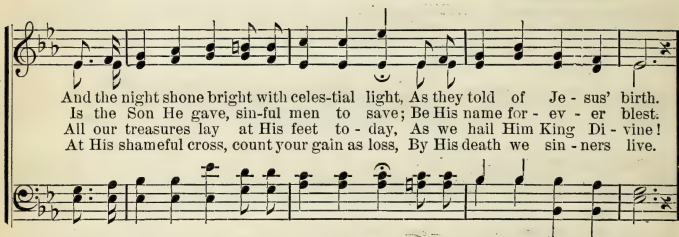
Thou art the first, and Thou the last;
Time centres all in Thee,
The Almighty God, who was, and is,
And evermore shall be.

ARTHUR T. PIERSON, D. D.

LOUISE SHEPARD.

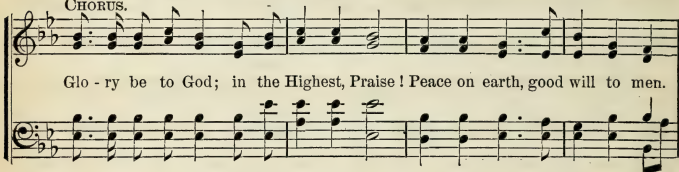


1. Hear the ad-vent song of the an-gel throng As they hovered o-ver earth:
 2. Glo-ry be to God! all His works we laud! But of all His gifts, the best
 3. We will seek His face, we will know His grace, We will wor-ship at His Shrine:
 4. At His cra-dle bend, for in Him de-scend All the blessings God can give:

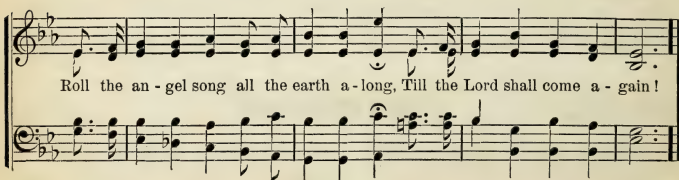


And the night shone bright with celes-tial light, As they told of Je-sus' birth.
 Is the Son He gave, sin-ful men to save; Be His name for-ev-er blest.
 All our treasures lay at His feet to-day, As we hail Him King Di-vine!
 At His shameful cross, count your gain as loss, By His death we sin-ners live.

CHORUS.



Glo-ry be to God; in the Highest, Praise! Peace on earth, good will to men.



Roll the an-gel song all the earth a-long, Till the Lord shall come a-gain!

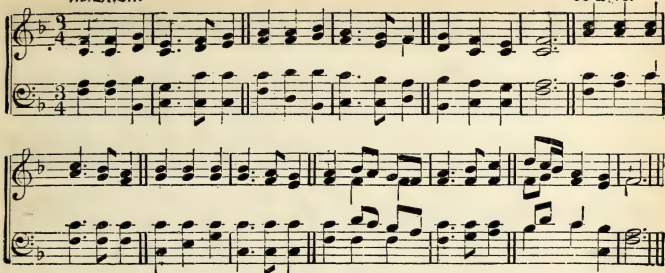
- 5 Peace on earth shall reign when He comes again,
 Lord of Lords, and King of Kings;
 Even now God's rest fills the troubled breast,
 When the Lord His presence brings.
- 6 Let the Sons of Light, through the World's dark night,
 As the watchers wait the dawn,
 Look with eager eyes for the new sunrise
 Which shall bring the endless morn!

No. 276.

God Bless our Native Land.

AMERICA.

6s & 4s.



God bless our native land!
 Firm may she ever stand
 Through storm and night;
 When the wild tempests rave,
 Ruler of winds and wave!
 Do Thou our country save
 By Thy great might.

For her our prayers shall rise
 To God above the skies,
 On Him we wait;
 Thou who art ever nigh,

Guardian with watchful eye!
 To Thee alone we cry,
 God save the State.

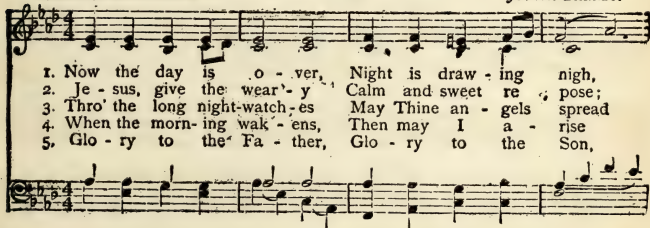
Our fathers' God to Thee,
 Author of liberty,
 To Thee we sing;
 Long may our land be bright
 With freedom's holy light;
 Protect us by Thy might,
 Great God, our King!

No. 277.

Now the Day is Over.

SABINE BARING-GOULD.

JOSEPH BARNEY.



1. Now the day is o - ver, Night is draw - ing nigh,
2. Je - sus, give the wear - y Calm and sweet re - pose;
3. Thro' the long night-watch-es May Thine an - gels spread
4. When the morn-ing wak - ens, Then may I a - rise
5. Glo - ry to the Fa - ther, Glo - ry to the Son,

shad - ows of the even - ing
 With Thy tend'rest bless - ing
 Their white wings a - bove us,
 Pure, and fresh, and sin - less
 And to Thee, blest Spir - it,

Steal a-cross the sky.
 May our eye - lids close.
 Watch-ing round each bed.
 In Thy ho - ly eyes.
 Whilst all a - ges run.

A - men.

evening Steal a-cross

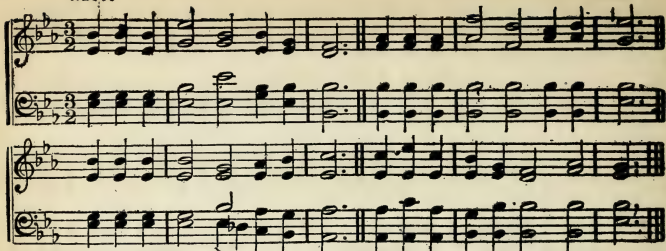
the sky.

No. 278.

Asleep in Jesus.

REST.

L.M.



Asleep in Jesus! blessed sleep,
From which none ever wakes to weep;
A calm and undisturbed repose,
Unbroken by the last of foes.

Asleep in Jesus! oh how sweet
To be for such a slumber meet!
With holy confidence to sing
That death has lost his venom'd sting!

Asleep in Jesus! peaceful rest,
Whose waking is supremely blest;
No fear, no woe, shall dim that hour
That manifests the Saviour's power.

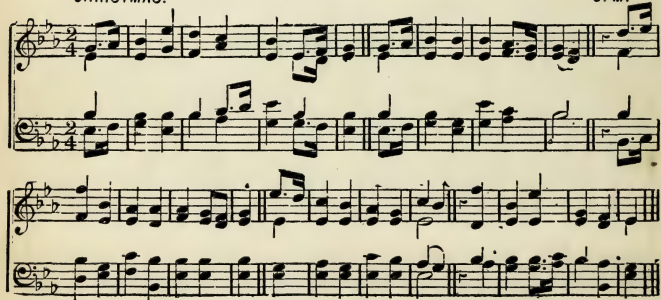
Asleep in Jesus! oh, for me
May such a blissful refuge be;
Securely shall my ashes lie,
Waiting the summons from on high.

No. 279

Why Do We Mourn?

CHRISTMAS.

C. M.



Why do we mourn departing friends
Or shake at death's alarms?
'Tis but the voice that Jesus sends
To call them to His arms.

Are we not tending upward, too,
As fast as time can move?
Nor should we wish the hours more
slow
To keep us from our love.

Why should we tremble to convey
Their bodies to the tomb?
There the dear flesh of Jesus lay,
And left a long perfume.

The graves of all the saints He blessed,
And softened every bed;
Where should the dying members rest
But with their dying Head?

Thence He arose, ascended high,
And showed our feet the way;
Up to the Lord our flesh shall fly
At the great rising day.

Then let the last loud trumpet sound,
And bid our kindred rise;
Awake, ye nations under ground;
Ye saints, ascend the skies.

1. Like a gold - en cen - ser glow - ing, Fill'd with burn - ing o - dors rare;
 2. O'er the heav'nly al - tar bend - ing, Je - sus in - ter - ced - ing stands;
 3. Let us bring our least pe - ti - tions, Like the in - cense beat - en small;

All my heart is up - ward flow - ing, In a cloud of cease - less pray'r.
 And our pray'rs to heav'n as - cend - ing, Reach the Fa - ther thro' His hands.
 All our cares, complaints, con - di - tions, Je - sus loves to bear them all.

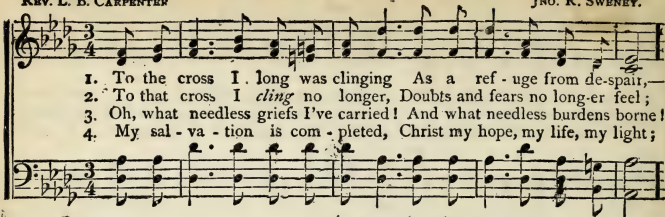
CHORUS.

Fill the cen - ser, fill cen - ser, Let the burn - ing in - cense flow;

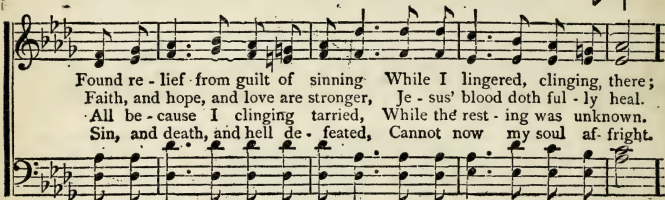
Send the fire, send the fire, Till our hearts like cen - sers glow.

4 Send the coals of heavenly fire,
 From the altar of the skies;
 Fill our hearts with strong desire,
 Till our pray'rs like incense rise.

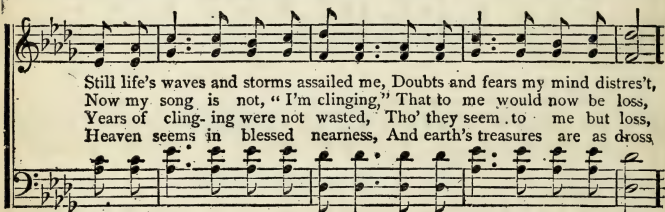
5 Sweet as breath of spices burning,
 Keep our hearts like incense rare;
 All our being heav'nward turning,
 In a cloud of ceaseless prayer.



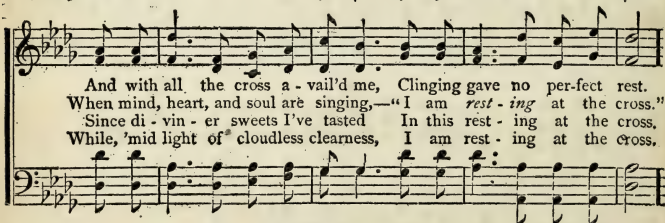
1. To the cross I long was clinging As a ref - uge from de - spair,—
 2. To that cross I *cling* no longer, Doubts and fears no long - er feel;
 3. Oh, what needless griefs I've carried! And what needless burdens borne!
 4. My sal - va - tion is com - pleted, Christ my hope, my life, my light;



Found re - lief from guilt of sinning While I lingered, clinging, there;
 Faith, and hope, and love are stronger, Je - sus' blood doth ful - ly heal.
 All be - cause I clinging tarried, While the rest - ing was unknown.
 Sin, and death, and hell de - feated, Cannot now my soul af - fright.

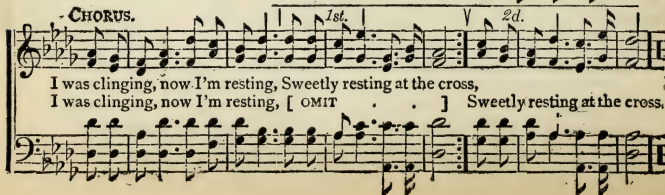


Still life's waves and storms assailed me, Doubts and fears my mind distres't,
 Now my song is not, "I'm clinging," That to me would now be loss,
 Years of cling - ing were not wasted, Tho' they seem to me but loss,
 Heaven seems in blessed nearness, And earth's treasures are as dross,



And with all the cross a - vail'd me, Clinging gave no per - fect rest.
 When mind, heart, and soul are singing,—“I am *rest - ing* at the cross.”
 Since di - vin - er sweets I've tasted In this rest - ing at the cross,
 While, 'mid light of cloudless clearness, I am rest - ing at the cross,

CHORUS.



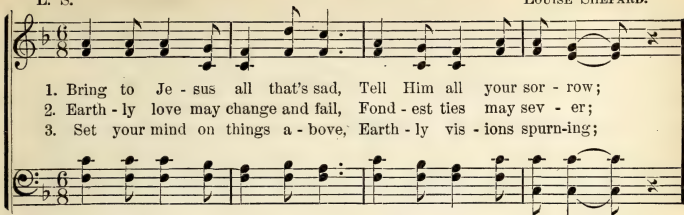
I was clinging, now I'm resting, Sweetly resting at the cross,
 I was clinging, now I'm resting, [OMIT] Sweetly resting at the cross.

No. 282.

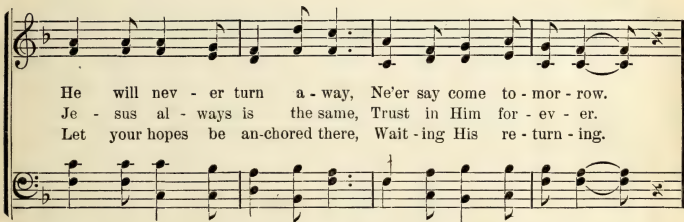
Bring to Jesus.

L. S.

LOUISE SHEPARD.

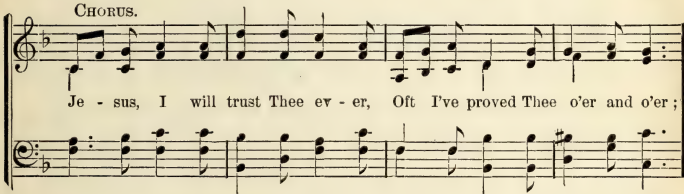


1. Bring to Je - sus all that's sad, Tell Him all your sor - row;
 2. Earth - ly love may change and fail, Fond - est ties may sev - er;
 3. Set your mind on things a - bove, Earth - ly vis - ions spurn-ing;

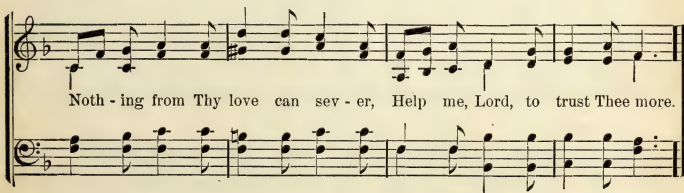


He will nev - er turn a - way, Ne'er say come to - mor - row.
 Je - sus al - ways is the same, Trust in Him for - ev - er.
 Let your hopes be an - chored there, Wait - ing His re - turn - ing.

CHORUS.



Je - sus, I will trust Thee ev - er, Oft I've proved Thee o'er and o'er;



Noth - ing from Thy love can sev - er, Help me, Lord, to trust Thee more.

4 Friends may sometimes tire to hear
 All the things that grieve you;
 He will always hear your cry,
 Succor and relieve you.

5 Cease to seek the help of man,
 Cease from all your trying;
 Cast your burden on the Lord,
 On His love relying.

He is Able to Deliver Thee.

By per. W. A. OGDEN.

1. 'Tis the grand - est theme thro' the a - ges sung;
 2. 'Tis the grand - est theme in the earth or main;
 3. 'Tis the grand - est theme, let the tid - ings roll,

'Tis the grand - est theme for a mor - tal tongue,
 'Tis the grand - est theme for a mor - tal strain,
 To the guilt - y heart, to the sin - ful soul,

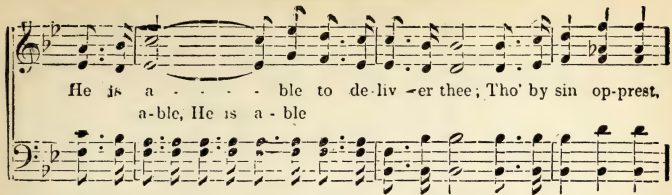
'Tis the grand - est theme that the world e'er sung,
 'Tis the grand - est theme tell the world a - gain.
 Look to God in faith, He will make thee whole,

"Our God is a - ble to de - liv - er thee."

CHORUS.

He is a - ble to de - liv - er thee,
 a - ble, He is a - ble,

He is Able to Deliver Thee. Concluded.



No. 284.

Behold! O, God.

L. M.

Behold! O God, Thy chosen race,
The stock whence sprang Immanuel.
Scattered and peeled, and without place
In all the earth wherein to dwell.

As several branches long they've lain.
Their sight obscured by blinding
scale,

Yet Thou canst graft them in again,
And from their eyes remove the veil

"Me whom they pierced they shall be-
hold;"

Saviour can this Thy promise fail?

For these long outcasts from Thy fold
Shall not Thy cleansing blood avail?

Daughter of Zion, rise, prepare
Thy long rejected King to hail,
Lift up thy penitential prayer
From Judah's every hill and vale.

Oh, when Thou comest in the clouds,
And all the tribes of earth shall wail,
The sleeping dead cast off their shrouds,
The sun grow dark, the skies turn
pale.

No. 285.

The God of Harvest.

6s & 4s.

The God of harvest praise;
In loud thanksgiving raise
Hand, heart, and voice;
The valleys laugh and sing;
Forests and mountain ring;
The plains their tribute bring
The streams rejoice.

The God of harvest praise;
Hands, hearts, and voices raise
With sweet accord;
From field to garner throng,
Bearing your sheaves along,
And in your harvest song
Bless ye the Lord.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

No. 286.

Have Faith in God.

M. A.

MAY AGNEW.

mf Moderato.

1. If you ev - er feel downheart-ed or dis - couraged, If you
 2. Dark - est night will al - ways come be - fore the dawn-ing; Sil - ver
 3. God is might - y! He is a - ble to de - liv - er; Faith can

ever think your work is all in vain, If the burdens thrust upon you make you
 linings shine on God's side of the cloud; All your journey He has promised to be
 vic-tor be in ev-ry try-ing hour; Fear and care and sin and sor-row be de-

trem-ble, And you fear that you shall ne'er the vict'ry gain.
 with you, Naught has come to you but what His love al - lowed.
 - feat - ed By our faith in God's almight-y conquering power.

Have Faith in God. Concluded.

CHORUS. *mf*

Have faith in God,..... the sun will shine,..... Tho' dark the

Have faith in God, the sun will shine,

clouds..... may be to - day,..... His heart has

Tho' dark the clouds may be to - day,

cres. planned..... your path and mine,..... *f* Have faith in *dim.*

His heart has planned your path and mine,

God,..... have faith al - way.....

Have faith in God, have faith al - way.

ANON.

Expressive.

IRA O. HOFFMAN.

cres.

1. Si lent night! shad - ow - y night! Pur - ple dome,
 2. Si lent night! mys - ti - cal night! Kings and seers
 3. Ho ly night! her - ald - ing dawn! Far and near.

star - ry light! Pour - ing splen - dor of cen - tu - ries down,
 sought thy light. Where the watch of the shep - herds is kept,
 breaks the morn! Breaks the day when the Sav - ior of men,

Gold and pur - ple, a glo - ri - ous crown, Where the man - ger so
 Heavenly hosts thro' the still - ness have swept, Clear, pro claim - ing a
 Bring - ing par - don and heal - ing a - gain, "Ho - ly harm - less and

rude and wild Cra - dles a child, a sleep - ing child.
 Sav - ior born! Sing - ing the morn, the Christ - mas morn.
 un - de - filed," Com - eth a child, a lit - tle child."

M. A.

MAY AGNEW.

1. O-ver a Babe in Beth-le-hem, Out on the star-lit night,
 2. An-gels of love and peace, sing on, Glo-ri-ous news ye bear
 3. Peace for the wea-ry, sin-de-filed, Down-trodden sons of men.

Car-ols of joy, loud peal-ing, Burst from the an-gels bright. "Glo-ry to
 To sin-sick, wea-ry mor-tals, Longing for rest down here. Down from the
 Peace for the tempt-ed wand-er-er, Turning to God a-gain. Peace midst the

God in Heav-en, Peace to the wea-ry earth." Wondrous refrain for shepherds'
 gates of glo-ry In-to a manger bare, Je-sus has come from sin to
 strife of e-vil: Joy beyond mortal ken; Wondrous refrain for sin-ners'

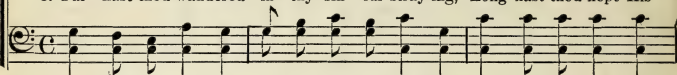
CHORUS.

ears That night of the Saviour's birth.
 save, And earth's deep sor-rows share. } Peace! Peace! O-ver the ag-es
 ears—"Peace and good will to men." }

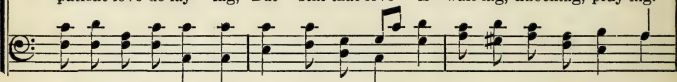
roll, "Glory to God," the angels sang, "And peace for each weary soul."
 roll o'er the ages,



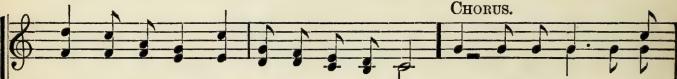
1. Like some fond fa - ther o'er a lost one yearn-ing, So God is wait - ing
 2. Come to the Fa - ther who so long hath sought thee, Come to the Sav - iour
 3. Far hast thou wandered in thy sin - ful stray-ing, Long hast thou kept His



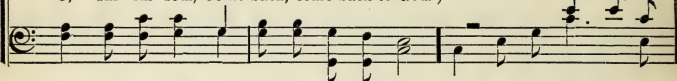
for the soul's re - turn-ing, O, sin - ful soul, so long His mer - cy spurn-ing,
 who so dear-ly bought thee, Come from the sin that hath such mis - ry wrought thee.
 patient love de - lay - ing, But still that love is wait-ing, knocking, pray-ing.



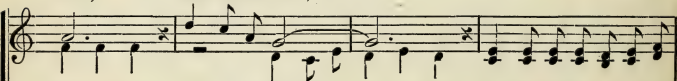
CHORUS.



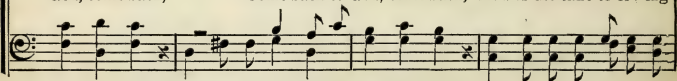
He calls to thee, Come back, come back to God. } Come back to God, come
 Yield to His call, Come back, come back to God. } Come back to
 O, sin - ful soul, Come back, come back to God. }



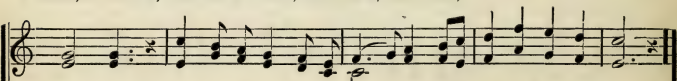
back, Come back to God,



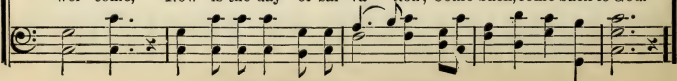
God, come back, Come back to God, come back, Now is the time of lov-ing



back, come back, Come back to God, come back, come back,

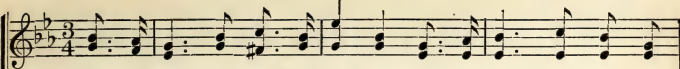


wel - come, Now is the day of sal - va - tion; Come back, come back to God.

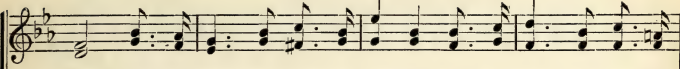


ANON.

WARREN COLLINS.



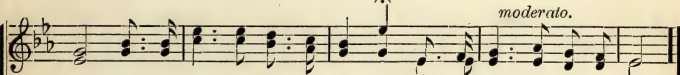
1. "What tho' clouds may hov - er o'er me, And I seem to walk a -
 2. "What tho' all my earth - ly jour - ney Bring-eth naught but wea - ry
 3. "What tho' all my heart is yearn - ing For the loved of long a -
 4. "When I soar to realms of glo - ry, And an en - trance I a -



- lone, Long-ing 'mid my cares and cross-es For the joys which now are
 hours, And in grasp - ing for life's ros - es, Thorns I find in - stead of
 - go; Bit - ter les - sons sad - ly learn-ing From the shad-owy page of
 - wait; 'If I whis - per, 'Je - sus on - ly,' Wide will ope' the pearl - y

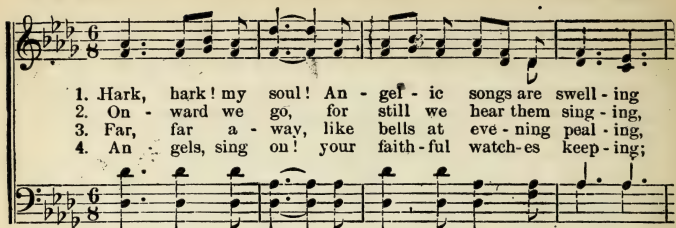


flown. If I've Je - sus, Je - sus on - ly, Then my sky will have a
 flow'rs; If I've Je - sus, Je - sus on - ly, I pos - sess a clus - ter
 woe; If I've Je - sus, Je - sus on - ly, He'll go with me to the
 gates; When I join the heav'n - ly cho - rus, And the an - gel hosts I

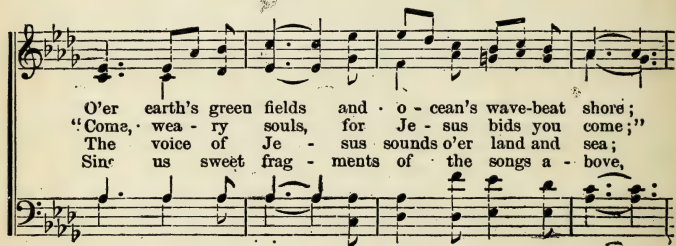


moderato.

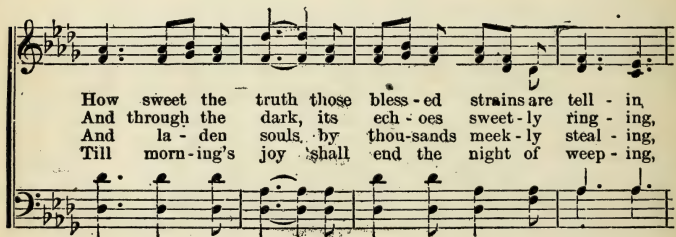
Gem; He's a Sun of bright-est splen-dor, And the Star of Beth-le-hem.
 rare—He's the 'Li - ly of the Val - ley,' And the 'Rose of Shar-on' fair.
 end, And, un-seen by mor - tal vis - ion, An - gel bands will o'er me bend.
 see, Pre - cious Je - sus, Je - sus on - ly! Will my theme of rap-ture be."



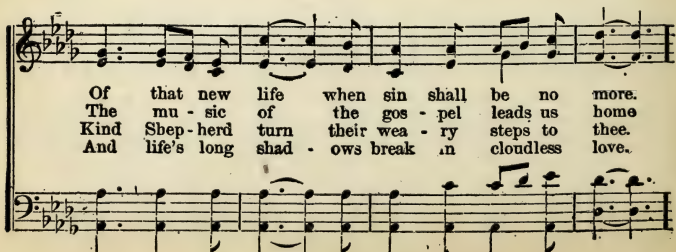
1. Hark, hark! my soul! An - gel - ic songs are swell - ing
 2. On - ward we go, for still we hear them sing - ing,
 3. Far, far a - way, like bells at eve - ning peal - ing,
 4. An - gels, sing on! your faith - ful watch - es keep - ing;



O'er earth's green fields and o - cean's wave-beat shore;
 "Come, wea - ry souls, for Je - sus bids you come;"
 The voice of Je - sus sounds o'er land and sea;
 Sing us sweet frag - ments of the songs a - bove,




How sweet the truth those bless - ed strains are tell - in,
 And through the dark, its ech - oes sweet - ly ring - ing,
 And la - den souls, by thou - sands meek - ly steal - ing,
 Till morn - ing's joy shall end the night of weep - ing,




Of that new life when sin shall be no more.
 The mu - sic of the gos - pel leads us home
 Kind Shep - herd turn their wea - ry steps to thee.
 And life's long shad - ows break in cloudless love.

Hark, Hark! My Soul. Concluded.


CHORUS.



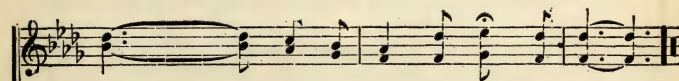
An - - gels of Je - - sus, An - - gels of
An-gels of Je-sus and an-gels of light! yes, an-gels of Je-sus and



light!..... sing - ing to wel - - come the
an-gels of light! Sing-ing to welcome, yes, sing-ing to welcome the



pil - grims of the night..... Sing - - ing to
pil - grims of the night, of the night, Sing-ing to wel-come, yes,



wel - - - come the pil - grims of the night.
sing - ing to wel-come the pil - grims of the night.

Dr. MARTIN LUTHER.

Mrs. AMANDA S. BARLOW.

Andante.

A - way in a man-ger, no crib for His bed, The lit - tle Lord
D.S. - - *I love Thee, Lord Jesus, look down from the sky, And stay by my*

Organ.

Je - sus, lay down His sweet head; The stars in the heav-en looked
crib watching my lul - la - by; *I love Thee, Lord Je-sus, look*

Rit.

FINE.

down where He lay, The lit - tle Lord Je - sus, a-sleep in the hay.
down from the sky, And stay by my crib, watching my lul-la-by.

Rit. FINE.

Luther's Cradle Hymn. Concluded.

The cat - tle are low - ing, the poor ba - by wakes, But the
lit - tle Lord Je - sus, no cry - ing He makes.
D. C.

No. 293

All the way Long it is Jesus.

Slowly.
CHORUS.
All the way 'long it is Jesus; [still,
The way grows brighter and brighter
All the way 'long it is Jesus.

1 And, oh, how happy the pilgrim's lot!
All the way 'long it is Jesus;
He has a comfort the world has not,
All the way 'long it is Jesus.

- 2 And, oh, how happy the pilgrim's lot!
All the way 'long it is Jesus;
He has a comfort the world has not,
All the way 'long it is Jesus.
- 3 Let storm-clouds gather and troubles rise,
All the way 'long it is Jesus;

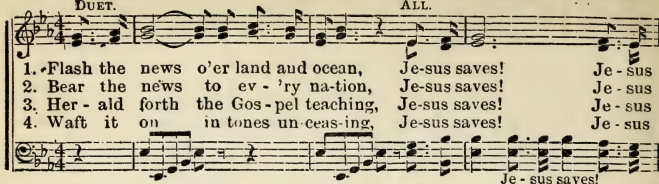
1 I'm on my journey up Zion's hill,
All the way 'long it is Jesus; [still,
The way grows brighter and brighter
All the way 'long it is Jesus.

Chorus:

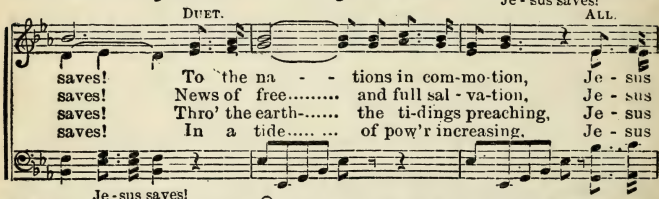
Jesus, Jesus,
All the way 'long it is Jesus.

He seeks a city with cloudless skies,
All the way 'long it is Jesus.

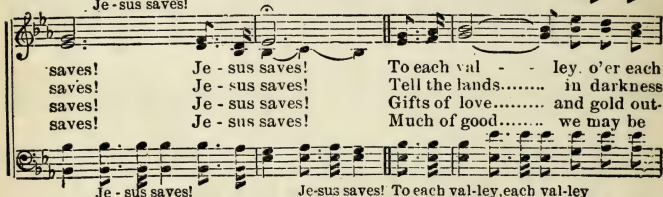
- 4 At home the pilgrims together will sing,
All the way 'long it is Jesus;
We'll make the heavenly mansions ring,
All the way 'long it is Jesus.

E. A. H.
DUET.By per., [REV. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.
ALL.


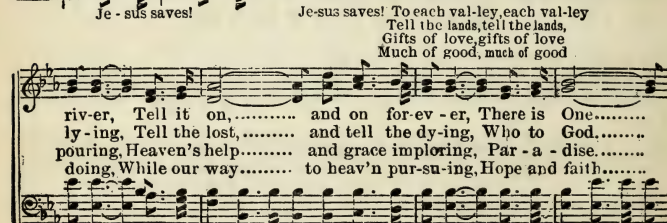
1. Flash the news o'er land and ocean, Je-sus saves! Je - sus
2. Bear the news to ev - 'ry na-tion, Je-sus saves! Je - sus
3. Her - ald forth the Gos-pel teaching, Je-sus saves! Je - sus
4. Waft it on in tones un-ces-ing, Je-sus saves! Je - sus



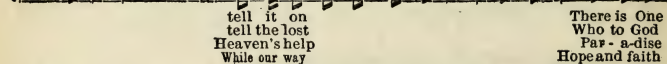
DUET. ALL.
saves! To 'the na - - tions in com-mo-tion, Je - sus
saves! News of free..... and full sal - va-tion, Je - sus
saves! Thro' the earth..... the ti-dings preaching, Je - sus
saves! In a tide..... of pow'r in-creasing, Je - sus



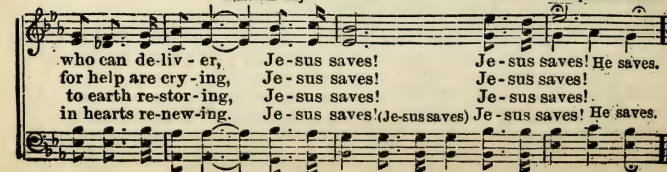
Je - sus saves!
saves! Je - sus saves! To each val - - ley, o'er each
saves! Je - sus saves! Tell the lands..... in darkness
saves! Je - sus saves! Gifts of love..... and gold out-
saves! Je - sus saves! Much of good..... we may be



Je - sus saves! Je-sus saves! To each val-ley, each val-ley
Tell the lands, tell the lands,
Gifts of love, gifts of love
Much of good, much of good



river, Tell it on,..... and on for-ev - er, There is One.....
ly-ing, Tell the lost,..... and tell the dy-ing, Who to God,.....
pouring, Heaven's help..... and grace implor-ing, Par - a - dise.....
doing, While our way..... to heav'n pur-su-ing, Hope and faith.....



tell it on
tell the lost
Heaven's help
While our way
There is One
Who to God
Par - a-dise
Hope and faith
who can de-liv - er, Je-sus saves! Je - sus saves! He saves.
for help are cry - ing, Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!
to earth re-stor-ing, Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!
in hearts re-new-ing, Je - sus saves! (Je - sus saves) Je - sus saves! He saves.

Words by WM. COWPER.

Music by A. J. BUCHANAN.

1. There is a fountain filled with blood, Drawn from Immanuel's veins,
 2. Dear dy-ing Lamb, thy precious blood Shall nev - er lose its pow'r,
 3. E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream Thy flow-ing wounds supply,
 4. Then in a no-bler, sweet-er song, I'll sing thy pow'r to save,

And sinners plunged beneath that flood Lose all their guilt-y stains.
 Till all the ransomed Church of God Be say-ed, to sin no more.
 Re-deem-ing blood has been my theme, And shall be till I die.
 When this poor, lisping, stamm'ring tongue Lies si - lent in the grave.

CHORUS.
 Saviour, wash . . . me in the blood, To the
 Saviour, wash me in the blood, in the blood, the blood of the Lamb, To the

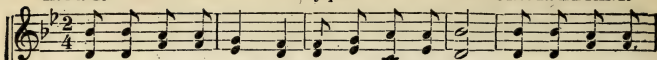
fount - ain let me go; Wash me in . . . the crimson
 fountain let me go, to the fountain let me go; Wash me in the crimson flood, Wash me

flood, And I shall be whiter than the snow (the snow).
 in the crimson flood, And I shall be whiter, whiter than the snow.

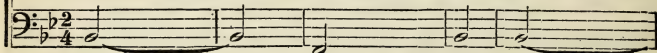
E. M. C.

By per.

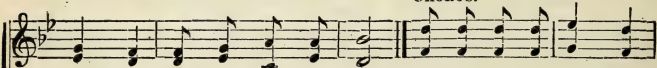
JNO. R. BRYANT.



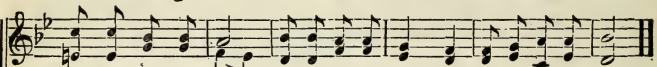
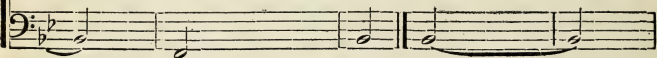
1. Lord, the lit - tle chil-dren Glad would work for Thee; In the world's great
2. Thou, who blest the children, Bless us, now we pray: Make us pure and
3. Take our sheaves, O Saviour! Tho' our hands are small; Take our hearts, O



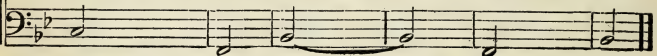
CHORUS.



- har - vest Glean-ing faith - ful - ly. Give us faith and cour - age,
 ho - ly, Wash our sins a - way.
 Sav-iour!—We would give Thee all.



- Lord, we hum-bly pray; Bless the fee-ble ser - vice Done for Thee each day.



No. 297.

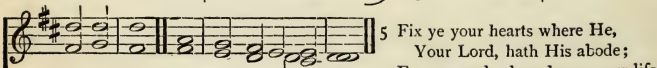
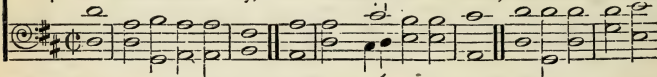
Thou must Deny Thyself.

DR. H. BONAR.

Old Church Psalmody.

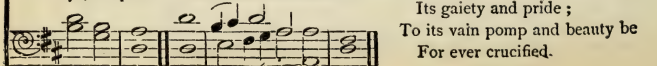
*Moderato.*

1. Thou must de-ny thy-self, And take up now thy cross, Choosing the narrow
2. Lay ev-'ry weight a-side, And, for th'appointed race, Gird up thy loins, press
3. Watch and be so-ber still, Ye who have known the way; Not sons of midnight
4. No truce with van-i - ty, Or this world's i - dle show; Lust of the flesh and



- gate and way, Count-ing all gain but loss.
 on and up, Quick'ning thy tar-dy pace.
 or of gloom, But of the light and day.
 eye, or pride Of life, thou must not know.

- 5 Fix ye your hearts where He,
 Your Lord, hath His abode;
 For ye are dead, and now your life
 Is hid with Christ in God.



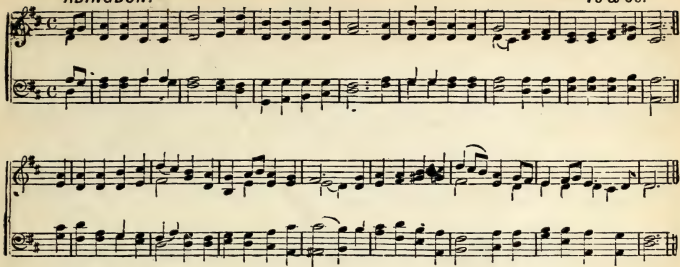
- 6 Dead to the world then be,
 Its gaiety and pride;
 To its vain pomp and beauty be
 For ever crucified.

No. 298.

Rejoice, Rejoice.

ABINGDON.

7s & 6s.



Rejoice, rejoice, believers,
And let your lights appear;
The evening is advancing,
And darker night is near;
The Bridegroom is arising,
And soon he will draw nigh;
Up! pray and watch and wrestle;
At midnight comes the cry.

Ye saints, who here in patience
Your cross and sufferings bore,
Shall live and reign for ever,
When sorrow's no more;
Around the throne of glory.
The Lamb ye shall behold,
In triumph cast before him
Your diadems of gold.

The watchers on the mountain
Proclaim the Bridegroom near;
Go meet Him as He cometh
With hallelujahs clear;
The marriage feast is waiting,
The gates wide open stand;
Up, up! ye heirs of glory,
The Bridegroom is at hand.

Our Hope and Expectation,
O Jesus! now appear;
Arise, thou Sun so longed for!
O'er this benighted sphere;
With hearts and hands uplifted,
We plead, O Lord! to see
The day of earth's redemption,
That brings us unto thee.

No. 299.

Hark, Ten Thousand.

Hark! ten thousand harps and voices
Sound the note of praise above;
Jesus reigns, and heaven rejoices;
Jesus reigns, the God of love;
See, He sits on yonder throne;
Jesus rules the world alone.

When we think of love like Thine,
Lord, we own it love Divine. *Ref.*

King of glory, reign forever;
Thine an everlasting crown;
Nothing from Thy love shall sever
Those whom Thou hast made Thine
own.

Hallelujah, Hallelujah, Hallelujah,
Amen.

Happy objects of Thy grace,
Destined to behold Thy face. *Ref.*

Jesus, hail! whose glory brightens
All above, and gives it worth;
Lord of life, Thy smile enlightens,
Cheers and charms Thy saints on
earth;

Saviour, hasten Thine appearing;
Bring, oh, bring the glorious day,
When the awful summons hearing,
Heaven and earth shall pass away;
Then with golden harps we'll sing,
Glory, glory to our King. *Ref.*

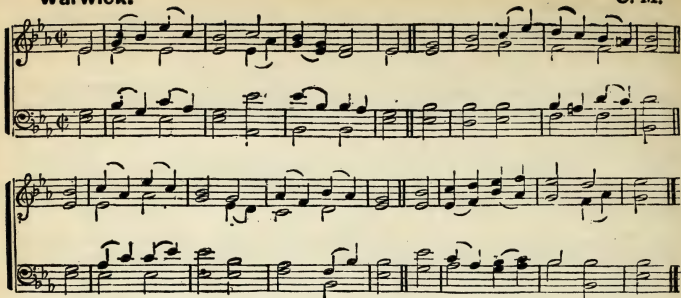
THOMAS KELLY, A.B., 1804.

No. 300.

As Helpless as a Child.

Warwick.

C. M.



As helpless as a child who clings
Fast to his father's arm,
And casts his weakness on the strength
That keeps him safe from harm;

So I, my Father, cling to Thee,
And thus I every hour
Would link my earthly feebleness
To Thine almighty power.

As trustful as a child who looks
Up in his mother's face,
And all his little griefs and fears
Forgets in her embrace.

So I, to Thee, my Saviour look,
And in Thy face Divine,
Can read the love that will sustain
As weak a faith as mine.

As loving as a child who sits
Close by his parent's knee,
And knows no want while he can have
That sweet society;

So sitting at Thy feet, my heart
Would all its love outpour,
And pray that Thou wouldst teach me,
Lord,
To love Thee more and more.

J. D. BURNS.

No. 301.

The Ark of God,

Oh, cease, my wandering soul,
On restless wing to roam;
All the world wide, to either pole,
Has not for thee a home.

Behold the ark of God,
Behold the open door;
Hasten to gain that dear abode,
And rove, my soul, no more.

There, safe thou shalt abide,
There, sweet shall be thy rest,
And every longing satisfied,
With full salvation blessed.

And when the waves of ire
Again the earth shall fill,
The ark shall ride the sea of fire;
Then rest on Zion's hill.

WILLIAM AUGUSTUS MUHLENBERG, AB.

No. 302.

His Peace.

I hear the words of love,
I gaze upon the blood:
I see the mighty sacrifice,
And I have peace with God.

'Tis everlasting peace,
Sure as Jehovah's name;
'Tis stable as His steadfast throne,
For evermore the same.

The clouds may go and come,
And storms may sweep my sky,
This blood-sealed friendship changes
not,
The cross is ever nigh.

I change, He changes not,
The Christ can never die;
His love, not mine, the resting place,
His truth, not mine, the tie.

H. BONAR.

No. 303.

There is an Eye.

NALLACE.

(COOLING. C.M.)

A. J. ABBEY.

1. There is an eye that nev-er sleeps. Be-neath the wing of night;
 There is an ear that nev-er shuts, When sink the beams of light:

There is an arm that never tires,
 When human strength gives way;
 There is a love that never fails,
 When earthly loves decay.
 That eye is fixed on seraph throngs;
 That arm upholds the sky;
 That ear is filled with angel songs;
 That love is throned on high.

But there's a power which man can wield,
 When mortal aid is vain,
 That eye, that arm, that love to reach,
 That listening ear to gain.
 That power is prayer, which soars on high
 Through Jesus to the throne, [world
 And moves the hand, which moves the
 To bring salvation down.

No. 304.

Thy Sheltering wing.

Father, beneath Thy sheltering wing,
 In sweet security I rest;
 And fear no evil earth can bring;
 In life, in death, supremely blest.

And good it is to bear the cross,
 And so Thy perfect peace to win;
 And naught is ill, nor brings me loss,
 Nor works me harm, save only sin!

For life is good whose tidal flow
 The motion of Thy will obeys;
 And death is good, that makes us know
 The Love Divine that all things
 sways,

Redeemed from sin I ask no more,
 But trust the love that saves to
 guide;
 The grace that yields so rich a store
 Will grant me all I need beside.

No. 305.

Through All The Changing Scenes.

Thro' all the changing scenes of life,
 In trouble and in joy,
 The praises of my God shall still
 My heart and tongue employ.

Oh, make but trial of His love!
 Experience will decide
 How blest are they, and only they,
 Who in His truth confide.

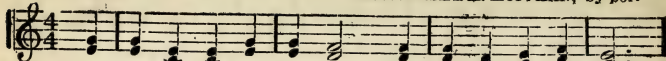
The hosts of God encamp around
 The dwellings of the just;
 Deliverance He affords to all
 Who on His succor trust.

Fear Him, ye saints, and you will then
 Have nothing else to fear;
 Make you His service your delight;
 He'll make you want His care.

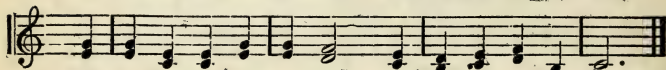
E. A. H.

MOTION SONG.

REV. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN, by per.

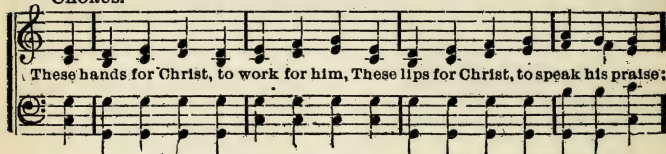


1. I give my hands to Je - sus; He gave them first to me;
 2. I give my lips to Je - sus, His precious gift to me;
 3. I give my eyes to Je - sus, The eyes he gave to me,
 4. I give my feet to Je - sus, Whose love is rich and free,

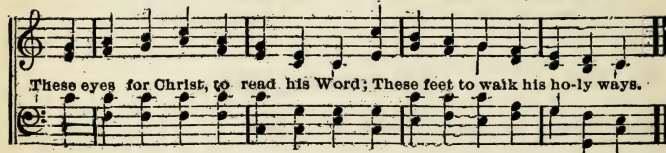


They henceforth to his ser - vice Shall con - se - crat - ed be.
 And hence his name will hon - or, Who died on Cal - va - ry.
 Henceforth to read the Bi - ble With more fi - del - ity.
 To walk in paths of du - ty, And ser - vice faith - ful - ly.

CHORUS.



These hands for Christ, to work for him, These lips for Christ, to speak his praise;



These eyes for Christ, to read his Word; These feet to walk his ho - ly ways.

Copyright, 1895, by THE HOFFMAN MUSIC CO., Cleveland.

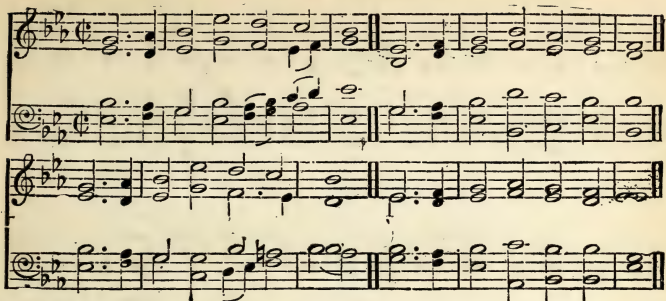
8, 7s.

Hark! the song of jubilee,
 Loud as the mighty thunder's roar,
 Or the fullness of the sea
 When it breaks upon the shore;
 Hallelujah! for the Lord
 God omnipotent shall reign;
 Hallelujah! let the word
 Echo round the earth and main.

Hallelujah! hark! the sound
 From the centre to the skies
 Wakes above, beneath, around,
 All creation's harmonies.
 See Jehovah's banner furled,

Sheathed His sword, He speaks—"tis
 done;
 And the kingdoms of this world
 Are the kingdoms of His Son.

"He shall reign from pole to pole
 With illimitable sway;
 He shall reign when, like a scroll,
 Yonder heavens have passed away;
 Then the end: beneath His rod,
 Man's last enemy shall fall;
 Hallelujah! Christ in God,
 God in Christ, is all in all."



Hark my soul! it is the Lord;
 'Tis thy Saviour,—hear his word:
 Jesus speaks, he speaks to thee;
 "Say poor sinner, lov'st thou me?"

"I delivered thee when bound,
 And, when bleeding, healed thy wound;
 Sought thee wandering, set thee right
 Turned thy darkness into light.

"Can a mother's tender care
 Cease toward the child she bare?
 Yes, she may forgetful be,
 Yet will I remember thee.

"Mine is an unchanging love,
 Higher than the heights above;
 Deeper than the depths beneath,
 Free and faithful strong as death.

"Thou shalt see my glory soon,
 When the work of faith is done;
 Partner of my throne shalt be;
 Say, poor sinner, lovest thou me?"

Lord it is my chief complaint
 That my love is weak and faint,
 Yet I love thee and adore:
 Oh, for grace to love thee more.

No. 309.

Wake the Song.

7s.

Wake the song of jubilee;
 Let it echo o'er the sea:
 Now is come the promised hour,
 Jesus reigns with glorious power.

All ye nations, join and sing,
 Praise your Saviour, praise your King;
 Let it sound from shore to shore,
 "Jesus reigns for evermore."

Hark! the desert lands rejoice;
 And the islands join their voice:
 Joy the whole creation sings,
 "Jesus is the King of kings!"

Wake the song of jubilee;
 Let it echo o'er the sea:
 Now is come the promised hour,
 Jesus reigns with glorious power.
 LEONARD BACON.

No. 310.

Faint Not.

7s.

Faint not, Christian though within
 There's a heart so prone to sin;
 Christ the Lord, is over all,
 He'll not suffer thee to fall.

Faint not Christian! Jesus near,
 Soon in glory shall appear;
 And His love will then bestow
 Power to conquer every foe.

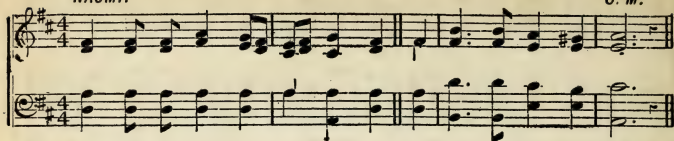
Faint not Christian! though the world
 Hath its hostile flag unfurled:
 Hold the cross of Jesus fast;
 Thou shalt overcome at last.

Faint not Christian! look on high;
 See the harpers in the sky:
 Patient wait, and thou wilt join—
 Chant with them of love divine.

JAMES H. EVANS, 1833.

NAOMI.

C. M.



We bless Thee for Thy peace, O God,
 Deep as the unfathomed sea,
 Which falls like sunshine on the road
 Of those who trust in Thee.

We ask not, Father, for repose
 Which comes from outward rest,
 If we may have through all life's woes
 Thy peace within our breast;

That peace which suffers and is strong
 Trusts where it cannot see,

Deems not the trial-way too long,
 But leaves the end with Thee;

That peace which flows serene and deep
 A river in the soul
 Whose banks a living verdure keep—
 God's sunshine o'er the whole.

O Father, give our hearts this peace,
 Whate'er the outward be,
 Till all life's discipline shall cease,
 And we go home to Thee.

No. 312. There Is A Safe And Secret Place.

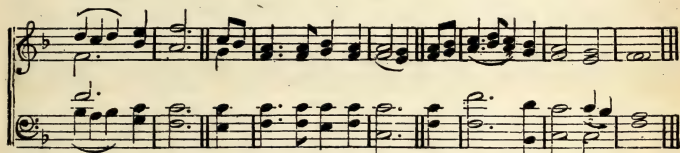
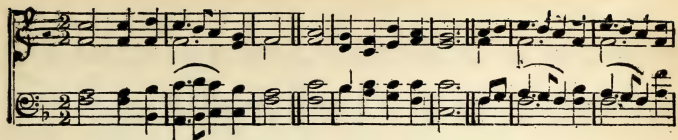
There is a safe and secret place
 Beneath the wings divine,
 Reserved for all the heirs of grace,
 Oh! be that refuge mine.

The least, the feeblest there may hide
 Uninjured and unawed;
 While thousands fall on every side,
 He rests secure in God.

The angels watch him on his way,
 And aid with friendly arm;
 And Satan, roaring for his prey,
 May hate but cannot harm.

He feeds in pastures large and fair,
 Of love and truth divine,
 O child of God, O Glory's heir,
 How rich a lot is thine.

H. T. LYTE.



O Lord our God! arise
 The cause of truth maintain,
 And wide o'er all the peopled world
 Extend her blessed reign.

Thou Holy Ghost! arise,
 Expand thy quickening wing,
 And o'er a dark and ruined world
 Let light and order spring.

Thou Prince of life! arise,
 Nor let thy glory cease;
 Far spread the conquests of thy grace,
 And bless the earth with peace.

All on the earth arise,
 To God the Saviour sing, [ven,
 From shore to shore from earth to hea-
 Let echoing anthems ring.

No. 314.

With Thee.

With Thee, my Lord, my God,
 I would desire to be;
 By day, by night, at home, abroad,
 I would be still with Thee.

With Thee, when day is done,
 And evening calms the mind;
 The setting as the rising sun,
 With Thee my heart would find.

With Thee, when dawn comes in,
 And calls me back to care;
 Each day returning to begin
 With Thee, my God, in prayer.

With Thee, when darkness brings
 The signal of repose,
 Calm in the shadow of Thy wings,
 Mine eyelids I would close.

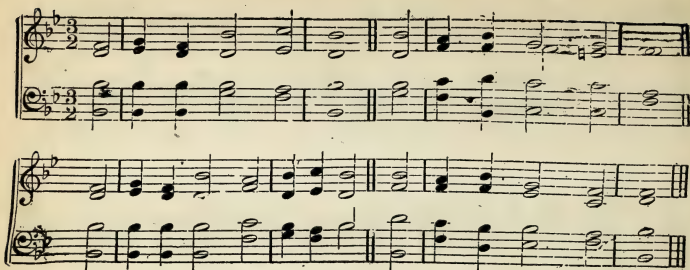
With Thee, amid the crowd
 That throngs the busy mart,
 To hear Thy voice, 'mid clamor loud,
 Speak softly to my heart.

With Thee, in Thee, by faith
 Abiding I would be:
 By day, by night, in life, in death,
 I would be still with Thee.

J. D. BURNS.

No. 315.

Not all the Blood of Beasts.



Not all the blood of beasts
On Jewish altars slain,
Could give the guilty conscience peace,
Or wash away the stain.

My faith would lay her hand
On that dear hand of thine;
While like a penitent I stand,
And there confess my sin.

But Christ, the heavenly Lamb,
Takes all our sins away:
A Sacrifice of nobler name,
And richer blood than they.

Believing, we rejoice
To see the curse remove;
We bless the Lamb with cheerful voice,
And sing His bleeding love.

ISAAC WATTS.

No. 316.

As Jesus Died and Rose.

As Jesus died and rose again
Victorious from the dead;
So His disciples rise, and reign
With their triumphant Head.

The saints of God, from death set free,
With joy shall mount on high;
The heavenly hosts with praises loud
Shall meet them in the sky.

The time draws nigh, when from the
clouds
Christ shall with shouts descend,
And the last trumpet's awful voice
The heavens and earth shall rend.

Together to their Father's house
With joyful hearts they go;
And dwell for ever with the Lord,
Beyond the reach of woe.

Then they who live shall changed be,
And they who sleep shall wake;
The graves shall yield their ancient
charge,
And earth's foundation shake.

A few short years of evil past,
We reach the happy shore.
Where death-divided friends at last
Shall meet to part no more.

No. 317.

Cease ye Mourners.

AUTUMN.

8s & 7s. D.



Cease, ye mourners, cease to languish
O'er the grave of those you love;
Pain and death and night and anguish
Enter not the world above.

While our silent steps are straying,
Lonely, through night's deepening
shade,
Glory's brightest beams are playing
Round the happy Christian's head.

Light and peace at once deriving
From the hand of God most high,

In His glorious presence living,
They shall never, never die.

Endless pleasure pain excluding,
Sickness there no more can come;
There no fear of woe, intruding,
Sheds o'er heaven a moment's gloom.

Now, ye mourners, cease to languish,
O'er the grave of those you love;
Far removed from pain and anguish,
They are chanting hymns above.

No. 318.

Hear what God Hath Spoken.

Hear what God the Lord hath spoken:
O, My people, faint and few,
Comfortless, afflicted, broken,
Fair abodes I build for you.
Scenes of heartfelt tribulation
Shall no more perplex your ways;
You shall name your walls "Salvation,"
And your gates shall all be "Praise."

There, like streams that feed the garden,
Pleasures without end shall flow,
For the Lord, your faith rewarding,
All His bounty shall bestow.

Still in undisturbed possession,
Peace and righteousness shall reign.
Never shall you feel oppression,
Hear the voice of war again

Ye, no more your suns descending,
Waning moons, no more shall see;
But, your griefs forever ending,
Find eternal noon in me:
God shall rise, and shining o'er you,
Change to day the gloom of night;
He, the Lord, shall be your glory,
God, your everlasting light.

WILLIAM COWPER, 1779.

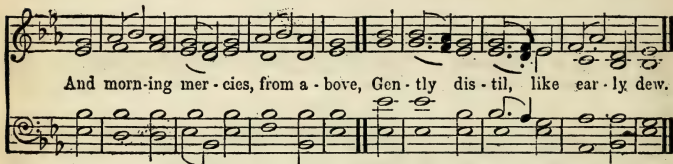
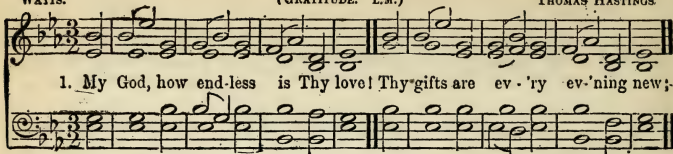
No. 319.

My God, Now Endless.

WATTS.

(GRATITUDE. L.M.)

THOMAS HASTINGS



Thou spread'st the curtains of the night,
Great Guardian of my sleeping hours;
Thy sovereign word restores the light,
And quickens all my drowsy powers.

I yield my powers to Thy command,
To Thee I consecrate my days;
Perpetual blessings from Thy hand
Demand perpetual songs of praise.

No. 320.

God is the Refuge.

God is the refuge of His saints,
When storms of dark distress invade:
Ere we can offer our complaints,
Behold Him present with His aid.

There is a stream whose gentle flow
Supplies the city of our God;
Life, love and joy still gliding through,
And watering our Divine abode.

Let mountains from their seats be
hurled
Down to the deep and buried there;
Convulsions shake the solid world,
Our faith shall never yield to fear.

That sacred stream, Thy Holy Word,
That all our raging fear controls:
Sweet peace Thy promises afford,
And gives new strength to fainting
souls.

Loud may the troubled ocean roar,
In sacred peace our souls abide;
While every nation, every shore,
Trembles, and dreads the swelling
tide.

Zion enjoys her Monarch's love,
Secure against a threatening hour;
Nor can her firm foundations move,
Built on His truth and armed with
power.

L WATTS, 1719.

No. 321.

Thy Father's House.

Thy Father's house! thine own bright
home!
And hast Thou there a place for me!
Though yet an exile here I roam,
That distant home by faith I see.

I know that Thou, who on the tree
Didst deign our mortal guilt to bear,
Wilt bring Thine own to dwell with
Thee,
And waitest to receive me there.

I see its domes' resplendent glow,
Where beams of God's own glory fall;
And trees of life immortal grow,
Whose fruits o'erhang the jasper
wall.

Thy love will there array my soul
In Thine own robe of spotless hue,
And I shall gaze, while ages roll,
On Thee, with raptures ever new.

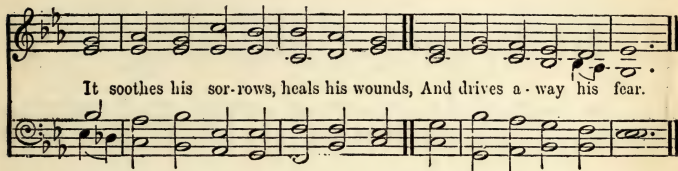
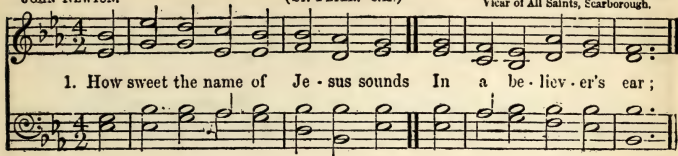
No. 322.

How Sweet The Name.

JOHN NEWTON.

(ST. PETER, C.M.)

A. R. REINAOLE.
By per. The REV. R. BROWN-BORTHWICK,
Vicar of All Saints, Scarborough.



It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast ;
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary, rest.

Dear Name, the rock on which I build,
My shield and hiding-place ;
My never-failing treasure, filled
With boundless stores of grace.

Jesus, my Shepherd, Saviour, Friend,
My Prophet, Priest, and King,
My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End
Accept the praise I bring.

I would Thy boundless love proclaim
With every fleeting breath ;
So shall the music of Thy name
Refresh my soul in death.

No. 323.

When The Blind.

When the blind and sick of old
Came Thy help to pray,
Didst Thou ever, harsh and cold,
Turn Thyself away?

We, Lord, sick and blind with sin,
Throng Thee in our pain;
Shall we fail Thy heart to win?
Shall we beg in vain?

Ah! the grace and love we see
Will not let us doubt—
Him that cometh unto Thee,
Thou wilt not cast out.

Lo, we come ! Thy promise stands
Firm as heaven above;
Touch us with Thy healing hands,
O, Incarnate Love !

WADE ROBINSON.

No. 324.

With Jesus.

With Jesus in the midst,
We gather round the board;
Though many, we are one in Christ,
One body in the Lord.

Our sins were laid on Him,
When bruised on Calvary;
With Christ we died and rose again,
And sit with Him on high.

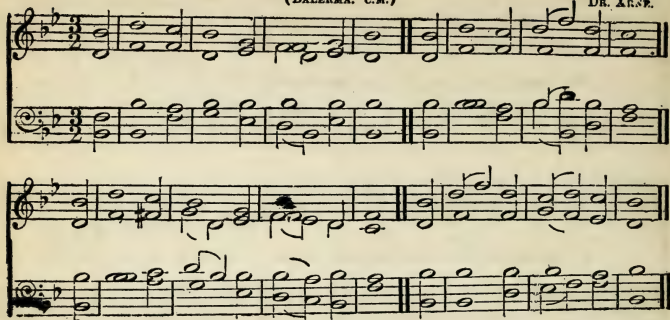
Faith eats the bread of life,
And drinks the living wine;
Thus we, in love together knit,
On Jesus' breast recline.

Soon shall the night be gone,
The Morning Star appear,
Soon shall the day of glory dawn
Our longing hearts to cheer.

BRISTOL HYMNS, 1870.

(BALERMA. C.M.)

DR. A.C.S.P.



Oh, for a closer walk with God,
A calm and heavenly frame;
A light to shine upon the road
That leads me to the Lamb!

Where is the blessedness I knew,
When first I saw the Lord?
Where is the soul-refreshing view
Of Jesus and His word?

What peaceful hours I once enjoyed!
How sweet their memory still!
But they have left an aching void
The world can never fill.

Return, O holy Dove, return,
Sweet messenger of rest!
I hate the sins that made Thee mourn,
And drove Thee from my breast.

The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from Thy throne
And worship only Thee.

So shall my walk be close with God,
Calm and serene my frame;
So purer light shall mark the road
That leads me to the Lamb.

C. WESLEY.

No. 326.

Thy Holy Spirit.

Thy holy Spirit, Lord, alone
Can turn our hearts from sin;
His power alone can sanctify
And keep us pure within.

CHO.—O, Spirit of faith and love,
Come in our midst, we pray,
And purify each waiting heart;
Baptize us with pow'r to-day.

Thy holy Spirit, Lord, alone
Can deeper love inspire;
His power alone within our souls,
Can light the sacred fire.

Thy holy Spirit, Lord, can bring
The gifts we seek in prayer;
His voice can words of comfort speak
And still each wave of care.

Thy Holy Spirit, Lord, can give
The grace we need this hour;
And while we wait, O Spirit, come
In sanctifying power.

CHO.—O Spirit of Love descend,
Come in our midst, we pray,
And like a rushing, mighty wind
Sweep over our souls to-day.

HENRIETTA E. BLAIR.

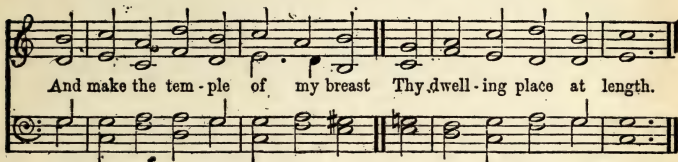
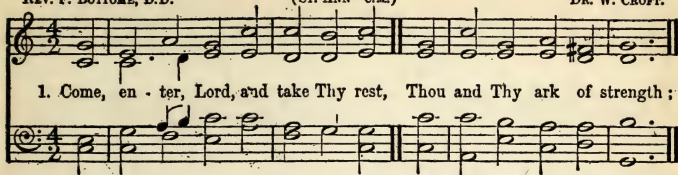
No. 327.

Come Enter, Lord!

REV. F. BOTTOME, D.D.

(ST. ANN C.M.)

DR. W. CROFT.



My life, my goods, myself I yield
A cheerful sacrifice;
No fond desire that lay concealed
But on Thine altar dies.

I will be Thine, with all my powers,
My memory, mind, and will,
And all my consecrated hours
Thy service to fulfil.

I know how poor and worthless all,
How weak the hand I lift;
But where the sprinkled blood shall fall,
It sanctifies the gift.

'Tis done!—but wilt Thou condescend
To make my heart Thy home?
Call me, a sinful worm, Thy friend?
Lord Jesus, quickly come!

No. 328.

Spirit Of the Living God.

O, spirit of the living God,
In all Thy plentitude of grace,
Where'er the foot of man hath trod,
Descend on our apostate race.

Give tongues of fire and hearts of love
To preach the reconciling word;
Give power and unction from above,
Where'er the joyful sound is heard.

Be darkness, at Thy coming, light;
Confusion, order in Thy path;
Souls without strength, inspire with
might;
Bid mercy triumph over wrath.

Baptize the nations far and nigh
The triumphs of the cross record
The name of Jesus glorify,
Till every kindred call Him Lord.
J. MONTGOMERY.

No. 329.

From every Stormy Wind That Blows.

From every stormy wind that blows,
From every swelling tide of woes,
There is a calm, a sure retreat:
'Tis found beneath the mercy-seat.

There is a place where Jesus sheds
The oil of gladness on our heads;
A place that all besides more sweet:
It is the blood-bought mercy-seat.

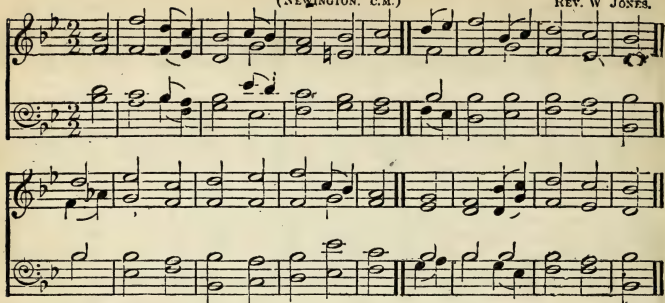
Ah! whither could we flee for aid,
When tempted, desolate, dismayed,
Or how the hosts of hell defeat,
Had suffering saints no mercy-seat?

There, there on eagle's wings we soar,
And sin and sense molest no more;
And heaven comes down our souls to
greet,
While glory crowns the mercy-seat.

BOEHM.

(NEWINGTON. C.M.)

REV. W. JONES.



Come, humble sinner, in whose breast
A thousand thoughts revolve,
Come with thy guilt and fear oppress,
And make this last resolve.

"Prostrate I'll lie before His throne,
And there my guilt confess;
I'll tell him I'm a wretch undone,
Without His sovereign grace.

"I'll go to Jesus, though my sin
Hath like a mountain rose;
I know His courts, I'll enter in,
Whatever may oppose.

"I shall not perish, if I go—
I am resolved to try;
For if I stay away, I know
I must forever die.

"I'll to the gracious King approach,
Whose sceptre pardon gives.
Oh, that he may command my touch,
And then the suppliant lives.

"My Saviour will not spurn my cry,
My King will hear my prayer;
In safety at His feet I lie,
For none can perish there."

EDMOND JONES, AB. 1777 V. 6, H.

No. 331.

To-Day The Saviour Calls.

To-day the Saviour calls;
Ye wand'ers come;
O, ye benighted souls,
Why longer roam?

To-day the Saviour calls;
For refuge fly;
The storm of justice falls,
And death is nigh.

To-day the Saviour calls;
Oh, hear Him now;
Within these sacred walls
To Jesus bow.

The Spirit calls to-day;
Yield to His power.
Oh, grieve Him not away,
'Tis mercy's hour.

SAMUEL FRANCIS SMITH.

No. 332.

Jesus Paid It All.

I hear the Saviour say
Thy strength indeed is small;
Child of weakness, watch and pray,
Find in Me thine all in all.

O, Lord, at last I find
Thy power, and Thine alone,
Can change this heart of mine,
And make it all Thine own.

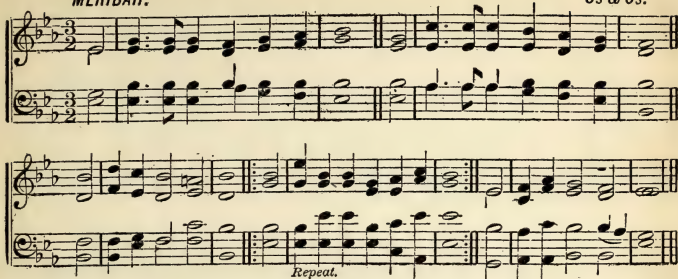
CHO.—Jesus paid it all;
All to Him I owe;
Sin had left a crimson stain;
He wash'd it white as snow,

And when in heaven above,
At Jesus' feet I fall,
My song shall ever be—
Jesus has paid it all.

REV. W. McDONALD.

MERIBAH.

8s & 6s.



O, Lord, how happy should we be
 If we could cast our care on Thee,
 If we from self could rest;
 And feel at heart that One above
 In perfect wisdom, perfect love,
 Is working for the best.

How far from this our daily life,
 How oft disturbed by anxious strife,
 By sudden wild alarms;

O could we but relinquish all
 Our earthly props and simply fall
 On Thine Almighty arms!

Could we but kneel and cast our load,
 Even while we pray, upon our God,
 Then rise with lightened cheer;
 Sure that the Father, who is nigh
 To still the famished raven's cry,
 Will hear in that we fear.

No. 334.

Just as I Am.

Just as I am without one plea,
 But that Thy blood was shed for me,
 And that Thou bid'st me come to Thee,
 O, Lamb of God, I come!

Just as I am, and waiting not
 To rid my soul of one dark blot,
 To Thee whose blood can cleanse each
 spot,
 O, Lamb of God, I come!

Just as I am, though tossed about
 With many a conflict, many a doubt,
 Fightings within and fears without
 O, Lamb of God, I come!

Just as I am, poor, wretched, blind,
 Sight, riches, healing of the mind
 Yea, all I need in Thee to find,
 O, Lamb of God, I come!

Just as I am, Thou wilt receive,
 Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, re-
 lieve,
 Because Thy promise I believe,
 O, Lamb of God, I come!

Just as I am, Thy love unknown
 Hath broken every barrier down;
 Now, to be Thine, and Thine alone,
 O, Lamb of God, I come!

CHARLOTTE ELLIOT

1. How bright these glo - rious spir - its shine! Whence all their white ar -
 2. Now, with tri - umph - al palms, they stand Be - fore the throne on
 3. The Lamb which dwells a - midst the throne Shall o - ver them pre -

- ray? How came they to the bliss - ful seats Of ev - er - last - ing day?
 high, And serve the God they love, a - midst The glo - ries of the sky.
 - side; Feed them with nour - ish - ment di - vine, And all their foot-steps guide.

Lo! these are they from suff - 'rings great, Who came to realms of
 His pres - ence fills each heart with joy, Tunes ev - 'ry mouth to
 'Mong pas - tures green He'll lead His flock, Where liv - ing streams ap -

light, And in the blood of Christ have wash'd Those robes which shine so bright.
 sing: By day, by night, the sa - cred courts With glad ho - san - nas ring.
 - pear; And God the Lord from ev - 'ry eye Shall wipe off ev - 'ry tear.

1. Up - ward, where the stars are burn - ing, Si - lent, si - lent
 2. Where the glo - ry bright - ly dwell - eth, Where the new song
 3. Where the Lamb on high is seat - ed, By ten thou - sand
 4. Bless - ing, hon - or, with - out meas - ure, Heav'n - ly rich - es,

in their turn - ing, Round the nev - er - chang - ing pole:
 sweet - ly swell - eth, And the dis - cord nev - er comes;
 voic - es greet - ed, Lord of lords and King of kings!
 earth - ly treas - ure, Lay we at His bless - ed feet:

Up - ward, where the sky is bright - est, Up - ward where the
 Where life's stream is ev - er lav - ing, And the palm is
 Son of man they crown, they crown Him; Son of God they
 Poor the praise that now we ren - der, Loud shall be our

blue is light - est, Lift I now my long - ing soul.
 ev - er wav - ing; That must be the home of homes!
 own, they own Him; With His name the pal - ace rings!
 voic - es yon - der, When be - fore His throne we meet?

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